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MARIE ANTOINETTE IN PETIT TRIANON.

BY GERMAIN BAPST.

WHEN Louis XIV. had become old ; when to the days of victories had succeeded days of defeats ; when, instead of the Sun-king, resplendent with jewels, playing comedy, organizing fêtes, dancing in balls and ballets, riding proudly in carousals and tilting matches, the courtiers beheld an old monarch, moody, hypochondriac, bigoted, and gouty, great Versailles seemed too vast for its melancholy royal tenant. In the days of his absolute power, when feared and admired by all Europe, he had enjoyed those vast halls,

with their marble columns and gilded sculptures ; but now, decrepit and defeated, the old king longed for isolation.

About a mile from Versailles, in the forest surrounding the royal palace, he caused to be erected a one-story residence, which was, at first, called Porcelain Trianon, because of the ceramic plaques decorating its façade. There were spent the last days of this monarch ; there he had the joy—one of his last—to hear of Villars' victory at Denain, which saved France. Around this palace he took his

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walk, when his health permitted; when rheumatism or gout prevented, he went about in a wheel-chair, like an invalid.

Louis xiv. had been dead more than fifty years; his great-grandson, who succeeded him, was himself growing old. Defeated, as had been Louis xiv., disabused of all, after having revelled in all enjoyments, idle, feeling no interest in anything, Louis xv. erected, at the extremity of the Trianon park, a smaller château, just as his ancestor had built the larger Trianon at the extremity of the park of Versailles. To this smaller Trianon—a rich

Louis xvi., who succeeded him, was dull, awkward, and commonplace. The queen, on the other hand, was the embodiment of distinction. Still quite young,—she was not more than twenty,—she was beautiful, or at least seemed so; for, on close examination, one can see that not one of her features was perfect. But she was so graceful, her conversation was so full of charm! She had certainly the finest complexion in the world, a queenly bearing, superb shoulders, and lovely eyes. She was simple in her ways, most fond of intimacy, gay even to heedlessness, full



THE TEMPLE OF CUPID.

bourgeois residence—the king came, now and then, to spend, away from his court and affairs of state, a few days in Madame du Barry's society. In the garden surrounding the château, and extending into the country, he pursued the study of botany. He had extensive vegetable and flower beds prepared, hot-houses erected, and, with the assistance of a gardener of his own choosing, named Richard, he cultivated cabbages and carrots, pinks and hortensias, with a zeal that would have been better applied to affairs of state. It was at the Little Trianon, in 1774, that he felt the first pang of the disorder that was to carry him off.

of fun; she made friends of all who approached her, having even succeeded in amusing the melancholy old Louis xv., when she first came to Versailles as the dauphin's bride.

As soon as she ascended the throne, she asked for Trianon as a gift. The etiquette of the Court of Versailles, with its exacting rules, wearies her. She wishes to be "at home," to enjoy the intimacy of her friends, to amuse herself in their company. Trianon shall be her personal country-seat. She asks the king to bestow it upon her as her own.

Here, legend and history become mixed. According to some authorities, the king

answered: "Madame, the castle has always been the residence of the kings' favorites; it must be yours." According to others, he said: "Madame, you are very fond of flowers; allow me to offer you the prettiest bouquet I know of—Trianon." Both these answers are pretty—nay, charming. For this very reason, Louis XVI. never could have uttered either; he had not the ready wit necessary for it. However, Marie Antoinette becomes the owner of Trianon, and informs the king that he must come to the castle only when invited.

She sets about rearranging her estate. These vegetable or flower beds laid out by line, these French parks, are unpleasant to her. A new sort of gardens has been devised, the so-called English gardens. They attempt to reproduce nature, it is claimed. No more trimming of trees into pyramids or sugar-loaves, but natural trees; instead of flower beds, turf lawns; instead of square or circular basins, meandering brooks, and, in the midst of all these, ruins or classic temples. Such is the latest fashion, and Marie Antoinette wishes Trianon to be in accord with it. At once, workmen are set to work; the ground is turned up; here shall be a little vale, there a grotto; yonder a brook

shall follow its wandering way through meadows and groves. In an island shall rise a Corinthian temple, within which shall be placed Bouchardon's statue of Cupid bending his bow. The queen is so eager to give fêtes on her new estate, that she does not wait for the grass to grow on the slopes, or the water to be brought to the bed of her brook. In her still incomplete and disorderly park she gives a fête-champêtre, to which she has invited the court. The king, his brothers, his sisters-in-law, and all the courtiers attend. It is in the evening. The missing trees and turf are represented by "wool, scrapings of horn dyed green, and moss." Water is simulated by "pieces of mirrors." The whole, lighted up by Bengal fires, produces a satisfactory illusion.

In the midst of these imitations of nature, the park is transformed into a fair, in which the court ladies act as venders. The queen herself keeps a café. Here and there are theaters and parades; elsewhere you come upon a wine-house, surrounded by arbors and vines; near it is an open-air theater, its front adorned with architectural "devices." Each establishment is connected with its neighbors by wreaths of flowers. Evenings, the park is lighted by twenty-six hundred colored lights;



THE DAIRY AND MARLBOROUGH'S TOWER.

among the booths, there is one where birds are sold, and in which Carlino, one of the most famous actors of the Italian Comedy, and Dugazon, member of the French Comedy, hidden in osier frames representing a magpie and a turkey, stalk to and fro among cages of living birds. At the theater they are playing the comic opera "Les Sabots."

Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, was then a guest of the queen. He was somewhat surprised at seeing Marie Antoinette doing the honors alone, whilst the king remained in the background. He spoke to the queen about it, but she continued to preside over the entertainments at Trianon, and soon ordered her favorite architect, Mique, to erect a theater within her park.

At first, the queen visits Trianon only to spend the day or evening. But after a short illness she was advised by her physician to try a change of air, and she installs herself in her new residence. She at once attends to the theater, for that is her great passion. Remember that her mother, the great Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, had given her as professors of French two comedians. From their teachings she imbibed a love of theatricals that never left her.

When yet quite young, she danced in ballets at Schönbrunn. In France, when still a dauphin's wife, she played comedies in her private drawing-room, with her brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, when

supposed to be already in bed. One evening, while such an amusement was going on, a noise was heard; every one hid as well as possible,—a prince in a wardrobe, princesses behind curtains,—and all waited anxiously. It proved a false alarm; all reappeared, but the fear had been so keen that, from that evening, secret representations ceased.

This taste for theatricals is so strong in the queen that wherever she happens to be, and whatever difficulties stand in the way, she must have theaters prepared for her. So, in 1778, at Marly, they hastily put one up in a barn. It is very inconvenient; the seats are wretched,—but, no matter, if only the play is given. On this occasion, the Versailles troupe, with Mlle. Montausier as chief actress, gives the entertainment. When the queen is ill, a little stage is set up in her room, and sometimes two representations a day are given on it. What she especially enjoys is to take a part herself. She organizes a troupe, containing, among other members, M. d'Adhemar, the Prince de Ligne, the Baron de Besenval, M. de Vaudreuil, the Duchesse de Polignac, and Madame de Goutaut. They play in one of the rooms of Little Trianon, or in the conservatory, while waiting for the completion of the theater.

This is still standing to-day, hidden by trees, as in Marie Antoinette's time. All you see of the exterior, at first, is the entrance door, at the extremity of a walk.

When you enter, you are surprised at the elegance and refined taste of the little playhouse. The auditorium is white and gilt; blue velvet covers the orchestra chairs and the box-fronts; pilasters support the first gallery; lions' heads, terminating in the spoils and cloak of Hercules, with oak branchings, hold up the second gallery; above, over the rounded boxes, cupids with drooping wreaths. On the ceiling, clouds and Olympus, painted by Lagrénée. On each side of the stage are two gilded nymphs, intertwined, which serve as candelabra; two others, which are above the



THE STAIRWAY.



From the painting by Vigée Lebrun.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN.

curtain, support the escutcheon of Marie Antoinette.

Here the Count d'Artois, who was to be King of France as Charles x., performs, on the tight-rope, exercises which he has been practicing for three months under the two best equilibrists of the day; here, also, Marie Antoinette appears as Colette in Rousseau's "*Le Devin du Village*," and plays the rôles of peasant girls in Favart's comic operas.

One evening, at the end of the play, the queen comes forward, and addresses the somewhat scanty audience as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have done what I could to amuse you; I wish I had played better, so as to give you greater pleasure."

The king is invited by the queen; he is present in a box. Certain chroniclers affirm that, disapproving the queen's conduct, yet not daring to blame her openly, he hissed all the representations. We may well doubt this; for it seems proved that he amused himself at his wife's theater.

One day, in a sort of fairy show, in which Marie Antoinette has a part, the curtain rises on a startling decoration; it consists of diamonds,—yes, diamonds,—that is, diamond-cut glasses, in each of which is a burning taper, simulating the flashings of precious stones. In 1789, the deputies of the Third Estate to the States-General, on arriving at Versailles, make their way to Petit Trianon, to see the theater, and especially the famous diamond decoration, of which they have heard so much. They never can be made to believe that what they see are simply colored glasses; they will remain per-



MARIE ANTOINETTE, FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE TIME.

suaded that the Trianon theater was really decorated with precious stones!

The queen is so passionately fond of playing comedy, that she loses the sense of her royal dignity. There is in Paris a courtesan, La Guimard, who also has a charming theater in her residence on the chaussée d'Antin. She has delicious scenery painted by Boucher, Fragonard, and Lagrénée. The queen asks the loan of these

for her theatricals, and La Guimard is but too happy to oblige the queen. How bitterly was Marie Antoinette to pay, later in her life, for these promiscuities, these expenditures, for her thoughtlessness and levity!

She welcomed to Trianon the future Emperor of Russia, Paul I., and, later, Gustavus III. of Sweden. Paul I. was accompanied by his young wife, a Princess of Wurtemberg, the same person who, as dowager Empress of Russia, persuaded Alexander I. not to allow the marriage of one of the grandduchesses with Napoleon I. Marie Antoinette gave a superb fête in honor of the future sovereigns of Russia. The park was splendidly illuminated—colored lights, grouped in the form of trees and fans; transparencies, representing bushes, beds of flowers, potted plants, etc. Behind the temple of love, that charming marble rotunda which stands there in our day, enormous trenches had been dug, and filled with tow and five thousand fagots smeared with pitch. Fire was set to these, at the beginning of the evening entertainment. The effect was like that of a true conflagration, and, like Nero, who burned Rome to secure a grand spectacle, Marie Antoinette seemed to set

her delightful park on fire to amuse her guests. The band of the French guards and that of the Swiss guards, skilfully hidden, alternately rendered pieces selected by the queen herself, who, it is well known, was a good musician.

After a promenade in the park, thus brilliantly lighted, there was a play in the theater. Her majesty did not perform before her illustrious guests; actors from the Opéra Comique gave "*Zémire et Azor*," followed by a ballet, entitled, "*A Young Frenchwoman in the Seraglio*." After the play, supper around small

"These bottles were, at first, very inconvenient to wear," says one of the court ladies, "but, at length, one got used to them, and it was charming to see real flower beds thus parading the drawing-rooms, by the light of torches." The future Empress of Russia wore on her head, above a wreath of roses, a little bird of diamonds and rubies, that, at the least motion of the grandduchess, opened and flapped its wings, and sent forth flashes of light too brilliant to be borne. Marie Antoinette admired this jewel so much that she resolved to have its mate.



THE COTTAGE USED BY MARIE ANTOINETTE.

tables. At one of these presided the queen, at another the Duchesse de Polignac; at the others, princesses and great ladies.

This reception, to which only princes, princesses, and the highest nobility of France and Russia were invited, seemed like a scene in fairyland. The men wore red coats, embroidered with silver,—the queen's colors; the women had their enormous powdered wigs surmounted by masses of natural flowers, kept fresh by bottles of water carefully concealed in the elaborate structure of the hair, and in which plunged the stems of the flowers.

The queen alone did the honors, the king remaining almost unknown among the guests. The pomp and majesty which Louis XIV. had imposed upon the court was almost entirely absent in that of his descendant, and, not infrequently, spectators did not know whether the king was or was not present at the court festival!

Gustavus III., of Sweden, was also entertained at Trianon, with a play, a supper, and a night fête. He was charmed with the reception, and still more with the queen. He made no secret of his admiration. He begged Marie Antoinette for her portrait,

asking that she be represented walking in her park with her two children. The painter Wertmuller was intrusted with the work, which is at present in the royal palace at Gripsholm in Sweden, the residence of the grandson of Bernadotte, that Jacobin soldier of fortune who bore tattooed on his arm this device, "Death to Tyrants!" and died King of Sweden.

The critics of that day found much fault with the portrait. The features of the queen were well rendered, but not her majestic bearing, nor the natural grace that never forsook her. She had sat to the painter soon after the birth of her child, and had not yet fully regained her usual good health. In short, both among her friends and the public, Wertmuller's portrait was ill received;* consequently, some time after, Madame Vigée Lebrun, who enjoyed the intimacy of the queen and of the Duchesse de Polignac, was commissioned to paint a large picture of Marie Antoinette and her children. This picture, considered as perhaps the best portrait of Marie Antoinette, is now at Versailles. When it had to be exposed at the Salon,—for there was a Salon then as now,—the canvas was not done, and they hung up the empty frame; a wit wrote under it this cutting pun, "Madame

Deficit," a pun which was repeated even before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and which recalled with terrible conciseness one of the charges most frequently brought against the unfortunate queen. The fête given to the King of Sweden was the last of the brilliant entertainments at Trianon. Marie Antoinette, once so gay, so careless, so fond of pleasure, had become melancholy. In the first place, the courtiers, an ever-jealous race, poured their calumnies upon her; then, the suffering people, embittered by several years of poor harvests, and ever-increasing taxation, urged on by some of the court, and by pamphlet writers, threw the responsibility of their sufferings upon the queen's shoulders. They accused her of spending the larger part of the national income on her buildings and fêtes at Trianon. Marie Antoinette then ceases to take any pleasure in festivities, and, limiting herself to her intimates, lives in Trianon, when she goes there, as a simple lady entertaining only a few friends.

The little castle originally built to shelter the senile love of Louis xv. for the du Barry, is furnished anew, by the queen's order. The thousands who visit it to-day see not the furniture placed there by Marie Antoinette, but other, of the



THE BEDCHAMBER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

* There is, in the gallery at Versailles, a copy of this portrait, which is thought superior to the original.



LA JOLIE FERMIÈRE, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

same epoch, recently put there. The original decoration of the rooms is still to be seen, and in the second story are two pictures given by Maria Theresa to her daughter. One of these shows the young princess at the age of ten, dancing the ballet with her brothers. Everywhere in the palace are delicious boudoirs, drawing-rooms most delicately and artistically adorned. The admirable staircase, with gilded wrought-iron railing, and its beautiful lantern, excites the admiration of all visitors.

In the bed-room is a bedstead, admirably carved, painted white, having on its head-board two doves, kissing each other. This

is the model of the bed so often reproduced, and sold under the name of "Marie Antoinette's Trianon bed." But really there is no proof that it was ever used by the queen; on the contrary, it is almost certain that this bed, which dates indeed from the end of last century, never was in Trianon in Marie Antoinette's time.

During the second empire, Empress Eugénie became smitten with admiration for Marie Antoinette. She had Little Trianon refurnished with furniture that, by date and style, might well have been there in the queen's day. Thus, this bed, which was among the belongings of the crown, happens to be here, together with



From the painting by Rioult.

THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE.

chairs and tables dating from about 1780.

But if the bed, chairs, and chests of drawers are recent acquisitions at Trianon, this is not the case with the coverlet, an admirable piece of brocade silk, which was given by the city of Lyons to the king and queen, and unquestionably used by Marie Antoinette at Trianon. When, in October, 1789, Louis XVI. and his queen were taken to Paris, and installed in the Tuileries, a certain number of articles were sent from Versailles and Trianon for their use, and among them this coverlet. On the 10th of August, among the shots of the crowd attacking the Tuileries, the king and the queen walk out of the palace, and make their way to the Assembly. A maid accompanies them, carrying in her arms the dauphin (Louis XVII.), wrapped in the famous coverlet. When they reach the Assembly, the queen thanks the maid, and adds: "Keep the quilt, in remembrance of the service you have just rendered us." This woman was still living, in extreme poverty, in 1860. Almost paralyzed, without means of support, she saw her wretched belongings seized by the landlord, to whom she could not pay her rent. The coverlet was sold at auction in Druot street, bought for the government, and, by order of Empress Eugénie, put on the bed that decorates the queen's bed-room at Trianon.

When to-day one enters the ground-floor, he comes first to the drawing-room, where the queen and her guests stayed during the day. Marie Antoinette settled the usages of life at the castle. No etiquette, no restraint; each does as he pleases. When she enters the drawing-room, no one must rise. The ladies remain at the piano, or busy with their embroidery; the men at the billiard-table, or backgammon-board. Guests play, talk, work, as they prefer; but the favorite pastime is walking in the beautiful park, which even to-day so charms the visitor by its picturesque beauty.

Just at the time when Marie Antoinette ceases to give fêtes at Trianon, she orders the construction of the hamlet at Little Trianon. Before this, the Prince de Condé

had erected at Chantilly a little village that still exists in a retired portion of the great park. Each one of the houses, mills, cottages, barns, under a miserable exterior concealed rooms of all kinds, decorated with lavish taste. Marie Antoinette wished to have her hamlet; but, unlike Condé, she wished hers to be genuine. The dairy must be a real dairy; the mill, a true mill; the farm-house, a real farm-house, and not a drawing-room. She means to play at farming with her lady friends. The plans of the conventional village were soon drawn. It consists of twelve buildings: a mill, where wheels actually turn; a dairy, with milk-pans, cups, butter-tubs; a gardener's house, a barn, a hen-house, etc. A little tower rises above the dairy; it is the Marlborough tower. The dauphin's nurse



THE BOUDOIR.

was at this time very fond of singing—

"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

Madame à sa tour monte" . . .

Hearing this song so frequently, the queen's children gave the tower the name of Marlborough, which it has kept to our day.

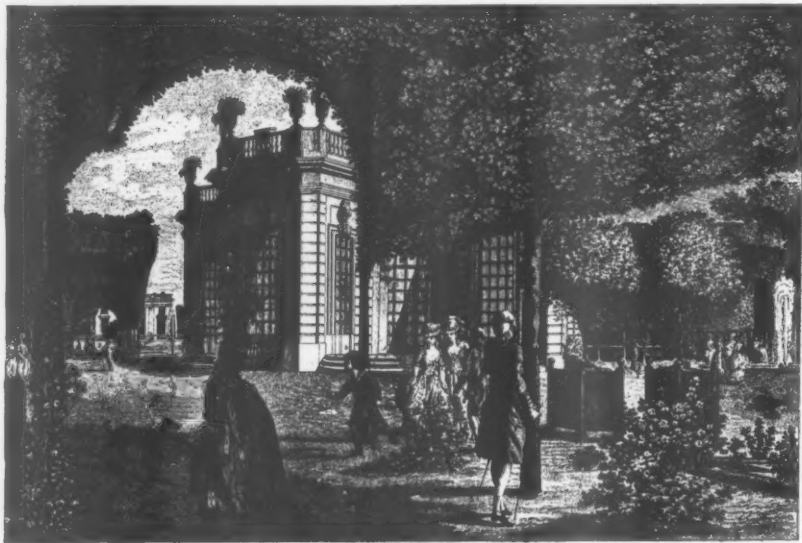
The hamlet once completed, the queen draws closer and closer her circle of intimates; only one or two of her ladies accompany her there. Dressed in a lawn gown which gives her the appearance of a charming shepherdess, she plays at farming, busies herself in the dairy, making butter and cheese. At Sèvres,

they made for her some beautiful white china pails, in which she keeps her milk. One of these is still to be seen at the Sèvres museum. The first attempts of the queen were, naturally, awkward enough. She bespattered with cream the face and garments of poor Madame de Polignac, and afforded innocent merriment to the company.

A young female artist sketched Marie Antoinette in the costume which she wore in the dairy, and had written above the engraving made from her sketch the words "The pretty country-woman" (*La jolie fermière*). It was then fashionable for ladies to wear in the country a simple white gown, called *gaulle*. A short time before, a fleet had brought to France negroes from St. Domingo. People thronged to see them as they do to-day to see the savages and Eskimos that are every year exhibited in the Jardin d'Acclimation in the Bois de Boulogne. The

In the same year, Madame Vigée Lebrun sent to the Salon a portrait of the queen thus attired. Formerly the public had found fault with Marie Antoinette on account of her extravagance in dress; naturally, it might be thought that the change to extreme simplicity would be acceptable. Not at all. The queen is accused of stinginess. It is declared a shame that she should go dressed like a "waiting-woman." The business interests of Lyons are crippled in consequence of the giving up of rich stuffs for dress goods. In short, Madame Lebrun's picture is so sharply criticized that it has to be withdrawn. Hatred, calumny, and misrepresentation had henceforth selected Marie Antoinette for their prey.

This was made still more evident by the incident of the necklace. The queen was not fond of heavy jewelry. One day, her diamond merchant brings to her an enormous necklace, worth not far from



TRIANON, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

queen had, like every one else, been struck by the whiteness of the linen of those women, and the simplicity of their gowns. These latter had been at once copied, and the *gaulle* had, in 1793, become the fashionable country dress. Marie Antoinette and her ladies often wore it in their walks about Trianon.

two million francs. She refuses to buy it. The dealer comes again; again the queen refuses. Some time later, the merchant writes to her, thanking her for having purchased the necklace. Marie Antoinette, bewildered, asks one of her ladies, Madame Campan, to investigate the matter. At the end of a few days, it is

learned that an adventuress, Madame de Lamotte, persuaded Cardinal de Rohan that the queen had chosen him to buy the necklace secretly. The cardinal, who, it appears, could refuse Madame de Lamotte nothing, bought the necklace, binding himself to pay for it at stated terms, and

mine; come, and comfort your friend, dear Polignac; the decision just pronounced is a terrible insult to me. I am bathed in tears of grief and despair.

"One can rely on nothing when perjury aims at crushing my heart. What ingratitude! But I will triumph over the



PETIT TRIANON.

gave it to Lamotte, who sold the diamonds.

The queen, when informed of these doings, was indignant, thinking herself the victim of a plot prepared against her by de Rohan. He was arrested at Versailles, and summoned, together with Madame de Lamotte, before Parliament. The woman was condemned, but the cardinal was pronounced innocent. This decision was a terrible blow for Marie Antoinette; for, if the cardinal was not responsible for the theft, public opinion would not fail to pretend that the queen had arranged the whole thing to procure money. The evening after the rendering of this famous decision, Marie Antoinette, terrified, feeling herself lost in reputation with her people, and overwhelmed with slanders, withdrew to Trianon. She summoned to her side her friend, Madame de Polignac, in the following melancholy words:

"Come, and mingle your tears with

wicked by doing threefold the good I had intended. It will be easier for them to wound me, than to induce me to take vengeance on them.

"Come, my heart!"

The queen was, indeed, wounded to the heart. She seeks consolation with her children; her only pleasure is now to watch them; she shares in their education, corrects their faults, spends long hours in developing their young intelligence. At Trianon, especially, does she enjoy their companionship. In this place, prepared for worldly entertainments, she finds her last hours of happiness by devoting herself to her children.

Sometimes she goes to Trianon alone. This pleasant scenery rests her strained nervous system. She works at gardening, setting out herself the famous poplar trees that lined the little lake around which the houses of the hamlet stand. The last of

these poplars was torn down by a storm, last year.

It is October, 1789. Fallen leaves cover the garden-walks; the climbing plants in the hamlet have assumed the dark tints of autumn. The queen follows the path that leads to the grotto; she rests a moment on a mossy seat. What thought is passing through her brain? . . . Her reverie is suddenly interrupted by a page who has run up to inform her that Paris, in rebellion, is marching upon Versailles; that already bands of armed men and women are gathering before the castle gates; that she must hasten to leave Trianon. . . . The queen then presses her steps; and casting one last look behind, she sees dimly, in the fog that begins to settle, the long line of trees and buildings leading to the great avenue, and, at the very end of it all, the hamlet, her cherished creation. She never saw Trianon again.

The 16th of October, 1793. The Place de la Concorde is black with human beings; a tumbrel, escorted by soldiers, forces its way through the crowd; seated upon a bundle of straw, the queen, dressed in white, seems lost in her last thoughts. The cart reaches the foot of the scaffold, and Marie Antoinette ascends it with firm, quick steps.

When she reaches the guillotine, she casts a glance toward the Tuileries. As in a rapid vision, she sees once more her happy days: the Trianon fêtes, where she shone in such incomparable beauty; but most fondly her last sojourn with her children, in that enchanted park. Her children! What will become of them? This is her last, her very last thought, before, heartbroken at the prospect that may await them, she bends under the blade of the guillotine.

To-day, thousands of visitors daily throng the park of Trianon; they visit the little château, so simple in its architecture; but most eagerly they walk in the charming paths, follow with delighted eye the meanderings of the brooks that flow under the trees planted by Marie Antoinette's orders, and examine with keenest interest the village, whose every house is still standing.

At the beginning of this century, Trianon was let to a restaurant-keeper, who used it to give public concerts and balls! To-day it has been restored to its former state. The visitor often feels that he is making a pilgrimage in remembrance of the martyred queen, and at each tree and shrub half expects to see appear, in her simple lawn dress, the unfortunate princess whose memory is so closely identified with Trianon.



A FÊTE BY NIGHT IN THE GARDENS.



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

COACHING TRIPS OUT OF LONDON.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

IF you travel across London, from one point of the compass to another,—from Kilburn to Lewisham, for instance, or from Hammersmith to Blackwall,—it seems that all of England *must* be town: the streets, shops, and houses, without any relieving signs of rusticity, except the parks and squares, repeat themselves beyond the bounds of any conceivable city, and we grow tired waiting for the end. But London is like a smoky pearl set in a circle of emeralds. Once out of it, though the escape is slow, and patience is needed, we come upon the England we dream of over the drawings of Abbey and Hugh Thomson, the England, "The Quiet Life," of fat meadows, flowing verdure, tiled and thatched cottages, mossy, dripping mill-wheels, hawthorn hedges, inviting inns, and spacious parks, where the beeches and oaks throw out rounded, drooping volumes of foliage, that have the soft density of an exhalation, and the cuckoo, lark, and nightingale, are familiar and fearless visitors.

Who, dropping into Buckland, or Brockham Green, or Mickleham, or many villages like them, in the warm quiet of a summer's day, would find it hard to believe that the nineteenth century had not slipped them from its chain and left them pendant to the eighteenth, but for a disillusionary hat, or bonnet, and the red sign at the post-office.

Hardly a brick is to be seen that has not grown purple with age, and wrapped itself in moss and ivy. Here and there some renewal has been necessary; but the builders who put up many of the houses—half-timbered cottages and statelier mansions—were old when the eighteenth century was young. Antiquity looks out from pedimented windows and pillared lodge-gates, and, with a no less placid face, from the small, leaded lattices of the cottages; only the roses, the mignonette, and the other flowers, are young, and they spring from a remote ancestry. The may-pole might still be in the Strand, and St. Paul's as far away as St. Peter's,

though the town and its passions are fretting and burning under the smoke less than thirty miles off.

Come hither by train, if you are rushing home from business for the night; but if you have leisure, and a fondness for rustic beauty, and things mellowed by age, and wish to enjoy the magic of the contrast, the only proper way is to come by coach. Twice a day, the coach for Box Hill, as well as that for Dorking, clatters through Mickleham, and the Reigate coach will drop you within an easy distance of Brockham Green and Buckland.

Because London is so environed with beauty, and the roads are good, the coaches thrive; and of the many pleasures of the season there is nothing to compare with the trips they make, leaving town in the morning, and, with two exceptions, returning in the afternoon. You can go by them to Virginia Water, the lovely lake at the edge of Windsor Park, or to Windsor itself; to Burnham Beeches, the noblest in the country — "a brotherhood of venerable trees;" to quaint, old Guildford, straggling down the Surrey hills; to Hertford, by the way of Hatfield and Lord Salisbury's demesne; to St. Alban's and its abbey, or even so far as Brighton, or Oxford, though the last two places are the exceptions referred to, in which the return journey must be

made the following day. Last summer, seventeen coaches were running, the nearest destination being Hampton Court, sixteen miles away, and the farthest Oxford, fifty-five miles.

The starting-place for nearly all of them is Northumberland avenue, in front of one of the Americanized hotels of that neighborhood, and the hour is between ten and eleven. From the beginning of the season, in the spring, till the end of the summer, they never miss a trip, except on the great race days, and, though they may not have a passenger, as it sometimes happens in foul weather, they leave punctually, and make their customary journeys.

Let it be said, with due respect to the memory of Mr. Barnum, that "the greatest show on earth" is London, and one of its prettiest "features" is the departure of the coaches from Northumberland avenue. A smartly-dressed crowd is there to see it. Preceded by the musical winding of horns, which rise above the noise of cabs, 'buses and carriages, the coaches turn into the magnificent avenue, from the Embankment, or from Trafalgar Square, where the fountains are playing over the flanks and manes of Landseer's lions, and Nelson stands on the foretop of his own monument. They are party-colored, and lettered on the boot and on the panels with the names of the towns and villages



ROMAN RUINS AT VIRGINIA WATER, WINDSOR.



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

HERE THEY COME!

they pass through. There is an inside, of course; but the blinds are down, for nobody ever wants to be inside. Outside, there are seats for thirteen, including the box-seat, the privileged position, for which a larger fare is charged.

Everything is clean, fresh, and shining, especially the faces of the coachmen and the guards, who wear white beaver-hats, and nosegays in their button-holes. Flowers are plentiful: women with baskets of roses and blue cornflowers are selling them on the pavement, and everybody must have a boutonnière, to be in keeping with the occasion, whether he is a passenger, or merely a sight-seer. The horses are frisky, and in splendid condition, and as they wheel round, and pull up at the door of the hotel, cutting in between hansoms and other vehicles, it is easy to see that the coachman is a master of his art. The guard is like a tulip in his scarlet coat, with its silver or gold facings; but his appearance, and his skill with the long brass horn, are not his only recommendations. He can handle the ribbons almost as well as the driver does, and is factotum, not only to him, but to the passengers. Now he is at the horses' heads, or diving under their bellies, putting a final touch to the harness, and then

bestowing mackintoshes and wraps in the interior, and sticks and umbrellas in the basket, or handing the ladies up to their seats, where their gay bonnets, parasols, and bouquets bloom as a garden.

The coachman, in a long drab jean, or box-cloth, driving-coat, reaching to his ankles, overlooks it all, with the eye of the skipper of a double topsail ship when the pilot leaves him and the wind freshens on the bar. A score of details are on his mind: he must see that the bridles, or headstalls, do not pinch the horses' ears; that the bits are not too high, or too low, in their mouths; that bearing-reins, cruppers, pole-chains, and pole-pieces, are adjusted so as to be neither too tight nor too loose; that the pads are well-stuffed, and fitted close to their backs; that the traces are of the right length, and that the pole-hooks are downward. A brass carriage-clock is secured to the dashboard, under the driver's eye, for unpunctuality is a cardinal sin, and at the appointed hour, neither a minute earlier, nor a minute later, he mounts the box, tucks himself in his apron, and is off, the leaders lifting themselves up out of joy, and the guard wreathing his horn like a thread of gold through the noise of the town.

That coaching is a pleasure accessible

to the public, to-day, is due to the appreciation of the art of driving by rich men and amateur coachmen. The old mail-coaches ceased running with the advent of the railways in 1840, and, out of twenty-seven in service up to that year, not one was left. "Few people are aware," says Lord Algernon St. Maur, "of the misery caused by railways to innkeepers, coachmen, guards, post-boys, 'ostlers, and horse-keepers, as it all came to pass so suddenly."

Had profit been the only consideration, the coaches would never have reappeared; but there had grown up in England many enthusiastic amateurs who found delight in driving a four-in-hand, and they revived, for their own pleasure, what could no longer be a money-making venture.

Some of them, like Lord Algernon St. Maur and the present Duke of Beaufort, had done wonderful things in the way of driving, and, out of sheer zeal, had shared with the old professional coachmen all the

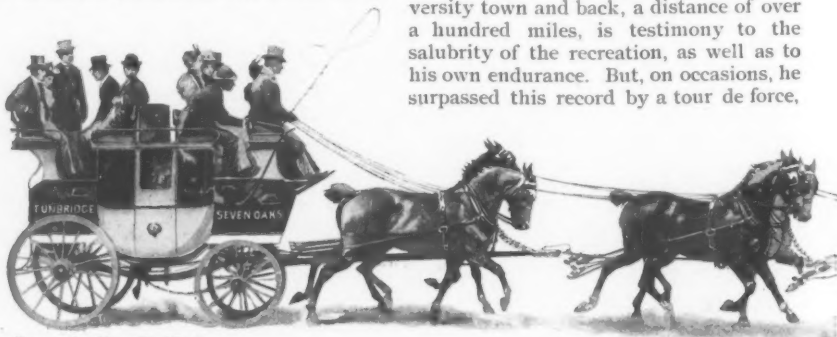
hardships of their lot, taking the reins not merely occasionally, but regularly, as though bread and butter depended on it. "At first, I used to drive to Oxford, and return the next day," says Lord Algernon, in his reminiscences, "but I soon wished for more work; so, after dining at the Mitre, I used to send for one or two friends who happened to be in the city (Oxford), and we sat together till eleven, when I drove the Gloucester mail back to London, by Henley and Maidenhead, reaching London at six. Then I went to bed for two hours, after which I passed the day as usual. I was very fond of driving by night, as the horses are always so lively; to

hear the ring of their feet in the sharp, frosty night, the rattle of the bars, and the clatter as they rose and surmounted the tops of the hills, was to me the sweetest of music."

The fact that Lord Algernon could "pass the day as usual," with but two hours' sleep, after the journey to the university town and back, a distance of over a hundred miles, is testimony to the salubrity of the recreation, as well as to his own endurance. But, on occasions, he surpassed this record by a tour de force,



A TYPICAL COACHMAN



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.



AT A COUNTRY INN.

as when he drove the Edinburgh mail for seventeen hours at a sitting.

A no less ardent coachman is His Grace of Beaufort, who, while yet a boy, used to drive the Brighton coach, of which his father was part proprietor. The passengers, or some of them, used to regard him suspiciously, on account of his youthfulness.

"I'm not going to be driven by a young chap like you," an old gentleman once protested.

"Such will be your fate, unless you get off in ten seconds. Sharp's the word, for in ten seconds the clock will strike, and the coach start."

The old gentleman remained; his confidence was soon restored, and at the end of the journey he handed the young coachman a sovereign as a tip. "Take this, and if the box-seat is not booked,

I will again ride with you to-morrow."

Another sovereign was given the next day, when his lordship touched his hat, and said: "This will be a good job for old Clark."

"Who's old Clark?"

"That fat old fellow standing down there; he is our ballast; when the coach is empty, we take him down to make the springs ride pleasantly—when it is full, we send him up to London, or down to Brighton, by luggage-train, in a coach by himself."

"Is he your father, that he takes all the money?"

"No, he is only my sleeping partner," replied the duke, "and you know the sleeping partner in a firm gets all the money."

Clark was, indeed, the professional partner of the duke's father in the ownership of the coach.

It is sometimes puzzling to a stranger in England, who watches the coaches departing, to discriminate between the professional and the amateur. Is this per-





Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

A FRESH TEAM.

son, with the scarlet scarf; the full-skirted drab coat, with pearl-buttons; the red, bursting face, and the bandy legs—is this the coachman, who works for money? And this other person, in quieter clothes—is he the nobleman, who drives for pleasure, and gives both money and time to what he considers a noble sport?

It is quite unsafe to depend on appearances alone, and sometimes even conversation is deceptive, for the professionals are usually a well-spoken and intelligent class of men, though socially out of the pale of their friends, the amateurs.

I remember the deep interest of some Americans, on the Oxford coach, as to the social status of the driver, a demure, quietly-dressed, fair-faced young fellow, with a clear, high-bred accent, and nothing suggestive of the stable, or "horsey" associations, about him. How polite he was at luncheon! And, sitting at the head of the table, as the driver, professional or amateur, always does, how solicitously he watched the plates of the rest of the company, and sacrificed himself to the needs of others! What a contrast to the Jarveys of old, who, according to Lord Algernon, were often very slovenly, and "wore glazed hats, such as sailors wear, and had bands of hay or straw twisted round their legs; they were rough in manner and language, and were much given to drink."

The conversation between the box and the box-seat usually touches on meets of the hounds, racing, steeple-chasing, and other concerns of the sporting world, or

reminiscences of the keepers of the inns on the way, or of the owners of the great estates that are passed, and who are referred to as "good-uns," or "bad-uns," according to their reputations or deserts.

This young man, who drove the whole distance, from London to Oxford, had interests and information of a higher and wider scope, and all the tokens of a

gentleman. A sprig of nobility!—how easy to see it, and how charming! said the Americans. But he was a professional, the son of the proprietor of the coach, after all, though it is not to be doubted that, in the best sense of the word, he was a gentleman.

In some cases, the coach is owned by one or two, or more, gentlemen, who support it for the pleasure of driving it themselves, and employ a professional coachman to take their place on the box, when they are unable to be there. In other cases, the coach belongs to a professional, who works it for profit, with the support of as many "subscribers" as he can find. It may be said that the receipts from passengers alone would not be sufficient to cover expenses and leave a profit. There are days when the coach is not full—some days when it starts out, and returns empty. There would be risk, and almost certainty of loss, without the help of the "subscribers." These are gentlemen living



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

AFTER

along the route of the coach, or elsewhere, who, at the beginning of the season, subscribe a hundred guineas apiece, or an approximate amount, for the privilege of driving the coach one day a week; and what they contribute in this way more than covers any deficit arising from the inadequacy of passenger fares.

The professional has another source of profit: he buys a fresh supply of horses every spring, and as he breaks them in and keeps them in the best condition,

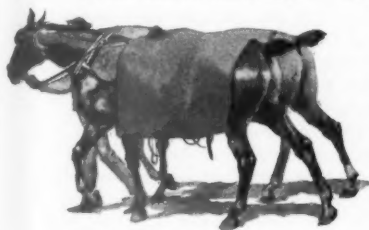
lessons in four-in-hand driving, so that, being "in to make both ends meet," as Charles Webbing said to me, he is not likely to fail in his purpose.

The capital needed to work a coach is no trifle. Take, for instance, Webbing's own coach, which makes the journey from London to Tunbridge Wells, and back, in one day, a distance of seventy-two miles. There are five changes of horses, each way, and in the ascent of River Hill six horses are driven together



AN OLD FASHIONED INN-YARD.

never overworking or abusing them, he is usually able to sell them in the autumn, when the coaching season is over, for a handsome advance on the sum he paid for them. Seventy, eighty, and even ninety, guineas apiece have been bid, occasionally, for the horses of a popular coach, when they have been put up at Tattersall's, at the end of the season. Nor is this all.



THE RUN.

It is probable that the professional also keeps a livery-stable, and is a riding-master, who gives

in one stage. Spare horses, also, are necessary to take the place of those that may show any lameness or exhaustion; for, since he desires them to make a good appearance when he sells them, at the end of the coaching season, the owner has no temptation to keep them at work after they have shown signs of disability. Not less than forty-six horses are thus needed by this one coach, and, assuming that they are worth, on an average, fifty pounds apiece (they may be worth much more), it will be seen that they, alone, represent eleven thousand five hundred dollars. Then there are the bills of the coach-builder, and the wages of the guard, and the hostlers, and the cost of stabling at five places on the road. It is more than the owner would care to make himself liable for, but for the security given by

the guineas of those guardian-angels of the road, the subscribers.

Each coach has its own name, or, rather, it is usually the namesake of a predecessor in the old coaching days. Thus the Brighton coach is the "Comet;" the Oxford coach, the "Age;" the Box Hill coach, the "Rocket;" the Virginia Water coach, the "Old Times;" and the Guildford coach, the "New Times." Then there are an "Excelsior," a "Wonder," a "Magnet," a "Venture," a "Vivid," a

Embankment—and it is the latter way we must choose, for we have in mind a trip that has in it the essence of various experiences—a composite picture of a day's coaching out of London.

The town is bathed in gold on such a morning, as though another Heliogabalus had filled the air with the dust of marigolds and sunflowers, instead of roses. The river is like an amber jelly, and the gaily-painted barges, drifting down it, alone betray its motion. The Houses of



THE START HOME.

"Perseverance," and two "Telegraphis." Altogether, seventeen coaches were running last summer, an average sufficient to show how strong the revival is; for, even before the railways, in 1838, there were only twenty-seven mail-coaches to and from London. Most of them are withdrawn during the winter; but the "Wonder," to St. Alban's, runs all the year round.

Seated on the box-seat, on such a summer's morning as June often bestows on England, the sorriest pessimist must feel that life is not long enough and that his theories are all mistaken. Some of the coaches leave town by the way of Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and others by the

Parliament, the Abbey, and the dome of St. Paul's, are softened and lifted up, as through the medium of a mirage. Flowers are visible everywhere—in the Embankment gardens, and in the windows, and on the roofs of the cabmen's shelters, girls are hawking them under the lamp-posts, and the donkey-carts of the costermongers go by loaded with them. Never again slander London; for, see, how quickly that which is dingy in fog and rain becomes beautiful in the misty sunshine? We cross the river at Westminster Bridge, the guard heralding our approach with "Coming Through the Rye," in clear, brilliant notes, and watch with admiration and wonder the easy, confident



VIEW OF THE CASTLE, WINDSOR.

way our driver picks a course through the tangled traffic of brewers' drays, cabs, omnibuses, donkey-carts, and tram-cars. There is no sudden use of the brake, no violent pulling up of the horses. He threads the maze like a pilot in a rock-bestrewn channel, graduating the pace so gently that the variation passes unnoticed, and the horses seem to be going at a canter all the time. The blockade looks hopeless, and delay inevitable; but it is not so for our driver, who sees clear spaces invisible to others, and glides through them, by close calculations, without grazing a wheel, or showing in his face a moment's uncertainty or irresolution, either of which, of course, would spoil the performance. If difficulties occur, it is sure to be when a subscriber is on the box; and, though the amateur will do very well on a stretch of country road, we prefer, for our own peace of mind, the professional, when we are in the crowded streets, or when a sharp turn is to be made up to the inn-door.

Though the coach cannot be any novelty, its coming is a welcome episode, and little "slaveys," in their white caps, with smutched faces, bob up from the areas

to see it pass, and giggle when the coachman tilts his whip at them, and children string themselves on the sidewalk, and shout "Hooray!" as though it made a pageant in itself. Every other vehicle salutes it, and pulls up to make room for it—the doctor in his gig, doing his morning rounds; the young lady in her pony phaeton; the carrier with his team of shaggy Percherons; the cabman, and even the glum driver of the creeping tram-car. The only wheeled thing that shows indifference, or unfriendliness, is the bicycle, and for that your coaching man has nothing but contempt. One bicyclist passes and nods, and in him the driver recognizes an old friend—but with what sorrow! "Ah, but it's a pity to see a good fellow like him come down to that!" he exclaims. "Why, I think of



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

GETTING DOWN TO THEIR WORK.

riding a bicycle myself," one of the passengers (perhaps a subscriber) says, mischievously. "You do, do you? Well, just let me see you at it! Don't come my way, that's all; or, blow me, if I don't run over you!"

Even at the end of an hour, when we have made our first change of horses, the town still clings to us; but its aspect is now suburban. Little villas appear, with gardens and shrubbery around them, each with a romantic name of its own painted on the gate-post; long rows of houses that stand back from the street have been turned into shops, which are built out, to the height of the first story, over the gardens that once stood in front of them; little taverns — "Ploughs," "Angels," "Red Lions," and "Kings' Heads," — which have befuddled generations of Britons, show false fronts of modern stucco, and try to make us believe they are juvenile, though over the coping you can see how bent the gables are, and how the tiled roofs sag, and what hoary, dis-

sembling old sinners they are in reality.

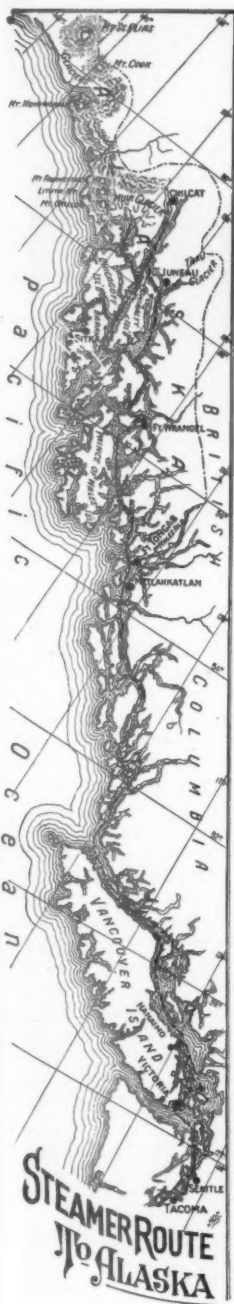
Then we reach the country, and hear the skylark drenching the meadows with its song, and breathe the scent of red and white hawthorn, and see Nature in a smoother, softer, mellow aspect than she wears anywhere else in the world.

The horses are seldom allowed to gallop, and their pace, especially when driven by the professional, is so steady, and so even, that there is no sense of pressure. The miles are reeled off, ten to an hour, and when the carriage clock on the dashboard tells luncheon-time, the guard, like a prophet, plays a military call, "Pudding and pie, pudding and pie," and the coach draws up, with a flourish, at its destination.

The return journey to London, in the afternoon, repeats the pleasures of the morning, with the variation of tea at one of the roadside inns, and when you alight at Northumberland avenue, it will never again be in you to say that you do not love England.



TALLY-HO!



MOUNT EDGECUMBE FROM SITKA BAY.

A SUMMER TOUR IN ALASKA.

BY LUCY M. WASHBURN.

IT is the union of inspiration and rest that makes the Alaska summer tour unique. Nature offers no other such open rift into those majestic scenes that she usually reserves as rewards of heroic exertion. Elsewhere the grandest mountains and glaciers draw themselves up in their fastnesses, cordoned by heights or moated by stretches of ocean. But the lace-like edge bordering the American continent on the northwest for a thousand miles, an interwoven network of mountain and sea, affords a marvellous island-sheltered passage free from rocking ocean swells. There is the clear, deep salt water, untroubled as inland lake. From his reclining chair on the steamer deck, the traveller has only to gaze and gaze, while the long panorama unfolds ever nobler scenes, crowned at last by visions of Titanic glaciers in their arctic majesty.

The inland channel begins as stately Puget sound, framed in forests, with outlooks upon the snowy Cascade and Olympian ranges. Towering over all, is the hoary giant, Mt. Ranier, leading the line of those lofty extinct volcanoes that signal to one another from northern California to Puget sound. The "sound cities," Tacoma, Seattle, Port Townsend, and staid British Victoria, are soon left behind, and the long, unbroken wilderness entered, that calls itself, first, British Columbia, and then, Alaska.

The mountains rise sheer from the water's edge, their bold curves, glacier-carved, now arrayed in living green, of spruce and fir, above which, untamed peaks of bare rock lift aloft those eternal snows that at one touch change a landscape from the beautiful to the sublime. The contours are ever changing as the steamer sweeps by. Sometimes the channel is scarce wider than a river, and the tide swirls through with such force, that even ocean steamers must wait slack water for their passage. Again it widens into a broad, quiet sea, dotted with tree-covered islands, the distant white mountain ranges melt-



INDIAN VILLAGE AND TOTEM-POLES.

ing into the sky; perhaps glorified by one of the long summer sunsets of that northern region, the colors of sky and water, and that purest roseate flush on snowy mountain tops lingering, as if you had reached the haven where beauty is no longer fleeting. Care and distraction slip from your tired spirit; a subtle renewing goes on within; this noble, free, large nature is no greater than your soul, that leaps to meet it in joyful recognition.

Nothing can try your spirit but rains and low-hanging clouds, shutting out those views you have come so far to see; but your experience of the rainiest part of the world would be very unfair if you saw it only in its vacation spells of sunshine, and when the clouds begin to break, floating in exquisite white mists about the green mountain sides, and fluttering like delicate banners from the higher peaks, you feel that you would have only half known these mountains without their ethereal companions. And then come days of such transparent sunshine, such pure, bracing atmosphere, that you appreciate the words of a veteran resident, "When Alaska weather is good, it is just as good as gold."

It is nature that you came to see. But when, at long intervals, you come upon human life, it has a special interest. In-

dian and Russian, trader and miner, each furnishes a fresh study. Those graceful canoes, with dusky faces looking up from them, seem but a feature of the wild scenery, their silent, sweeping motions akin to those of the circling eagles overhead. Even in Glacier bay we met one or two adventurous canoes. As before, their soft, unobtrusive coloring had harmonized with every scene, the canoe, a tree from the surrounding forest, so now, whitened for creeping unperceived upon stray seals, they seemed tiny ice-cakes among the larger bergs. The seal-hunter sat poised and alert behind his screen of white cloth, while the eyes of his wife and baby looked up pathetically from that cold, floating home. A thrill deeper than all sense of the picturesque comes with the thought of what life must have been to the Alaskan to make the canoe almost his larger body, so that the child, scarce able to peer over the rim, adjusts himself in every muscle to keep the swaying balance true. The canoes, the finest in the world, speak of a long course of evolution, and the natives' Japanese cast of features sets you thinking how many ages would be needed to differentiate the two types.

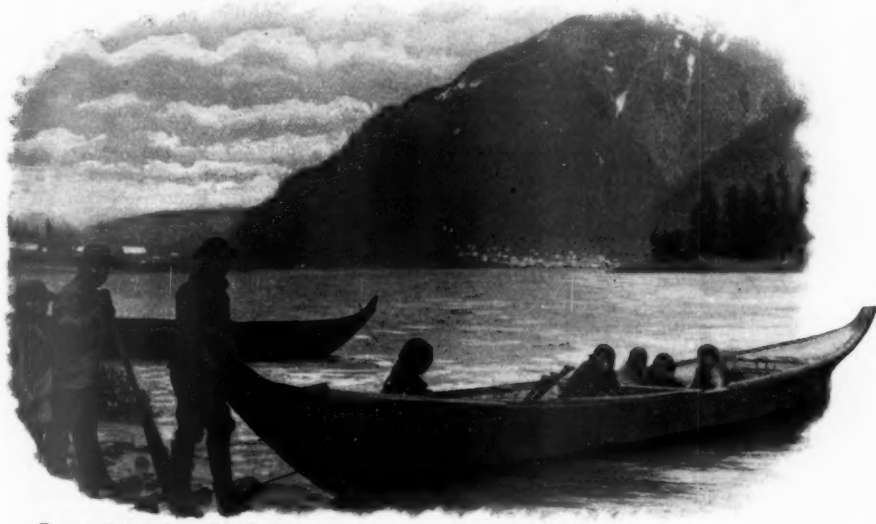
As you approach one of the rare settlements in the wilderness, uncanny "totem-poles" stand looking out upon you,—huge

logs, carved into rude but often forcible figures of bears, eagles, whales, and other animals. Here is a field for the student of folk-lore and race origins: totemism as a system is wide-spread, and this passion for grotesque carving reminds you again of the Japanese. Mr. Duncan, who knows the Alaska Indians better than any one else, writes that these totems are emblems representing mythical genii of ancient clans; that members of the same clan are counted as blood relations, even though they belong to hostile tribes, speak a different language, or live a thousand miles apart, the Alaskans relating traditions of a flood by which the clans were scattered. On the "totem-pole," before the house, were carved the totem of the owner and those of his ancestors. It was literally a "family-tree," whose genealogical record can be read, while within repose the ashes of the one it honors. The most typical examples usually seen by tourists are at Fort Wrangel, which is now little more than a stranded collection of Indian huts; its interest lies in these native relics, and the decaying Russian fortifications against the Hudson's Bay company.

But the totems are seen in their original force only at a primitive village. A stop at a little fishery, far off the usual route, allowed such an excursion. As, in the

stillness, broken only by the light dip of oars, we rounded the last headland, some fifty weird, ancient totem-poles stood guarding the deserted village in a solemn line. Ferns feathered their tops; even a large fir-tree was growing in the rain-hollowed bowl at the top of one aged totem. Men, women, and children were away on one of their summer fishing and berrying tours. We were left to wander at will, and enter the ancient council-house crowning the promontory, its central fire-square, now grassy, surrounded by a ruined dais carved in totem-emblems. Outlined against the forest stood other totems guarding graves—how much older who shall say? Even the most thoughtless felt the spell; as our boats receded, that last sunset-flushed gaze of the totems was like a glance quickened into life out of the remote past.

Tourists gain their main impressions of the natives from those at white settlements, reaping their sole harvest of coin for a long year by selling totem-marked articles, especially graceful spoons of translucent horn, bracelets beaten out of silver coin, and baskets woven of cedar rootlets, so fine and firm that they will hold water. A glance into a native house shows picturesque elements—the fire on the central gravelled square, with blue smoke strug-



From a photo by Partridge, Boston.

INDIANS AND CANOES, NEAR JUNEAU.

gling upward to the great roof-opening, the older Indians crouched about it, the baby swinging in a hammock, the walls hung with furs and accoutrements. But the dirt, the disorder, and the smell of fish, hung over the fire for curing, offend the senses. It is more pathetic, because this disease and degradation are not mere primitive savagery, but its reaction under contact with more developed races. The wrongs of Alaskan natives burn upon the pages of all impartial historians of the century and a half of exploration, trading, and monopoly. "Heaven is high," ran the proverb, "and the czar distant." The worst injury was not the sweeping depopulation,—eighty-five per cent. among the Aleuts,—but the immorality inherited by the survivors. And of this last, America cannot wash its hands. Why must the hem of civilization touch rather for infection than for healing?

The contrasting picture of what may be

done to lift a race to higher levels can nowhere be seen more strikingly than at the unique settlement of Metlahkatlan. Thirty-five years ago William Duncan, a young English missionary, began work at Fort Simpson, B. C. Such were the evil influences of the trading post, that he persuaded those Indians wishing to lead a better life to start a fresh settlement, where he taught them the arts of civilization and the practice of Christianity. Natives from near and far were attracted by the new order; the village thrived, in spite of interested traders, until it roused the jealousy of officials, and the now improved lands were to be wrested from the Indians. Mr. Duncan, appealing to our government, received the grant of an island in Alaska; and the Indians, leaving their homes, established by thirty years of effort, followed him with what they could carry in their canoes. In the rains and snows of an Alaskan winter, these new

Pilgrims landed on a forest-covered shore. Despite poverty, remoteness, and climate, with only a little pecuniary help, they have in five years, under their inspiring leader, built neat homes, church and school buildings, a saw-mill, a general store, and a salmon-cannery, each family encouraged to own a share in these coöperative industries.

The "Declaration of Residents" may well be studied. "We, the people of Metlahkatlan, Alaska, in order to secure to ourselves and our posterity the blessings of a Christian home, do severally subscribe to the following rules: To reverence the Sabbath, to attend divine wor-



VIEW ON INDIAN RIVER, SITKA.

ship, to take the Bible for our rule of faith, to regard all true Christians as our brethren, and to be truthful, honest, and industrious; to be faithful to the government of the United States; to render our votes for the election of the town council, and to obey the orders of said council; to attend to the education of our children; to totally abstain from intoxicants, gambling, and heathen customs; to strictly carry out all sanitary regulations necessary for the health of the town; to utilize the land we hold, and identify ourselves with the progress of the settlement."

Striking, indeed, is the impression made by the neat, orderly village, and by the dusky countenances lit with new intelli-

the quaint, foreign-looking little town of some twelve hundred inhabitants, mostly Indians and Russian Creoles, is the capital of one-sixth of the United States area. The headquarters of the governor and other officials are in the old buildings of the Russian régime—massive log structures that speak the rule of force as plainly as the remains of the stockade and block-houses. Within, there are traces of a finer finish, and tales of luxury and revelry haunt the great bare rooms. But it is about the Greek church, with its oriental domes, that the living Russian interest centers. Within its plain wooden walls all is glitter: one looks upon costly pictures of saints in robes of beaten silver and



From a photo by Purtridge, Boston.

SITKA AND MOUNT VOSTOVIA.

gence and character. The town now numbers about a thousand. "Are any people going away from Metlahkatlan?" I asked a young Indian returning thither from his further schooling at Sitka. "Oh, no!" "Are any new settlers going in?" "Oh, yes." "Why?" Gathering up his English, he slowly replied: "Because it's all right; no whisky, no saloon, no dance-house. Before Mr. Duncan came to us there was blood shed every day, but now it's all right." "Don't you have a good many laws?" "We make our own laws!" was the proud reply.

Sitka is an epitome of Alaska's past and present. It is difficult to realize that

gold, upon the costly Book that is kissed, but not read, and upon the glittering vestments of the priest who intones the service in ancient Slavonic, an unknown tongue to Russians as well as Indians.

In strong contrast stands the only addition of note to Sitka since it came into American hands: the industrial training school, sustained partly by American churches, and partly by the government, and based on the principle that Christianity, intelligence, and work combined constitute the force for elevating a race. The visitor who sees these bright boys and girls so apt in the kitchen, the laundry, the sewing-room, the little printing-office,



From a photo by Partridge, Boston.

IN THE INLAND CHANNEL.

the smithy, the carpenter, and shoe-shops, recognizes that this is the true system of training. But it requires a going in and out, day by day, with sympathetic insight, to realize the deep needs of these people, and all that is being done by the patient enthusiasm of their teachers. Crowded, dirty, and promiscuous as the Indian quarter of Sitka still is, it shows results of these labors and the vigorous sanitation of former naval commanders. Progress would be more rapid but for the scarcity of paying work; the development of industries must be a main element in solving the problem of making the Alaska Indians good citizens.

As a lovely afternoon was deepening into sunset glory, a suggestive little procession roused me from the beauty of external nature to that something which outlives it. A tiny coffin was borne by stalwart Indians; women and girls, neatly dressed, brought up the rear; the only white face was that of the kindly missionary. Following the silent line to a partially cleared upland, the sunset touched a scene I shall not forget. The grave had been made broad, and the men stepped down into it and received in their arms the little coffin, which they arranged in its place as carefully as if laying the babe to sleep. The women sat on the ground, their backs to the

grave, their heads bowed in silent tribute to the great mystery—all but the mother sitting at the head of the grave, who watched her little treasure laid in its last bed while the simple words were spoken that make the whole human family akin: "Earth to earth; and the spirit to God, who gave it."

Steamer passengers never see the normal Sitka; the approaching whistle draws the population to the wharves and along the one street, now turned into a bazaar of "curios." But scarcely has the steamer disappeared when the lingerer seems sole survivor in some dream-village. Then begins for him a dolce far niente as of the tropics, with no offsets of swarming pests and depressing heat. As he strolls along the main street of a morning, he may meet an Indian with a deer over his shoulder, and another flaying his game. He may visit a whale-ship and stand in an improvised archway of two great whale-bone fringes. He may persuade the general trader to open his safe and show him precious sea-otter furs; or in some resident's home he may see easy chairs upholstered in spotted hair-seal, or a lady's cloak lined with two hundred skins of little white ermines. In the afternoon there will be a row of Indian women crouching along the walk, with their baskets of salmon-berries that no artist could



From a photo by Partridge, Boston.

AUK GLACIER.



From a photo by Partridge, Boston.

VIEW ACROSS THE FRONT WALL OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

pass without a kindling eye. It is probable that tourists will find out the attractions of Sitka for a summer's stay; then, good-by to Sitka's charm of quaintness.

But nothing can ever do away with its noble natural features. No one view can do Sitka justice; every turn gives a new picture. Mt. Vostovia lifts its sharp "arrow-head" three thousand feet directly above; the "Three Sisters" rival it to the left; just beyond is a loftier, serrated ridge, cool with unmelting snows. Turn seaward,—the bay is crowded with an archipelago of islets, forested greenly above their bold, gray, rocky bases, and fringed with a line of red-gold kelp, vivid against the blue water, while above that variety of form and glow of color the eye centers on the perfect cone of the volcano Edg-cumbe, holding aloft an enormous bowl-like crater filled with snow, that seems to overflow in radiating lines down its sides, as if a great eruption had congealed.

Juneau boasts itself, if not the capital, the metropolis of Alaska, for it can number some three thousand souls. It is a center for expeditions into the far Yukon mining territory, while within sight is the gaping pit of the famous Treadwell gold mine, with the largest stamp-mill in the world. Two hundred and forty stamps, required for crushing immense quantities of low-grade ore, make such a din that the chatter of the tourist dies out in hopelessness of a hearing. Right alongside,

to the uninitiated eye part of the same group, are other extensive buildings, but these mark only a great fiasco in which three-quarters of a million have been sunk,—so near is failure to success in mining enterprise, so narrow are those terra-firma "pockets," that the whole world would fain have a hand in. Furs in every shop speak of another great unexhausted interest. Juneau has its fringe of Indian houses and canoes; its schools and wholesome, helpful mission home. Then it could hardly be Alaskan without a picturesque situation; the town occupies a narrow ledge, overhung by a snow-seamed precipice. And Juneau, outstripping even its rival Sitka, is the rainiest town in America, rain or snow falling from two hundred to even three hundred days in a year.

The first sight of a salmon-cannery is a new experience,—the gleaming fish heaped upon the floor, Indian canoes unloading their fresh "catch" at the door, Chinamen wielding the knife with a celerity as machine-like as the whirring wheels. It was a thirty-pound salmon five minutes ago; now it is a row of deftly packed cans that go spinning along a tramway to the soldering. A can is covered, is whirling on a spindle against a hot soldering iron, is working its way onward, by an endless chain, under jets of water that wash it as it goes,—and in a twinkling it is in the boiling bath. Night after night the steamer-loading goes on: the first wonder



INSPECTING THE GLACIER.

is, how the world can consume so much salmon, the second, how long Alaska can furnish it; for surely no waters can long supply such marvellous quantities of fish.

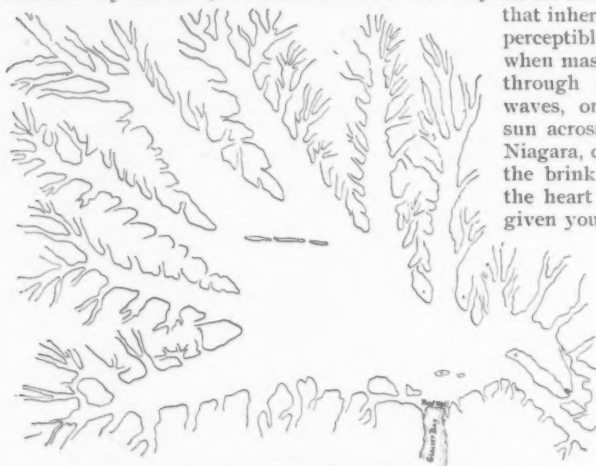
Wise is that traveller who, instead of being swept back and forth through Alaska's great Inland channel upon the swift excursion steamship, has chosen the smaller steamers that go to these far-away canneries and fisheries, affording a winding course of three thousand miles, and many stops where one may touch, if not explore, the fascinating wilderness. Charming, too, is the social life of the long voyage, unhaunted by sea-sickness, unfretted by the heat, dust, and cares of

land-travel, and spiced by not only the variety of tourists, but by characters from these wilds—the Hudson's Bay company trader, from his lonely post; the Russian bishop, striding moodily to and fro, his six-and-a-half feet of height exaggerated by cloak and tall fur cap; the frontiersman, bringing in eagles whose wings and claws are enviously measured by amateur hunters; the good woman, who tells you, with pardonable pride, that her child's name is Juneau Alaska Brown.

The crowning interest of the journey is that it leads into one of the world's greatest glacier regions. The northward route presents the magnificent series in the most instructive and effective order, on an ascending scale of grandeur. It is with a thrill that you recognize your first glacier. You are watching a range of mountains, heavily snow-clad on their upper heights. As you draw nearer, suddenly, in the center of some broad, snowy slope, hollowed like an amphitheater, as if in the heart of some vast shell, your field-glass shows you a pale green color, gleaming through parallel chasms in the dazzling whiteness.

It is crystal ice that you see, tinged with that inherent color that becomes perceptible in ice or water only when massed, as when we look through great unbroken sea-waves, or upward toward the sun across the deep current of Niagara, curving smoothly over the brink. This glimpse into the heart of a glacier has been given you by its deep crevasses.

Travelling northward, you see how a larger glacier is formed by the union of such as you saw first, the body of ice now resembling a river. It has plowed itself a mountain furrow, and edged itself with a moraine of rocks torn from the adjacent wall. You



MAP OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

The length of the front wall is a mile and a half. The small circles on the points to the right show where observations were taken. This map is reproduced from a tracing of Mr. Muir's original map.



VIEW OF THE SURFACE OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

see its tributaries, you mark its course until it descends far below the present snow-line, and makes its way between bare rocky mountain flanks. The glaciers of the first rank reach the sea, as all did in a colder geological period, and there are broken up into icebergs. Those of the second rank no longer reach the water, and their rocky *débris*, not transported away on icebergs, has accumulated as a terminal moraine.

At the Taku inlet, the eye takes in at a sweep the terminations of two great glaciers, one of each class. The climax of this stupendous series is a vast amphitheater of iceberg forming glaciers about the head of Glacier bay, the end of the long Inland channel. The largest glacier of all has been fitly named for John Muir, the intrepid exploring geologist of the Pacific coast, who, with Mr. S. H. Young, in a canoe, with only trembling Indians as helpers, pushed his way to it, through storms and icebergs, in October, 1879.

The morning our steamer enters Glacier bay, the passengers, on tip-toe of expectation, take advantage of the early dawn of that northern latitude, and watch the icebergs all about, weird in the dim light and mists. It seems as if the green islets that have strewn our course had passed under the transmuting and castle-building of some white enchanter. Gradually the icebergs increase in number, until the

steamer is threading its way by short turns. The captain's eye is fixed on the labyrinth; these are no stationary islands, but a fleet of crushing monsters bearing down along the tide with untold momentum. His short, sharp commands, the responses of the man at the wheel, the rattle of the rudder-chains, recall to nervous passengers that on the preceding trip this steamer had its bow torn off.

It was my good fortune to go into Glacier bay twice. On one occasion there was no difficulty; but on the other, winds and currents had combined to keep the ice from floating out of the bay, until there was not enough open water to reflect the bergs. Finally, the captain was obliged to turn back; the disappointed colony of passengers could only dimly descry the glacier they had come so far to see. But they had encountered its great effects; they had had some experience of an arctic ice-pack.

The broad, white expanse toward which the steamer works its way is the Muir glacier. How shall one convey any idea of what so transcends description? Photographs can give but a section here and there. But from the steamer you see that it is a vast, nearly level slope from white mountains beyond, and so buttressed in by nearer mountains that it reaches the bay only by a compressed outlet. Yet that outlet is a mile and a



From a photo by J. W. Taber, San Francisco.

THE EDGE OF THE MUIR GLACIER, SHOWING MORAINES.

half across; the ice-filled amphitheater is over thirty miles in each diameter. It requires hours to train the eye to some realization of this vastness. By and by, we are near enough to see the perpendicular cliff in which it faces the water. At first a mere thread across the front, as we draw nearer it towers above us, cutting off all view of the mass behind it.

The upper surface of the ice is white from disintegration, and sprinkled with debris, forming moraine lines. But the ice below is of that clear, dense structure that we have seen in the icebergs broken off from it, the faint green taking bluer shades farther down, to intensest deep blue. It is St. John's vision in the Apocalypse: "The foundations of the wall were beryl, and sapphire, and amethyst." The glittering front, three hundred feet high, is buttressed, and arched, and crowned with myriads of towers and spires. Milan cathedral, with its white marble fretwork of pinnacles, is the only human structure suggested, but it would look a toy, indeed, before this mile of solid ice. And the visible part is but a fraction of the wall. Soundings, venturously near, show that the submerged portion is seven hundred feet deep, making a sheer front of one thousand feet.

We are landed in boats below cliffs at the side, part of the immense lateral mo-

raine. Eagerly we make our way upward over a mile or two of stones and ooze. Cracks begin to occur, then wider seams, through which we get glimpses of ice underneath. Finally, we step out upon the uncovered ice itself. Surprise is often expressed that guides are not supplied. But there is no danger in this mere edge of the glacier to any person not venturing too near the crevasses in the desire to peer down their depths. The climb is not too difficult for ladies accustomed to walking, if they go equipped in light, strong dress, the present available reforms of underclothing and foot-gear, and a stout alpenstock. It is not danger that is the fascination, but the overwhelming sight that breaks upon the traveller's eye as he gains this vantage point. The eye sweeps over the vast amphitheater of ice, with its many tributaries, each in itself a great glacier, crowding to the front as a bewildering chaos of lofty crevasse-formed pinnacles, thick as grass-blades on a lawn, and as separate. Alpine glaciers may be crossed, but there is no hope that any human being will ever cross the Muir, except far back from its front.

Thunder-like reverberations of cleaving and falling ice-masses fill up the measure of sublimity. Retracing our steps to the end of the moraine, we face the ice-wall. Which of all those towers will fall first?

How can anything so massive ever give way? How can anything so toppling hold its place? Suddenly a break, a gliding,—then the sharp detonation of the cleavage,—a rush downward, a disappearance in the water,—then the thunder of that mighty blow, and a splash of water and spray two hundred feet up the ice-cliff,—then the boiling below,—and you keep on watching, watching, it seems a long time, till the berg that has plunged rises again out of all this turmoil and rides away on the great wave itself has made.

The most unimpressible tourist yields to the excitement, springing to his feet and joining in the chorus of long-breathed exclamations. Finally, in one of the quiet intervals of this tremendous bombardment, lo! at the base of the ice-wall, a mighty seething began from some unseen force below, and like an enormous whale, rose the largest iceberg of all, broken off at unknown depths. Over and over it turned, starting wave after wave, until, its center of gravity finally adjusted, it rested in the water apparently as immovable as the other great ice-islands. Its darkly intense blue showed that it came from the very depths of the glacier.

The captain must make his way out of Glacier bay by daylight, so sorrowfully we return to the steamer and settle ourselves on deck to fill our eyes and memories as we slowly recede. Once more that

lofty wall becomes but a rim of the vast ice-slope. The cold morning mists half veiled it as we approached; as our lingering backward look rests upon it, the sunset bathes it in new, softened glory. The great companion glaciers on the left complete the arc, while faint and far, seen only by those fortunate travellers favored by the clearest weather, a new vision crowns the whole and reveals its true relations. The great Fairweather range of the St. Elias Alps, more than Alpine in loftiness and majestic weight of snows, is outlined against the sunset sky,—peak after peak, their shadows of palest blue, their lights of tenderest rose, lifted into the heavens, and from those heights the mighty glaciers creeping down to the sea.

After this supreme hour there is but one thing more to realize, and that is no single vision, but the new interpretation throughout our long homeward voyage of the marvellous inland passage. The imagination now can strip off these forests from the mountains that show their rounded glacier carving; it can fill these intricate channels of quiet sea with their gigantic ice-streams; and the mind reels thinking how long it took them to grind out these fiords that the ship's line will not fathom—three thousand miles of such fiords, just the fringe of the continental ice-sheet. So God has plowed his earth-farm with glaciers to make it ready for the home of His children.



GLACIER IN TAKU INLET.

VOYAGERS.

Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

COMRADES, over the deep without name,—
Over the deep, unwitting we came!
Never one knew from whence he sailed,
And the hither shore from his sight was veiled
 With the surging vapors of sleep;
 And to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
 Again we shall sail the great deep.

Sweet is the shore where we tarry a day.
Let us live as brave men what time we shall stay,
The wreath of the poplar thereof be the sign;
And weave in the myrtle, all ye who resign
 Your hearts to some fond one to keep!
 But to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
 Again we shall sail the great deep.

Fair was the morn, and the noon, fleeting fast;
But the sky of the undertime grew overcast!
As the leaf of the poplar, that shakes in the wind,
So grief, for a time, may oppress the firm mind,
 Nor the hero be shamed, though he weep;—
 But to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
 Again we shall sail the great deep.

Ye have wrought as ye wrought, and the day is far spent,
Well have ye borne whatever fate sent:
Now, wine for the even, and, lying at ease,
The glimpse of red sails on Hesperian seas;
 Then the shadows of night,—then a sleep,—
 And to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
 Again we are on the great deep.

Oh, comrades, there be who would tarry to store
The treasure they find on this wave-beaten shore;
There be who would trace, with a feverish hand,
Some name on the scroll of the silvery sand:
 But the tides, all oblivious, sweep,—
 And to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
 Again we are on the great deep.

To-morrow—and after-to-morrow? Who knows
What isle or what mainland the sea shall disclose,
Or whether, since wanderers, we ever have been,
The signal and watch-tower of home we shall win,
 When, at last, on the strand we shall leap?
 But to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
 Again we are on the great deep.

From a photo. by Miss E. V. Clarkson.



OUTFLANKING

BY MURAT

I.

I HAD just explored Paris and was about to go to Switzerland when suddenly, in July, 1870, the Napoleon of that period found himself obliged to measure swords with Germany. The French army had a great reputation, and the Prussians, having humbled Austria in six weeks, were not modest, and the pretensions of France to the primacy of Europe were sharply disputed. The French emperor was a decaying man, and his imperial ring had robbed the army, while he was weak enough not to know it, and as a schemer and dreamer he had confidence in the chassepot, a rifle really better than the Germans had, and in the mitrailleuse, a rapid-fire machine inferior to a good field-piece. The Germans had vastly the advantage in numbers and in artillery. The French cry was to go in eight days to Berlin, and the Parisian excitement was prodigious. I became at once a war correspondent, attempted through Minister Washburne to get authorization from the War department to go with Marshal MacMahon, but for some time received no answer to my application.

The last day the emperor was at the Tuileries, I was in the garden of the palace and saw him drive away forever, showing the bald spot on the back of his head as he tipped his hat to those who greeted him, and the greetings were quite scattering. The empress by his side, carrying a large parasol, bowed with sweeping grace and seemed in good spirits.

Troops, each regiment with abundant drums and trumpets, were passing through the city. The wild singing of the Marseillaise in the streets was going on all the hours I was awake. The next thing the emperor was at Metz, and I engaged a courier who spoke seven languages to go with me and set forth for that city, bearing a wonderful passport with an immense amount of wax and ribbons that at first amused me; but one day that wax



TWO EMPERORS.

HALSTEAD.

and the ribbons saved my life when I fell into the hands of cutthroats who were looking for spies and wanted to kill some one. They had selected me for an object lesson, but the ribbons and wax, and the American eagle, had such an official appearance they gave me a chance, and I got away very tired and thirsty, but well satisfied that I was alive.

My faithful courier who spoke seven languages did not speak English, which interfered with his general usefulness, but his pantomime was immense. Moncure D. Conway, author of many good books, among them the History of the Devil, and also of Thomas Paine, by accident joined me at the Strassburg station, and was equipped for war with a briar-wood pipe and a long-tailed, black, morning, old Virginia coat. We had not got far before the man who had seven continental languages and an English pantomime, succeeded in telling French officers that we were suspicious characters, and informing us that if we dared to go to Metz we would be imprisoned. Mr. Conway did not fancy that, and concluded he wanted to study the cathedral at Nancy. I understand from him, for we both survived the war, that the sacred edifice at Nancy is very fine. I declared to the courier that I did not mind in the least being cast into a dungeon, as I meant to accept the fortunes of war. My guide evidently "made himself stout" with the French officers, and they all pitied me, which is the most offensive form in which a Frenchman expresses disrespect. However, I had an arrangement with Minister Washburne that I thought would keep me from desperate trouble, and so it did. He was to reply immediately to any message by telegraph that I might send him, no matter how trivial, and to give me in doing so as much authenticity as possible.

Metz was full of French soldiers and they overflowed into the surrounding country. I had been surprised to find so little movement as was observed on





THE HESSIANS AT ST. PRIVAT.

From the painting by Emil Hünten.

the road, and thought it must be the French were so thoroughly prepared for war that when it came they had nothing to do but hasten to the front. Afterward I recognized in this lack of business, on the great line between the French capital and the army the emperor had joined, the first indication of the fatality upon which the French were rushing. I got a neat room in a small hotel, and quickly there was evidence that the police were interested in my welfare. I strolled about the city and into some of the camps, aware that I had attendants, but rather enjoyed the distinguished consideration, and was satisfied before I retired that some other people were leg-weary. The next day I tried to approach the emperor's headquarters, in front of which was displayed a group of tricolors with golden eagles instead of spears on the staffs. I was ordered away with much excitement and violent gesticulation. I thought I would climb on the outer wall of the city, and the excitement increased. I was told to "circulate" and was almost hustled. My papers were examined. I sat up late writing a long letter telling the truth about the French army, showing that it was not in good shape, and that valuable contribution to current literature was confiscated. It was lost to the world. Next day I was so crowded by the police that the sensation became "monotonous," in the Mark Twain sense of the word, and I telegraphed Washburne asking him whether the business we had with the French War department was concluded; and swiftly came the answer, that the American minister had seen the War minister of France, and my application was still undecided. Both tel-



From the painting by Anton von Werner.

STORMING THE HEIGHTS OF SPICHEREN, AUGUST 6, 1870.

ograms were read, of course, by the police, and I was identified as in communication with distinguished people, and so saved for more sorrow. The next day I left Metz undisturbed, settled up with my courier, the linguist with the English pantomime, and took the fastest train to Strassburg. I had succeeded in washing my hands and face in my bedroom in that venerable town, when the officers entered and my passport was demanded. The police had been notified that a bad and mysterious man was coming, and a reception had been arranged for me.

I enjoyed, in spite of the police, the cathedral, the Rhine, the white beer made of wheat, the storks, and the Turcos and Zouaves MacMahon had received from Africa, and in the evening met my friend Conway in the reading-room of a hotel; he was in the act of writing of me as lost. His theory was that I was in a

dungeon of Metz. We determined to go over to the Germans, and before doing that I had to go to Paris. We agreed to meet at the hotel of the White Cross in Basle, and finally did so. The house figures largely in the guide-books and has five rooms for lodgers. I spent one day in Paris shipping baggage to London; and a magnificent cuirassier in a steel jacket, with everything splendid about him, rode to my hotel, with an envelope a foot long from the War department, addressed to me; and the communication told that my application to go with the French army could not be granted. This deprived MacMahon of my society.

Travelling by way of Dijon to Neuchâtel, I reached Basle, having passed from French to German territory through Switzerland. The railroad in Baden was broken, but before we left the line I found myself able in one place to pick grapes from the vines by reaching through the

car windows. We had a long ride on hay wagons,—an agreeable experience,—and were pleasantly received at the famous fortress of Rastatt. We could see for a long distance, at least for a great while on the hay, the spire of Strassburg, which points out the city when nothing else of it can be seen. It was a splendid object one lingering evening as we jogged along, looking westward into a gloomy sunset.

Our objective point was Carlsruhe, and there the polite American consul aided us to procure papers from the War department of Baden. Conway and I, waiting in this gentleman's office, noticed that he received four Methodist Christian advocates from the United States, and when he came in and looked at our cards, he said with a serious glance, looking at the card "M. D. Conway," "Are you Moncure Conway?" He was answered in the affirmative, and looking at the other card, he inquired, "Are you Murat Halstead?" and he relaxed and laughed when told it was vain to deny that we were Moncure and Murat sure enough. Here we got the news of the defeat of MacMahon by the crown-prince, and some of the wounded had already arrived in that very town, and the king, with Moltke and Bismarck,

had just crossed the river at Mannheim for the invasion of France.

Our plan of campaign was to follow the railroad, as it was certain from the enormous array of the German armies that they must depend upon the rail transportation, and would not go far from the lines. We succeeded in preëmpting a coupé car, a rear compartment holding two persons comfortably, and we clung to this through various experiences and long delays until we reached the frontier, passing one rainy night in a village called Homburg—no relation to the famous watering-place near Frankfort. Here we struck the trail of the king, and everybody was talking of his majesty and field-marshal Moltke, and Bismarck. The slenderness and pallor of Moltke were dwelt upon, and when I asked what sort of a looking man Bismarck was, the answer was, "A big man with an eye like a tiger."

When we reached the frontier we had to give up our special compartment, and the forwarding commandant peremptorily ordered us backward. He would not hear to our going another step forward. A train that had been loaded with cattle had arrived a few hours before, and the beasts had been taken out and slaughtered, the cars cleaned, some clean straw thrown in,



From the painting by Emil Hunten.

THE 53D AT COLOMBEY.

and soldiers were getting into them. Conway and I, with our worldly possessions on our backs, no trunks or carpet-bags, but an abundance of cigars, were the first fellows into one car, and as the soldiers entered each received a cigar. When the inspectors came along the smoke was so thick the interlopers were invisible. The train rattled ahead and we soon became invaders of France.

We were but a few miles into French territory when the cars stopped at a little station, and there was a beautiful macadamized road, shaded by poplars, leading northward. We were told that the king was at St. Avoird, a French village on that road, and concluded as it would not be wise to outstrip his majesty in going to Paris, we would join him at once. All the wagons and all the cars were chalked for Paris, and the utmost confidence was felt that we were going straight there. There was not a German

From the painting by Emil Hünten.

THE FIGHT AT LONGWY, DECEMBER 2, 1870.



soldier who was not sure of it, and the officers did not deny it. We arrived at the Hotel de Paris, St. Avold, a small, stone, red-roofed town, in the afternoon, and there were no private rooms for us. The best that could be done for us was cold meat, white bread, and red wine, and permission to sleep in the apartment that in America would be called the bar-room. We took a walk, were told the king was stopping at the post-office; and there he was with his familiar head, side whiskers, polished chin, and forehead like General Burnside, looking out of a second-story front window, and wondering, I believe, what two such odd looking people as Conway and myself meant by being there. He graciously returned our salutation. We were up with the head of the procession, whatever else might happen. That night my slumbers, on a billiard-table with a silk hat for a pillow, were disturbed by a messenger, booted, spurred, dusty, and stained with splashes of mud, who wanted to know if Moltke was there. I knew I was not Moltke, and was trying to explain it, when the proprietor, holding a dripping candle, and looking red-eyed and haggard, said Moltke's room was above.

When some account of this got to the United States in a distorted form, I hear I became the field-marshal. It was soon evident the messenger had brought important news, and I think it was that Bazaine seemed to be making ready to retreat from Metz.

II.

St. Avold, where I appeared armed with a field-glass, a bottle of ink, a stock of paper, and a few lead-pencils, several cigars, some cakes of chocolate, as a last resource in case of very short rations, also a battered silk hat, a Scotch cap, a sunburnt nose, a rough pair of shoes, gray suit of clothes and a blanket, was as French a town as ever was; and it seems sad it was forced into Germany. The people of that whole region are as intensely French as in Paris, perhaps even more so; and they are hard and fast French now. There was a proclamation printed on white paper beginning in French: "We, William," telling of the friendly disposition of the Prussian king; and the French stared at it in silent, mournful, wondering groups. That the German armies should be on French soil was a



From the painting by Emil Hünten.

THE 39TH FUSILIER REGIMENT AT GRAVELOTTE.

From the painting by Anton von Werner.

THE MEETING OF BISMACK AND NAPOLEON III. ON THE DANCHEK ROAD.





THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT SEDAN, SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.

From the painting by Anton von Werner.

frightful surprise. The march to Berlin was a retreat on Metz, and that was the road to Paris. Already the confidence with which the Germans said they were going to Paris carried with it a considerable conviction that they were able to make their words good.

In the house with Moltke, having intercepted a courier bearing dispatches to him, and now as it turned out my grade in the newspapers being "field-marshal," having been able to find something to eat, and a billiard-table to sleep on, I had a sense of being "in it," as we say in America, and walked about the post-office where the king was, generally taken by the Germans to be a Frenchman, and by the French to be a German. Not a comfortable position, for I encountered glances of hatred on all sides, and began to believe I was an enemy of mankind, and abhorred by the nations of the earth. I really was feeling melancholy about this misunderstanding for which there appeared to be no compensation or remedy.

A man of unusual stature, all his outlines and equipment formidable, booted, spurred, belted, with a saber in a steel scabbard, a white flannel cap with red band, black vizor, bearing the Prussian button conspicuously on the red stripe between the white and the black, strode along between my hotel and the king's post-office, and there was a noticeable deference in the salutations of the officers. It was evident at a glance this was "somebody." He was erect, alert, and in manner commanding. His face was scarlet with sunburn, his mustache stubby, and his eye strangely charged

with expression. There was something more than intellect in it; there was will, force, purpose, and no sign of amiability. He had a familiar appearance. Suddenly, as I looked intently at this manifest personage, I remembered a cartoon of a very disrespectful character I had seen in the show-windows of Paris, and the identity of the gentleman was apparent. I looked toward the man significantly, and said inquiringly to a Prussian officer, "Bismarck?" The reply was, "To be sure!"

That the question should have been asked was curious. The iron chancellor joined a group of officers, and the scene was one highly impressive. I was so hurried and worried afterward that I never wrote this up fully, making only a few dashes at it, and waiting for a better time, which never came, for a complete story. I was an object of so much suspicion that perhaps I was unduly sensitive. Moncure Conway was with me in solemn black, wearing a quilted cloth hat, and I a Scotch cap, rather an odd rig for August. We must have seemed a queer couple, and I had not been flattered by the ways in which it had been manifested that we were objects of lively curiosity. Still, we were becoming known as "members of the press," which, while not the highest distinction in the German army, in peace or war, was better than not to be known at all. Still, I am not able to say we were welcomed at the king's headquarters with effusion.

We had turned from the group dominated by Bismarck, the old king showing his face at the second-story window, when there was a positive call that struck me as a personal matter, and Bismarck was advancing across the cobble-stones, and said: "I am told you are an American editor." I answered he had been correctly informed, and he said quickly: "We are glad to see you; there are millions of men of our blood in your country, and it is important they should have, as written in the midst of the operations of war, its true history." I was a bit startled to be so addressed, for cordiality was not usual, and a friendly advance from Bismarck was the last thing expected, and I had taken my cap by the knob and pulled it off to make the proper salute, forgetting

in the earlier stages of the movement, as I reached for it, that I was not tipping my silk hat. It was the first day of the cap, as the silk hat, after use as a pillow, had become impossible. The Scotch headgear did not bend itself gracefully, and Bismarck, with a sweeping gesture, required the restoration of the cap to my head.

I would just as lief have aired my head a while, for the day was hot, but I pulled the sweltering cap on, and said I was glad to see some one who was glad to see me, for it was an unaccustomed pleasure, and the chancellor smiled with his mouth (not with his eyes), and asked rapidly the questions, "What is the matter? What do you want? How did you come here?"

I said: "I am believed by the German soldiers and French people to be a personal enemy. I want to buy a horse (the privilege of buying one), and I am just from Paris." "When were you last in Paris?" said the chancellor. "Wednesday last," was the reply. "Why, how could you get here?" "By way of Dijon, Neuchâtel, Basle, Freiburg, Carlsruhe, Mannheim, Kaiserslautern, and Saarbrück."

The chancellor gave a gesture of assent and interest. It was a surprise to him that the journey could be accomplished, flanking both countries in war-time, so quickly. "Anything new in Paris?" was the next question, and I said the last thing I saw on the way to the Lyons railway depot was a crowd in great excitement said to be mobbing a German bank. "What bank?" I gave the location, and Bismarck said he knew the house. I told him, then, I had been in possession of letters of introduction addressed to him, but when in Metz and in the hands of the police, had destroyed them. The surprise of the chancellor that I was just from Metz and Strassburg was strongly stated, and there was a queer smile at my idea of taking another road to Metz, and the chancellor said: "Come to the king's headquarters and you shall have something to eat at any time." I replied that I feared I should have to give up going with the army if I could not get a horse. He said horses were demanded for the army and could not be disposed of for other than purely military purposes. I said: "It is hard that

the one thing one wants is the one thing he cannot get." And the deep-toned reply, "Ah, you have found it so," seemed to come from the great deep. Then he said: "You can go over there, and perhaps a horse may be had," pointing to a house occupied by a high quartermaster. I said: "It would be of no use, unless I may be permitted to say the chancellor directed me." He smiled this time with both eyes and mouth, and said he had "no influence in the army." And strange as it may seem, that was true enough. He was the king's chancellor, but to the army only a major. I did not get a horse. The interview terminated, Mr. Conway and the chancellor exchanging a few remarks, we retired to our hotel, and headquarters were speedily pushed forward to Folquemont.

We had met at St. Avold several officers having in charge the division of the telegraph corps whose duty it was to see that every night there should be a wire between the king and Berlin. During the weary day, passing a train, there was one of the telegraph officers sitting in the side door of a freight car, talking with a German surgeon who held in his hand an English book,—Shakespeare,—and that made us acquainted. The surgeon was fond of English conversation, and it was pleasant for me to aid him to rub up his knowledge of the language. He helped us along, and when we came to the jumping off place on the railroad, wheeling to the south, to march around Metz and meet the French army, cutting their line of retreat, he got us a chance to ride one day on a wagon. This was no slight favor. It rested the feet and gave two wanderers a sort of home in the army. The French fighting prestige was still good, and the invasion

of France appeared an alarming adventure. With a string of wagons loaded with telegraph poles (long rods) and wire, and a squad of cavalry, we hurried through a country that grew rough as we approached the Moselle.

The French had not been in pains in their retreat to destroy the roads or the wires. There was not much work to do to fix up the lines. We trotted along by the hour with nothing to do. There was a sense of getting into trouble when we left the railroad. We were rushing in a torrent. It was like floating down a rapid river in a cañon. The question was: how could we ever get back? It was too late or too early to think of that; and I never shall forget a lunch in the shade of willow trees in a meadow by a bright shallow stream, how fair and peaceful the prospect was, how like a picnic our progress seemed, how good the German sausage was, how unreal and far off for the hour was the war!

When we arrived at the river we passed a conical mountain, Mount Mousson, which I remembered well as on the road from Metz to Strassburg, about half an hour's rail ride from the former; and in the river were a few dead horses still bleeding, for there had been a skirmish. There was a fine stone bridge over the Moselle, and beyond, the considerable town Pont-à-Mousson.

Here we had the fortune to find a vacant room over a barber shop and overlooking the bridge. The king came a few hours later, his side whiskers loaded with dust; Bismarck took a walk alone, the French staring at him gloomily, and pointing him out; and the tremendous army of Prince Frederick Charles poured through the streets in a mighty procession.





Drawn by F. G. Attwood.

THE STORY OF A CLUB.

BY ADELENE MOFFAT,
WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY GEORGE W. CABLE.



THE following uneventful story, aside from the quiet charm of its flow, has, I think, a distinct value as an actual instance of efforts and results in a field of beneficence whose pleasant harvests almost any one may help to reap. From a feeling of delicacy, which readers will hardly fail to approve, the real teller of the story has chosen to speak through the medium of the general secretary of the Home-Culture clubs. These clubs were started some seven years ago on the idea that the best fruitfulness of the individual life is got by the practical recognition of the family and the home as the true unit of society. If I mistake not, the movement differs in this from a large majority of the organized efforts of the well-to-do to lend a hand to those less abundantly provided for.

The moment life begins to be a daily toil for its mere necessities, one of its worst losses is the decay of social relations, and especially of neighborhood. In nothing else do the hard-pressed so constantly need the good offices of those who are not so, as in and for the preservation of social intercourse. Yet these are just the good offices most difficult to offer and impossible to ask for. As ordinarily enjoyed, they cost money at every slightest step, as every housekeeper knows; and a selfish thoughtlessness tends to make them cost ever more and more, and thus to aggravate the estrangement of the rich and the poor. Close behind the decay of the social relation comes the disintegration of the home-circle, then the impoverishment and debasement of tastes and standards, and so, often the moral decay of the individual. It seems to me that this is particularly unfortunate in a country like ours, which is politically so dem-

ocratic as to require imperatively, for a complete public order, that there be some active provision for cultivating democratic relations outside of politics. Without doubt, the political corruption of cities thrives on the absence of such a provision quite as much as upon some other oversights, since classes and masses are made politically equal and socially hateful to one another. Certainly private society always must and will, and ought to, have its different ranks and orders. To ignore this would only make disaster for all. But besides this, and directly parallel with it, the Home-Culture clubs have found by mature experiment, that there is room for active, friendly relationship be-

tween homes of the most widely differing rank and wealth,—a relationship which makes for the betterment of all of them.

Their work consists in the operation of numerous small fireside clubs, where neighbors, by virtue of simple neighborhood, and with no reference to rank or accomplishments, meet once a week in the homes of their members for any specific purpose not too laborious to be amusing, nor too idle to be profitable. These clubs have spread beyond us without breaking from us as a center, and now represent some ten towns, in about six states, and number fifty odd, with between four and five hundred members, belonging to every rank of society.



WE NEED not say where we live, and, being a feminine club, we shall not tell our age; but we are over four years old. This very slender narrative has the two artistic dis-

advantages of being true, and of having a moral purpose.

Foremost among the accidents of fortune which brought us together, were cheap rents. At the time our club was started, strangers called our neighborhood a very unsocial one. Beyond taking milk from the same milkman, we had nothing in common, and the blessedness of mutual service seldom reached a wider expression than a word passed over the back fence, that some one was trying to ring the door-bell. Even such favors, though acknowledged with graciousness, were often secretly attributed to a prying disposition.

Nevertheless, we kept quite well informed of the chief events of the several households through our husbands (although they deny this), who walked down town together. This knowledge was supplemented by the locals in the daily paper, which was left alike upon the front stoop of the washed and of the unwashed. The only explanation of a condition bordering upon armed neutrality was that there had always been a

great deal of "feeling" in the neighborhood, due partly to differences of rank, which the mere fact of adjoining back yards could not alter.

Except the widow of the ex-governor, none of us had been born great. Some had achieved greatness, but the most remained in something very much like obscurity. My husband, for instance, is only a common carpenter. The next neighbors on our left were so unfortunate as to have had greatness thrust upon them by the will of the people. The greatness had departed, leaving only the enmity that is likely to follow transient brightness in the political firmament.

This is why they were alienated from my neighbor on the right. When a woman speaks of her neighbor—singular number—she means, of course, another woman. The respective husbands had served as aldermen on the same board, and at the time Mr. R— was elevated to the mayoralty, Mr. L— was permitted to return to private life. The two gentlemen were quite unmoved by this coincidence; but the wives found themselves occupying changed relations. The morning after the election, a certain hauteur on the part of Mrs. L— was met by the new-made mayoress with an affability a trifle overdone, though not strictly stuck-up, as was charged. I am confident she was actuated merely by a kind-hearted, but nervous, desire to reassure her neighbor, whom she knew to be "very peculiar;" but there remained a good deal of silent friction between them.

Indeed, as I say, "feeling" is our neighborhood's distinctive trait. There was almost a cyclone of emotion when the wife of the ex-governor,—whom none of us knew, except Mr. G——, the grocer,—sent her daughter off to Smith college, and kept at home her unpaid account with the grocer for \$112.47. However, all this disappeared at one of our early club-meetings, when Miss Jenny, the ex-governor's daughter, mentioned incidentally that she had borrowed the money to go to Smith as a venture of her own, and somewhat against her mother's preferences.

It was Miss Jenny who started our club. She excited my wonder by appearing at our side door, one morning, with a fountain-pen in her buttonhole. As I put my flat-iron on the stove and opened the door, I saw that my first guess was wrong, and that no one was ill. I had the presence of mind to ask her in. She thanked me, and said:

"I believe we have never been introduced, Mrs. C——, but we've been neighbors so long that I think we ought to know each other, unless you've forgotten me in the four years I've been away."

I assured her I had not, and invited her into the parlor; but she looked down at herself, laughingly, and said she was hardly in calling trim, yet she had thought she would wait no longer before coming over to talk about a little plan she had in mind. She would like to consult me about it before she set her heart upon it.

While she was in Northampton, she had come in contact with the Home-Culture club movement, whose center is there, and had fancied a Home-Culture club would be an excellent thing in our town. She explained the nature of the clubs, and proposed that we should start one.

Miss Jenny has a manner which always makes me feel at home. Her simple directness makes its way through all commonplaces, and yet never becomes intrusive. In ten minutes after she came in, she was helping me fold the sheets, while I tried to describe the conditions she would have to meet, and the strong probability of her failure. But she said, more gracefully than I can repeat it, that there would be no mortification in failure, unless it were the failure to try!

I said: "I do not believe it can be done. Why, most of us are hardly on speaking terms."

"Well, don't you think it's high time we were?"

"Yes; but how are you going to accomplish it by anything like a reading club? This is not a literary neighborhood."

"How, not literary?"

"Why, we don't read! Except in your house, there are not a hundred books on the whole street, nor a half dozen subscriptions to periodicals. Such as there may be are not of the best. You couldn't find a Scribner's, or a Century, or a Harper's, in any of these twenty houses. Half the people in them don't know whether The Forum is a dry-goods house, or an insurance company."

"Magazines are expensive," said Miss Jenny.

"Yes; but we have other things that cost more, and are not half the satisfaction. Trouble is, living as we do, we don't need to keep up with the times. It was very different when I was teaching; but here we never go anywhere, nor meet anybody interested in anything outside of his daily work, or the little property he may be trying to pay for."

"Hasn't fatigue something to do with it?"

"Yes, indeed. Many of us spend all day in the mills, or in shops and offices, and housework keeps the rest of us busy. By night we are too tired and cross to put our heads to much good use."

"Yes, I see," she said. "Still, I think I'll try it," and she left, saying she would invite the neighbors to her house for Thursday evening.

At dinner, I confided my misgivings to my husband; but he took her side.

"I have always said you were an angel, Polly; but it doesn't follow that Miss Jenny is a fool because she rushes in where you fear to tread. All these people need is to know what the thing means. You could start the club yourself, if you tried."

When the evening came, I could not go. John had to see a contractor, and I had no one to leave the children with. The next morning Miss Jenny dropped in, and presently said:

"Have you any idea why not one of

those people came last night? They accepted when I asked them."

I explained my own absence, and the probable cause of several others.

"Yes; but why did all stay away? Was it because I hadn't called?"

I said I did not think so. But she was right. My neighbor on the left afterwards said to me: "Perhaps we are not in the habit of calling, as she is; but she needn't think we don't know anything."

"If she thought we didn't know anything," I said, "she wouldn't invite us to belong to a literary club."

I made haste to tell Miss Jenny, who said, between frowning and laughing: "I believe we can meet that."

She started again. She "hoped she would be pardoned for making so many informal calls before any one had called upon her mother; but, in fact, her visit was partly on business. Now, that the neighbors were no longer deterred from calling by the deep mourning of the family, both she and her mother hoped to become a little better acquainted with them; and, in the meantime, would they not come over informally, to find out whether we really wanted a club? and would everybody please come with some suggestion as to what would be pleasant to do, in case we should start one?"

In reply, all hoped Miss Jenny would succeed in getting "her" club together, and thought it would be pleasant for "those who liked it;" it would be "too bad for her to fail after all her trouble." But at each doorstep she was told that it was exceedingly doubtful if that speaker could be present. But when the time arrived, they were all there.

The first few minutes after assembling were painful, although Miss Jenny passed from one of us to the other, in hospitable activity. Her friendly speeches, like a dark-lantern, lighted up each of us by turn, but were everywhere preceded and followed by gloom and silence. However, her quiet words were invariably heard by us all, and we were presently smiling, in spite of ourselves, at her solicitous instructions to two late comers, who were about to seat themselves upon a divan made that afternoon by Miss Jenny herself, on college models. They must remember, she said, always to rise up and sit down together; it required a four years' course

to learn to make a divan like that, and to sit on it without anxiety.

A story or two of amusing mishaps followed, illuminated by repressed amusement on some of our most silent faces, to whose owners these stories suggested others. Our hostess was quick to see who had an anecdote in stock, and tactful in drawing it forth. Nearly every person told one, and the two ladies on the divan became almost hysterically gay. We did not tell Miss Jenny we had passed a pleasant evening; but we said it to one another next morning, as we swept off our front porches.

The second meeting was at my house. There were not so many present, yet more than I expected. After an hour of conversation, Miss Jenny at last put the question whether we should form a club, and for our better stimulation report ourselves to the general secretary of the movement, at Northampton. Without undue enthusiasm, the majority thought it would be very pleasant to do so.

But now came the question as to programme. To each and every pursuit that promised to have the approval of the majority, some one or other definitely objected. History, biography, travel, sociology, philanthropy, natural science, poetry, art, and even fiction, were thus vetoed. Finally, a bold spirit inquired: "Why have any definite pursuit?"

"Because," said Miss Jenny, "unless we do something regular and worth while,



Drawn by F. G. Altwood.

we can't hold together six weeks; we shall get tired of amusement as a business; business as an amusement is better. But I have an idea. We don't want to tax any one with something in which she is not interested. Why not take the magazines? They cover all ground, and each can have what she wants in turn. We will avoid all the long articles, and also two other things—long hours and postponements."

We adopted an order for meeting, in turn, at the house of the members, omitting one or two where domestic conditions would not allow, and we arranged the dates of meetings by calendar, each keeping a full copy of the list, so that we knew, all of us, where the club was to meet, on any particular evening, even those, if any, who had been absent from the previous meeting.

At first, owing more to timidity on our part than to inertia, the burden of the meetings fell upon Miss Jenny. It was not the ex-governor's daughter, but the college graduate whom we feared. When we realized, later, that her knowledge of books was offset by our knowledge of practical matters, the resulting balance of power restored our tongues, and we got as much merriment out of our exchange of ignorances as enlightenment from our exchange of knowledge.

The different points of view represented in our membership gave liveliness to every topic of conversation—for we soon began to have conversations. To most of us it was a new experience to find ourselves responsible for opinions which were listened to by a group of people. Definiteness of thought and a larger vocabulary became "household necessities" to which some other things much more commonly recognized as such were forced to yield precedence.

My husband says we women care more for things than for persons; that we spend all our money buying things, and all our time keeping them clean; we have nothing left for friend or stranger. Of course, this is only a man's exaggeration; but it

is certainly true, that, as one result of coming together to see what we were, instead of what we had, we talked more about ideas and affairs, and less about matters and things. Our chairs began to have fewer tidies on them, and more friends and visitors in them.

A bright, sober, intellectual activity has grown with the opportunity to exercise it. Our ambitions have been stimulated, our latent abilities recognized and encouraged, and we have been able to bring home from the club, to the monotonous routine of our daily work, the new ideas and freshened spirit that come of simple human fellowship—is that not worth while?

We still have our discouragements: some meetings are dull; members drop out, for good reasons, or no reasons; changes have to be made to accommodate the tastes of new members. We find ourselves quite eclipsed by the show of good results that we read in the reports of the other clubs, as they come to us from Northampton each month, in the "Home-Culture Club Letter." We have not grown into a system of liberal arts education for working-girls, as a little botany club there has done, nor into an evening school, of eighteen classes a week, which grew out of a club of boys meeting to learn about civil government and American history; we have not read Shakespeare in character, nor studied English history for three years, nor travelled over foreign countries by lamplight in company with people who have done it by railroad and steamer.

Nevertheless, the history of our club might show as fair results if traced in all its benefactions; clubs have grown out of it; spirit has come into it, which has added new values to our lives; its united sentiment has secured tangible public benefits for our neighborhood; and, after all, the best one word we can say for ourselves, I heartily believe, is this:

We have found time to be social, and the wife of the mayor and the wife of the ex-alderman go shopping together.





Drawn by Carl Windels.

THE KILLING OF THE CAPTAIN.

BY JOHN HEARD, JR.

THE perpendicular rays of the noon sun had furlled all the shadows close under the walls of the houses, and the quadrangle of the post, burned bare and brown by the summer heat, seemed to quiver in the blinding glare. In the center of the large, level square the fountain lisped its tired, listless monotone, and the small stream fell back, perfectly straight, on the iron pipe through which it had reached daylight again, after leaving the turbulent mountain-torrent a mile above the reservation limit. At the foot of the flagstaff a small jib-boom of shadow pointed northward. In the blue-white sky the buzzards circled lazily, and without apparent effort, in smooth, ample curves, on a level with the yellow-pink peaks of the mountains, that looked down in lofty silence on the little military settlement huddled against the lines of juniper at their base. Below, nothing moved. It

was July, and in Arizona the July noon is a brutal master, whom few care or dare to face.

At the lower end of the quadrangle the road passed out of the military primness of the post proper, through a row of quartermaster's storehouses on the one side, and semi-official shops and hotels on the other, until it degenerated into a broad, red, rutted ribbon, that wound in and out between Mexican jacals and negro shanties, and finally took a free course across the undulating plain. Here and there, between the cactus hedges, little shelters of dry branches cast a protecting, but ever-changing, shade over some family of nomad freighters, Mexican to-day, Mormon to-morrow, as the coke-teams happened to come along. In the dry corrals, asthmatic horses and overworked mules hung their heads, and gazed, with weary indifference, at the rope-knots by which

they were hobbled. Beyond, the plain, faintly red and green, and dotted at intervals with chunky clumps of soapweed, stretched away indefinitely, until it ultimately lost itself in a distant, hot horizon, above which fantastically-carved sierras uplifted their peaks.

Under the last of these rude shelters, quite oblivious of heat or landscape, a young Mexican vaquero leaned against one of the mesquite posts, and alternately rolled cigarettes of brown paper, or watched a girl of his own race, seated on an empty tomato-can box. They were both young, well-made and, but for a certain untamed, feline expression that revealed a characteristic lack of moral restraint, both would have been called good-looking. The girl had turned her back upon him, and was lazily plaiting the long, glossy braids of brown-black hair that started just behind each ear and hung down well below her waist when she stood up. She had propped a piece of a broken looking-glass against an empty can, and was gazing with placid, animal contentment at the distorted reflection of her features, which the greenish mirror shot back at her. For a long time neither spoke. A scorpion, with uplifted tail, ran swiftly across the floor of stamped earth, but did not succeed in provoking a remark, and the little brown lizards chased one another, with sudden bursts of speed, from one branch to the next, quite undisturbed. Finally, Santana pushed back his heavy hat, and blowing the smoke of his cigarette far out before him, he turned toward the girl.

"And so you won't have me!" he said.

"I said no," she answered, without resentment, even without interest.

"And why not?" he asked again, after a pause.

"Oh! leave it! I said no,—that is enough! Don't bother me, Santana!"

She rose slowly, flung her braids over her shoulders, and began smoothing her hair with both hands away from the white, central part that began low down on her neck, and stretched around in a pretty curve to her forehead.

"But, Orejana," he persisted, crossing his arms and shifting from one leg to the other. "Tell me, why not? Give me a good reason. I love you. I have a capital contract, and I am as good as any other vaquero on the range. Is it true? We have always been together, Orejana . . . Tell me, Orejanita," he went on, caressingly, "Don't you love me . . . a little, little bit? . . . just such a little bit?"

She had shaken out the folds of her rebozo, and stood looking at him impassively from under her long eyelashes, as she drew the shawl tightly over her head.

"No!" she repeated, in the same quiet tone.

He moved toward her, and stretched out his open hand.

"But I . . . I love you!" he said, passionately. "Do you hear me? I love you, Orejana, and you *shall* be mine. Do you hear what I say? Do you understand? Por Dios, I tell you the truth."

She laughed a little defiantly, and shrugged her shoulders. Then, after carefully putting the glass away, she walked past him, down to the cactus hedge, and stood there in the sunlight, holding one hand over her eyes to shade them, as she looked down the road. Santana followed, with stealthy steps, and stood behind her, irresolute, not knowing what more to say.

"Aren't you going?" she asked, presently, without turning round.

"Yes! Why shouldn't I go? Yes . . .



Drawn by
C. Windels.

"BUT REMEMBER, YOU KILLED HIM!"

"I go!" he said, half angrily, and strode off toward his horse, that was waiting in the shadow of the little adobe hut, untied, his head near the ground, and eyes half-closed. With a leap, Santana found his seat and dropped his spurs behind the cinch; but, as the pony sprang forward, he determined to make one more effort, and, wheeling him suddenly, he galloped up to the gate, and reined in.

"Orejana, 'chacho! Listen to me, darling! Listen! Is it true you will not have me? . . . Shall I wait? Why will you not say 'yes'?"

At that moment, the captain, followed by a couple of troopers, cantered past, on his way to the post, and the girl, ignoring Santana's question, gazed after him wistfully, admiring his soldierly bearing, his handsome, manly figure and thoughtful face.

"What a man!" she exclaimed involuntarily, below her breath, and flushing suddenly. "What a splendid man!"

Santana heard the whispered words, and looked up sharply. To his suspicious nature, devoid of poetry,—hence of its best emotional translation, generosity,—his question seemed answered, and an ugly frown fell upon his face.

"Aha!" he cried. "Esta bueno, 'sta bueno! That is the reason, is it? Well! God only knows whether he will die on a full stomach, or hungry! But remember . . . you killed him!" and dashing through the hedge, regardless of its thorns, he galloped away across the prairie. When the girl turned her head to look after him, he was no more than an oblong speck, dancing up and down in a halo of red dust.

"Ay de mí!" she said, plaintively, and, gathering the ends of her head-shawl across her breast, she walked slowly back toward the hut, with a sudden, vague presentiment of impending evil.

Indeed, that day an ill wind seemed to be blowing over the post, for, after the captain had read his private mail, he seemed much disturbed. At mess, that evening, he hardly spoke to his fellow-officers, and immediately afterwards he called at the colonel's house and begged very earnestly to be put in command of the next expedition sent out after the renegade Apaches. His request was

granted sooner than he had hoped, for but a few days later he marched out at the head of his troop, accompanied by one hundred Indian scouts, and Orejana was left to weep and wonder; and her wonderment increased when she learned that, at about the same time, her suitor Santana had gone back to Sonora.

II.

Nearly six months had passed since the captain had marched forth into that modern hell—the Sierra Madre—in pursuit of the Apache fiends. The mounted troopers had long ago been left behind, and the few "white" men who were still at the front and able to walk, had ample opportunities to prove their prowess as pedestrians. Half a dozen mules with ammunition followed the trail of the scouting column; the larger supply-train, with the escort and the main body of packers, was several days' march in the rear, but occasionally rejoined the command, to prove, not only to the soldiers, but to the Indians, both friendly and hostile, that army regulations subsist partout and per tout. It was a formality which the tenderfoot, or school-trained military man, may look upon as being easy to comply with, but one which the frontiersman and Indian fighter holds to be a "big contract."

That it was a "big contract" to do things as they should be done, no one understood better than the captain. He admitted the necessity of a diamond with which to cut a diamond, and knew, by long experience, bought with blood, that Indians on the warpath must be fought with Indians (if possible, of the same tribe), or with white men who have wrestled so long with the Indian that they are familiar with all the wiles that make him "peculiar." But the captain had a larger, finer aim in view than the mere running down of a handful of Chiricahuas. His ambition was to prove, once and for all, to the friendly scout, as well as to the renegade hostile, that, when the hour has really struck, the disciplined white man is the Indian's equal on his own ground, in his own country, under even the most adverse circumstances. He had trained himself carefully and conscientiously for this great effort, and the men whom he

had chosen, with the experience of a long life on border duty, were well grown to the task.

He hoped less from a battle fought with bullets than from the persistent assertion of the endurance and fearlessness of his command. It was a campaign in which morale was his chief weapon. Night after night; or, as it might happen, day after day, he proved that officers and men were equal to the colossal work of pursuit. Where the Indian camped on Sunday, the captain camped on Monday, and it was not long before the hostile chiefs understood the logic of his tactics, and began to tremble lest their superiority of craftiness and endurance—a superiority of which they had boasted for centuries—were to become a legend of the past.

The captain was well known and respected among his enemies. He was a man whose honesty and justice were beyond question—and these are the qualities that, in a white man, the Indian holds in

the highest respect, perhaps because of his scant acquaintance with them. They had long since admitted that they could not cope with him on his own ground; he was now proving to them that they were no longer a match for him on ground of their own choosing, and suddenly they became frightened. The fundamental principle of all their raids had been to steal the first march, and then rely on the inaccessibility of their mountain fastnesses. To reach this wild country, as yet untrodden by their civilized pursuers, meant security for the time being, and eventually immunity from punishment for past misdeeds, as the inevitable compromise that preceded their temporary surrender was conducted according to the precept "Forgive and forget." But to-day all that seemed changed. The captain had invaded their impregnable refuge, and among themselves they began to talk of surrender.

An outsider, unfamiliar with Indian warfare, might have objected that the commanding officers seemed to have very little to say. They were allowed to do only what the scouts deemed advisable. They might not smoke without consulting their allies; they were not permitted to add a stick to the fire,—to stand erect; to choose their own trail, or even to walk ahead of their men, unless accompanied by an Apache. The orders they gave were considered as broad suggestions, which the scouts sometimes repudiated absolutely, and never accepted without discussion. They were told where to camp and where they should sleep, and whether it was opportune to "wickey-up," or push on. At the same time, they were the soul of the expedition, and the scouts knew very well that any permanent result could be obtained only through the representatives of the greatest organized power on earth—the army.

These representatives had, to be sure, not always reached the aboriginal's ideal of what such chiefs should be; but, in this case it was different. Such men as the captain were not often met with, even on the border,



Drawn by C. Windels.

"AND THE NEWS BROUGHT SORROW TO A GREAT HOUSE IN
A GREAT CITY."

where the law of the survival of the fittest is fiercely enforced. So, when they realized that their commanding officer was their equal in endurance, and was willing to share every privation, every hardship, with the meanest of his men; when they had understood that his sense of justice remained unaltered by circumstances, and that dismay was not in his character, they accepted him as a great chief, a great warrior, and even, allowing for the differences that separate an Indian from a white man, as a great medicine-man amid his own surroundings. They felt convinced that he would retain his superiority over them in the trying hour of defeat, when they had become excited and demoralized, to the point of losing both confidence and judgment; and they felt as assured of this as of the more evident fact that he was their superior when there was no danger, and every man in the command entertained a romantic appreciation of his own valor.

Even in eccentric communities, example, though a great factor, is not the only one. Ideals are prime movers, the world over, independently of geography or surroundings, and the captain possessed the faculty of inspiring every man about him, whether Indian or white, with the ambition of excelling his best performance. Therein lay the man's power. He gave his boys a creed, and in a simple way, by a convincing accord between practice and preaching, he showed them how to live up to it.

On the night of the ninth of January, the little command, exhausted after two days of exceptionally heavy marching, waded across the knee-deep Haros river, now supplied with the drainage of the winter rains. The sky was overcast, and occasional showers added to the gloomy discomfort of the surroundings. There was no real camp to expect. The pack-train was several days' march to the rear, and a shelter among the rocks that bordered the river, with a wet blanket for a cover, and the pebble-covered ground for a mattress, was all that the men were looking for. But, as this was the regular lodging, on six nights out of seven, it occurred to no one to complain, or even to waste a discontented thought on the outlook. The captain had given his orders for the night, and such of the men as

were not overhauling the diminishing supply of pinole and jerked cow, were busy scratching a water-shed around the spot which they had chosen for a pillow. The murmuring of the stream over the rocky bottom was a pleasant, soothing lullaby, and the fatigue of the day's march guaranteed a sweeter sleep than the softest shake-down could promise elsewhere.

Occasionally, as if out of curiosity, a star peeped through the clouds, and winked lazily at the forlorn, scattered band. Then, little by little, the slight stir and bustle of the encampment died out, and all was quiet by the rippling river, save for the occasional disturbance of the sentries, who came to rouse their relief,—on such nights the order was "running guard," each man taking his turn.

Suddenly—not a man present could have told how or why—every sleeper was aroused and packing his slight kit. It was dreary work and slow—at least, it seemed so during the first sleepy moments. There was very little light, and the toilers felt, rather than saw, what they were doing; but the subdued clicking of the rifle-levers, barely audible above the sound of the rushing river, ricocheted from rock to rock, and proved that all were careful to "keep their powder dry."

In a few minutes, each little group had formed, and the long, arduous ascent began through the ubiquitous hedge of vindictive, thorn-guarded cactus brush and over the sharp-voiced gravel that rolled down in streams between the larger nigger-heads. It was soon apparent that extraordinary precaution was not necessary; speed was the first essential. Speed . . . up-hill, in the dark, each little party following a separate road. There were still some cattle in bunches, here and there, under the clumps of juniper, and as they rose with a noise of snuffling and grating stones, to dash away up the side cañadas, the men knew that the broncos were still far ahead of them, and scrambled on with a contented grunt. Then, long spells of silence. A momentary flurry and rush for shelter under a dripping bush or wet rock, against which even a man's restrained panting sounded loud and strong, and for a moment the pulsations of the blood in his forehead, or the quick beating of his heart, seemed unnaturally audible.

Then quiet again. A soft sh-sh-ō-ō-h! and the gradual grating of a displaced pebble zigzagging down to a lower level; a moving shadow just ahead, blurred by the soft swinging of a branch; the swish of a twig springing back; the chuck of a rifle-butt against a stone,—and the march had begun again. Up—up, hour after hour, until every leg-muscle quivered and seemed to sing like the overstrung string of a bow, and the shirt clung to the wet skin and slipped suddenly after some strong effort. All around silence, darkness, danger, the unknown. Above, a veil of star-sprinkled cloud. Ahead,—behind,—a panting shadow, gliding from cover to cover; and, far away, the yelp of the coyote, or the cry of the night-hawk answered, close at hand, by the soft, melancholy croo-crooing of the wild dove. Then an interminable halt on the summit, in the shivering, foreboding silence of dawn. A movement on the right, and a quick, involuntary levelling of the rifle, slowly, cautiously lowered, as it becomes evident that the rear-guard has come up and is gliding ahead,—noisily, it seems at first, and yet, no! silently, like phantoms, they have passed on and vanished again in the mist.

Hah! What was that? Sh—sh— crōō-crōōh! crōō-crōōh! and a flurry of wings. Then, for a long time nothing moves, but the dim dawn growing lighter, and the dewdrops falling faster. Lighter, lighter, grayer, whiter grows the day, more silent, more sad. Behind the craggy mountain tops a sheen of dull gold; black walls beyond, and, in the lighted space above, dark, rounded spots, showing the bushes on the gravel background. Below, a lake of white mist, shrinking into the funnel bottom. Silence over all. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly, a flash and a low, reverberating bark. Distant cries, muffled in the fog. And, again, flash! flash! from below—then from the right—then from the left; and the bushes rain down all their drops,

as a naked Indian springs out of the shelter of each of them. Down! down! jumping, sliding, slipping, leaping, maddened with the speed, drunk with the noise of the firing all around,—down! with a sudden halt for a random shot, and a furlong to go before the lever has clicked back into place and the butt is back at the shoulder. Yells, screams, screeches; a bit of level ground, and a sudden slackening of speed in the swaying mist; a scurrying noise up the ravine, and short cries of expostulation, mingled with howls. Then a long, triumphant yell from three slopes of the hollow.

The bronco camp is jumped, and their stock is all rounded up, bellowing and neighing on the gray wash, over which long streamers of mist drift like seaweed. Ya-hoo! ya-hoo! Then the voice of the captain, shouting to stop the pursuit, and, above the ensuing silence, the chuckling ripple of the river; a sudden deluge of cold morning light; the shuffle of the scouts' moccasins, and in the center a group of officers, shaking hands.

"Captain, well done!"

"Well!" the first lieutenant exclaimed, after a while, "it's an awful pity!"

"What's an awful pity?"

"Why," the other answered, "we ought to have bagged the whole lot of them! There isn't a dead man, woman, or child on either side, and not a prisoner. The wounded are so slightly hurt they are hardly worth mentioning, and it looks to me like a put-up job. Why, we had them rounded-up like pigs in a pen!"

The captain looked over at the snow-covered peaks of the Espinosa del Diablo, and answered slowly:

"We may bag them after all! Wait and see!" He had suspected, long before this, that his scouts could be trusted to trail and capture, but not to kill, the hostiles, who, after all, were of their own family, and this morning's result was in confirmation of his doubts. The moment was, however, inop-



Drawn by
C. Windels.

"DEATH WOUND."

fortune for such revelations, and he hoped that the day would not pass without some proposal of surrender on the part of the broncos. So he merely added, as he turned away: "See that the out-pickets are properly attended to, and send the interpreter to me."

According to the unwritten rules of border warfare, the plunder belonged to the scouts, and such of it as might prove useful they took possession of; the rest they burned. While the work of selection and destruction was proceeding, the captain lay down, and, resting his head on a boulder, was soon asleep, his striker, Charley, standing guard a couple of yards above him.

Two hours later the man laid his hand on the captain's shoulder, and he sat up suddenly, holding his revolver in readiness to fire. A little Indian boy, trembling in every limb, stood at his feet, attempting to deliver a message in the sign language, which the captain understood perfectly, and answered by the same means. "Do you see any boys here?" he asked, falling back with apparent unconcern. "Go back to the chief, and say we are all men;" and, closing his eyes, he was soon asleep again.

About noon his striker touched him a second time, and he sprang up. An old squaw, with a scarred, wrinkled skin, that her blanket barely covered, came toward him, and he asked who had sent her.

"Geronimo."

"There are no squaws in my camp," he answered. "Go; tell him so. If he will meet me, let him come; but let him come prepared to talk with men. Tell him he may have peace or war, as he chooses. Peace on my terms; war on his. I will wait for him one round of the sun, and if he does not come, we will follow him and kill him. Ugashé,—go!"

And with the same appearance of unconcern, the captain leaned back, while Charley motioned the woman away with a jerk of his rifle. Half an hour later the captain was up, and busy moving camp. He had recognized the squaw as one of the chief's own, and knew that every visible detail of his position had been reported to Geronimo. It was no moment for trifling. The solution of the vexed Chiricahua question was in his grasp, and the slightest advantage gained by the foe might in-

spire him with temporary confidence, and defer the issue indefinitely. So, leaving a picket near the spot where he had been found sleeping, the captain promptly moved his command across the river, sent a runner back to hurry the pack-train and ammunition along, and, having attended personally to every detail of the new camp, he lay down, before the scouts' makeshift for a fire, to rest. The picket left at the old camp had sent a messenger to report, and it was not long before the whole command knew that the great chief was coming down for an interview on the following morning.

It was a gloomy, cold, damp night, and to men less thoroughly inured to extempore camping in the Sierra Madre, to sleeping where they fell,—there would have been scant comfort in store. But they had all understood the meaning and the importance of the promised talk on the morrow, and feeling that their work was well-nigh done, they yielded to the fatigue that had been sapping their energies for more than a hundred hours,—and slept.

Soon it began to rain; but the sleepers merely recognized the fact by a mechanical gesture that drew the flap of the blanket over their heads, and hugged their rifles more closely. At intervals, during the night, the silent, phantom-like figures of the scouts on guard moved from one small, smoking fire to the next, stirred it skilfully, and disappeared again in the mist, that, long before dawn, settled down over the forlorn little camp, and gathered into thick cocoons around each recumbent figure.

As the morning light began to unravel these woolly skeins, the first and second lieutenants sat up and yawned at each other. It was a cheerless awakening, and, beyond the sense of duty, there seemed to be no valid reason for abandoning the meager comforts of semi-unconsciousness for a more realistic appreciation of the surrounding misery. The captain was still asleep, and they wearily pulled up the shanks of their moccasins, and were beginning to readjust the private's uniform they were wearing, when, suddenly, the stillness was broken by cries of alarm from the rocks ahead, and the interpreter's large figure bounded past them to the front. As they jumped up to follow, several shots fell, and they saw the scouts



Drawn by Carl Windels.

"TWO HUMAN LIVES THAT I KNOW OF, AND HOW MANY MORE?"

scattering among the boulders that bordered the wash by the bank on which they were encamped. Ahead of them, and only half-visible, on account of the mist, the big interpreter was leaning on his rifle, and yelling loudly in Spanish that they were American soldiers and scouts. The fire slackened, and a few moments later, some of the officers of the attacking party—consisting of Mexican irregulars in pursuit of the broncos—came forward, and, the recognition having been mutual, it seemed as though the conflict were ended.

The captain had joined the men in the front rank. He did not speak Spanish, but the movements of the forces on the field told him more clearly than words exactly what the situation was, and he at once grasped the fact that the fighting was over, only on the condition of his showing an imposing front. The Indian scouts had already taken possession of a commanding eminence, and lay there hidden beneath, or behind, the first natural rampart they could find. Unaware of this fact, a party of Mexicans was manœuvring, in a very transparent and bungling manner, to secure this same eminence, which was really the key of the situation, and the captain,

recognizing its importance, at once ordered the second lieutenant to reinforce the defenders. The first lieutenant he sent back to stop further firing on the part of the Apache scouts, who were scattered among the rocks near the camp, and, as soon as he was gone, instructed the interpreter to continue his talk with the Mexicans while he, dressed in the uniform of an American soldier, climbed to the top of a boulder that stood out in full view of both camps, and unfolded a white handkerchief, crying out as lustily as he could: "Americano! Soldiers!" which was the best Spanish he could muster.

Ten seconds later, a puff of smoke shot out from under a mesquite bush, less than twenty paces distant, and the captain, reeling backwards, fell to the ground. The bullet had torn away the whole side of his strong, squarely-projecting brow, and the wound was a mortal one. A short pause of hesitation followed; then came a shot from the ground where the captain's striker, Charley, lay crouched, and, immediately, a volley from all parts of the Mexican camp, feebly answered by the scouts, who had been ordered to hold their fire, and did not know yet what had happened. The Mexican officer moved for-

ward, as if to command an assault, his lieutenant close behind him, and again the rifles barked angrily above the yelling of the men. With an oath, the big interpreter, shot through the biceps of his left arm, sprang back behind a boulder, and handling his Winchester like a revolver, pulled the trigger twice in quick succession. Here and there a rifle spat from behind the notches in the bluff; then there was a lull and an appalling silence, while the smoke slowly cleared away.

On the level wash, the two Mexican officers lay motionless, one upon the other; just behind them, another quiet figure made a dark cross on the shingle; a little beyond, a wounded ranchero was crawling slowly to cover, with groping, helpless movements, like those of a maimed lizard, while at short intervals the Springfields snapped and he stopped, quivering at each fresh wound, and then resumed his wriggling course, until finally he lay quite still. Under the mesquite bush, the man who shot the captain leaned against the bunched trunk-stalks, grinning noiselessly, his gun on his knees, untouched, and a dark-blue hole under the rim of his hat; and behind the high rock the captain, at peace forever now, gazed heavenward, the flag of truce across his blue coat, like a mute accusation of murder. On the eminence to the right, the Mexicans ran an assault; the Apache scouts responded, and the assailants fled, driven back in disorder and dismay.

There was nothing to make a picture of; nothing to describe or remember. The whole thing was a simple matter of fact, without stirring or romantic incident. Guns had been fired; men had been shot to no purpose, without apparent motive, and the dismal truth was unrelieved by the slightest patch of color or of sunlight; it was raining sullenly when the first shot fell; it was raining sullenly now that the last had been fired.

As the captain, though still breathing, was unconscious and mortally wounded, the first lieutenant was now in command, and he hardly knew what to do. A squaw had come in from the bronco camp, to offer help should the Mexicans attack again, and all the fighting bucks were drawn up on the opposite shore of the river, ready to cross at the first call. Then, through

overconfidence, the first lieutenant lost the game. He was so sure of his position that he walked over to the other camp and was a prisoner before he knew it. They asked him who he was, and when he told them and pointed to his uniform, they insisted upon written proof, which he did not have. Then they asked for help for their wounded, and, forgetting what were the relations between the Mexicans and the Apaches, he promised them transportation; but when he rose to go, they denied his freedom.

In the other camp, the scouts, not understanding the delay, became anxious and sent the Mexican interpreter to bring back their lieutenant; but they only laughed at him, and him also they made a prisoner, saying he had more wool in his head than on it.

"Vaya!" he answered them, "man goes as God pleases, and I am now a hostage. But this I say to you: you are all men beyond the stage of youth; but you are fools. I am speaking the truth as a man who is about to die. We die but once, and if I die, you die, too. The broncos are already in your rear, and our scouts will fight you in front. Think on it! Think on it—not once, but twice!"

Then the men gathered together, and, calling in their scouts, they understood that the interpreter was right and that they were in great danger; so they turned to the lieutenant, who was their prisoner, and said to him: "Your Indians are all stripping for a fight, and the blood that will be shed will be on your own head. It's all a mistake. We met in the fog, and, thinking your Indians were hostile, we fired on you. It was all a mistake. We will sign a paper together, so that it may be recorded that it was a mistake and that no one was to blame."

After he had signed the statement, he rose to go; but they still detained him.

"You promised us transportation for our wounded. Where is the help you promised us? Instead of sending us mules, your Indians are closing in around us. You must control them. Speak to them, and order them to send over the mules."

As they would not let him pass a certain point, and kept him "covered," he called out to his men to send the mules at once. The second lieutenant answered



"HE IS LIVING HERE IN THE HEARTS
OF ALL OF US."

that it was impossible; all the mules and horses had been captured from the broncos when their camp was jumped, the day before, and therefore belonged to the scouts, who would not listen to the proposition of parting with them for the benefit of the Mexicans.

"I order you to send them at once!" the first lieutenant called out.

"I cannot recognize the order," was the answer. "You are a prisoner, and therefore no longer in command. If I insist on this, the scouts will kill us all, and scatter to the mountains, to join forces with the broncos; and if they abandon us, the Mexicans will kill us. You have got us into this mess, and you must find a way out of it." And, turning to the big interpreter, he continued: "Tell the Indians!"

By this time the scouts were wild. They had stripped to the buff, and were eager for a fight. Their kinsmen, the broncos, were not half a mile away, and ready to jump in at the first signal. Here was a glorious opportunity of killing six or seven strings, of a score each, of Mexicans, their most hated foes, and the opportunity was tempting. So they answered the interpreter:

"Tell the sons of she-coyotes that we are ready to fight. If they don't send our officer back to us at once, we will begin right off."

"But," he replied, "the first lieutenant has promised them transportation for their wounded. It was his word that he gave them; a soldier's word is truth."

"A soldier's word is truth," the Indians answered. "We will send them horses, and then our officer will be set free."

But the Mexicans refused to accept the horses, insisting on mules, and the situation looked serious. The second lieutenant did not know what to do. He merely



Drawn by Carl Windels.

men for the mules!"

When they came, he said to the first:

"Amigo, you should be able to climb that rock. It is in full view of both camps. Come along now! Jump up there!"

Then he called down two of the older Apache scouts, on whom he could depend.

"Peaches," he said to the first, "I am going over to the other camp, and I want you to watch this man. Keep an eye on me, and when you see me raise my hand, this-a-way, drop him so by-Jesusy quick he won't even wriggle. And you," he said to the other, "when you see that Mexican fall, shoot this one, and fall in for a fight, with a yell to the broncos to stand by. Now I am going to see whether those chaps understand my Spanish."

Five minutes later the prisoners were back in camp, and two very much disappointed Apaches were gazing ruefully at the backs of a couple of scampering Mexicans. But all was safe, honor included, and when the light pack-train came up, with the surgeon, the overhauling of the camp began. The doctor was a man of few words. He looked at the captain, and said, quietly: "Death wound. Bind some reeds together, boys, and make a 'travois.' We'll take him back to a soldier's grave among our own people."

Then he looked at the two Mexican officers, and turned away. "Quick shooting, that, and good!" And, going over to the mesquite bush where the man who killed the captain lay grinning, he repeated the final verdict: "Dead . . . But hold on a minute, boys," he added, as they were bearing the body away. "It seems to me that I know that face . . . Why, surely, that's young Santana who used to punch for Robinson! What was

knew that he could not control the Indians, and that the first shot fired meant a stubborn fight in which certainly a hundred lives would be lost.

"Will you trust me?" asked the interpreter. "Good! All right!" he called across. "Send over a couple of

he doing here? What? The man who killed the captain? I must look into that, later. Who's next?"

"Now, there!" he broke out suddenly and quite irrelevantly, as he was bandaging a wounded Mexican. "That's one of those d—d cases of why and wherefore that beat anything I ever read in books. Two human lives that I know of . . . and how many more?"

* * *

Aye! How many more, indeed? For God has linked us all so closely that who may fall and no other human life be touched?

III.

When the gallant little command returned from their campaign, worn to the minimum that is absolutely necessary to life, and tanned to the color of old leather, the whole population of the border country—good men and bad, soldiers and civilians, Mexicans and Indians—turned out on the plain and stood in silence on either side of the trail; and every head was bent in genuine sorrow, as the little band marched slowly past, bearing their dead captain to his last home.

And when a pale Mexican girl touched

the doctor's arm, and, looking up at him with eyes that seemed to have wept their very last tear, said: "Señor, forgive me; but they say that it was Santana—is it true? oh, tell me that the captain is not dead!" the bluff old doctor's lip quivered, as he answered, after the fashion of her people, and laying his hand on the breast of his coat: "No, chiquita, he is with God, living here in the hearts of all of us . . ." But she interrupted him, quoting the last words Santana had said to her before he rode away: "Remember . . . you killed him!"

And the news brought great grief to a little farm-house in the broad grain-lands, where an old woman sat mumbling, as her tears fell fast: "Oh! my boy! my soldier boy! . . . But Thy will be done, O Lord!"

And the news brought sorrow and perplexity to a great house in a great city, where a bride sat wondering. It was not more than six months since she had written to the captain to say that old ties were broken.

And for a long time after the captain's death the borderland was red with human blood.

And yet the doctor's question is not fully answered: "Two human lives that I know of . . . and how many more?"

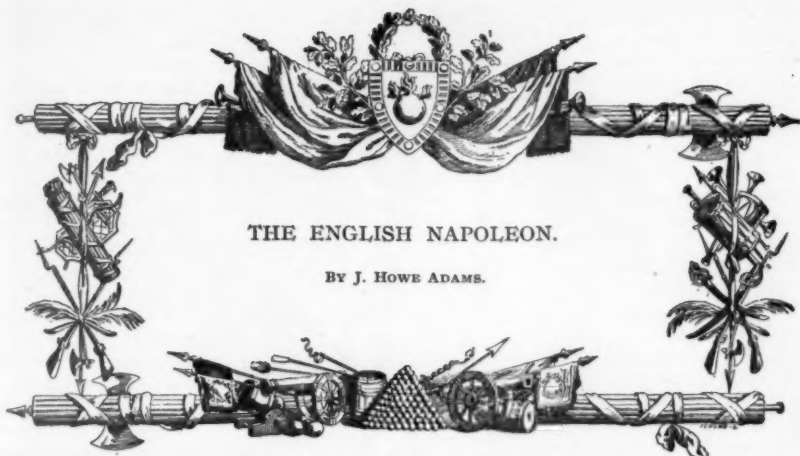
THE COMING OF LOVE.

BY ELIZABETH C. CARDOZO.

INTO the mournful circle of my woes

A stranger presence stole, swift-footed, white,
Whose glorious advent cast a sheer affright
On that grim host my griefs. They straightway rose,
And pallid, shrinking, torn by terror-throes,
Spake shudderingly: "Behold this radiance bright,
This strong, fair presence! Lo, in our despite
Some alien thing here in our concourse goes!"

But Love drew near and spoke, and at his word
My dismal throng of sorrows raised their head,
As if in answer to a sign they knew.
A secret bond of fellowship seemed stirred,
Some strange, mysterious sympathy. Love said:
"Nay, fear me not, for I am one of you!"



THE ENGLISH NAPOLEON.

BY J. HOWE ADAMS.

THE caricatures of Napoleon form one of the most striking divisions of "Napoleoniana," for no man ever lived who was caricatured and maligned more than he. His extraordinary rise produced extraordinary slander and ridicule. Caricatures and cartoons were poured forth on all sides at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of this century, covering every detail of his life from his ancestry to his exile. No vice was too unnatural, no crime too atrocious to be omitted from the catalogue of Napoleon's sins. The following account of his ancestry is an excellent example of the stuff fed to our grandfathers as history, being taken from a "life" which claimed to be veracious; it describes his ancestors as follows: "Buonaparte's great-grandfather kept a wine-house for factors (like our gin-shops), and, being convicted of murder and robbery, he died a galley-slave at Genoa, in 1724; his wife was likewise an accomplice, and she died in the House of Correction at Genoa,

in 1734. His grandfather was a butcher at Ajaccio, and his grandmother daughter of a journeyman tanner at Bastia. His father was a low, petty-fogging lawyer, who served and betrayed his country, by turns, during the civil wars. After France conquered Corsica he was a spy to the French government, and his mother their trull. What is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh."

Napoleon was called the "Corsican ogre;" his name was tortured even into

such meaning as this: Napoleon, Apoleon, Poleon, Ooleon, Leon, Eon, On, which, as a Greek sentence, will translate into "Napoleon being the lion of the nations, went about destroying cities." He became, also, the "Apocalyptic Beast," his career being twisted to suit the remarkable prophecy in the thirteenth chapter of Revelations, as follows:

Verse 1. "... and a Beast rose out of the sea, having ten crowns on his head."

This Beast is supposed to mean Buon-



BUONAPARTE, HEARING OF NELSON'S VICTORY, SWEARS BY HIS SWORD, TO EXTIRPATE THE ENGLISH FROM OFF THE EARTH.



TIDDY-DOLL, the great French Gingerbread-Baker, drawing out a new Batch of Kings... his new-baked Kings, making up the Dough.

over-zealous work, they nowadays excite sympathy and enthusiasm for their subject, and hence defeat their only purpose of existence. Indeed, all this violence has defeated its own intention, for to-day we have reached at last the reaction, and no

one can write on the subject of these caricatures without being forced into a defence and explanation of Napoleon's acts, the stories told about him are so false and malicious. Napoleon was by no means a good man personally, but he was not as black as he has been painted. The older Napoleonic writers imperatively divided themselves into two great classes, his detractors and his flatterers. There seems to have been something so magnetic or repulsive about the man that it was hard to miss falling into one division or the other. The latter class is growing, for the smarts of a century ago have been eased, and the universal apotheosis of Napoleon seems at last imminent.

As a rule, it is easy to tell the attitude of an author toward Napoleon in advance; if it is unfavorable and depreciatory, Napoleon's surname is spelled Buonaparte; if it is favorable, the name is shortened into Bonaparte. The explanation of this phenomenon is simple. The English writers are the principal detractors of Napoleon, and they cling to Buonaparte, which spelling was acknowledged by Napoleon himself to be the proper one, while the French and American historians have adopted the other form of the word.

To caricature well, the artist must feel bitterly on the subject on which he is

* NOTE.

The ancient alphabet of letters.		Buonaparte's name with the figures.	Ten kingdoms conquered.
A	1	N	40
B	2	A	1
C	3	P	60
D	4	O	50
E	5	L	90
F	6	E	5
G	7	A	1
H	8	N	40
I	9		
J	10	R	2
K	20	U	110
L	30	O	50
M	40	N	40
N	50	A	1
O	60	P	60
P	70	A	1
Q	80	R	80
R	90	T	100
S	100	E	5
T	110		
U	120	The number of the	
V	130	Beast	666
X	140		
Y	150		
Z	150		

This resemblance is weak in many points. For example, in spelling "Napoleon." Another division, simpler in style, brings the number 666, also:

Napole on Buon aparte.
6 6 6 equals 666.



DEMOCRATIC INNOCENCE. The young Buonaparte and his wretched relatives in their native poverty, while freebooters in the island of Corsica.

paign when the cartoon, "Buonaparte Hearing of Nelson's Victory," was done. As can be seen, the artist has made no attempt to caricature Napoleon's features, as was done later; Napoleon is represented as striking a dramatic attitude, with the bulletin announcing Nelson's victory on the Nile crumpled under his foot, and delivering a grandiose speech, making a burlesque description of his actual intentions.

From 1798 the cartoons of Napoleon poured



DEMOCRATIC GRATITUDE. Buonaparte, heading the regicide banditti which had de-throned and murdered the monarch whose bounty had fostered him.

of an empire were early suspected by his English enemies. Hence, "democratic gratitude" and "democratic religion" were favorite topics with the cartoonists. In this history, Napoleon is represented as having turned Turk to please his Egyptian allies; cartoons on this subject are common. An unfortunate sentence in one of his bulletins, that the religion of the Egyptians must be treated with respect by his soldiers, is the sole foundation for this report.

Again, Napoleon is portrayed in the cartoon, "The Plum-Pudding in Danger," as dividing the world with Pitt, who was also a victim at

working, he must be a partisan. The English nation supplied these conditions better than did France's continental neighbors, and in consequence the best caricatures are English in origin.

The five great English caricaturists of Napoleon were Gillray, George Cruikshank, Ansell, Rowlandson, and Isaac Cruikshank, named in the order of their importance. The work of Gillray, who is the most important of the series, begins early in the career of Napoleon, his first work being dated 1798, before the English artists had an opportunity of knowing the details of Napoleon's personal appearance. Gillray catches him first on his important Egyptian cam-



DEMOCRATIC HUMILITY. Buonaparte, when a boy, received through the King's bounty into the École Militaire at Paris.

out in great profusion; England

was producing her cartoons while France was making her medals, as we saw in a previous article (*The Cosmopolitan*, July, 1894). Gillray remains among these earlier cartoonists of Napoleon his most constant detractor. Now he caricatures Napoleon's life in a series of remarkable sketches, in an attempt to show his treachery and deceit. Napoleon's so-called "democracy" was a constant mark for Gillray, for royalty was then universally popular in England, and Napo-

leon's steps towards the foundation



DEMOCRATIC RELIGION. Buonaparte turning Turk at Cairo for interest, after swearing on the Sacrament to support the Catholic faith.



DEMOCRATIC COURAGE. Buonaparte deserting his army in Egypt for fear of the Turks, after boasting that he would extirpate them all.

good, the broken kings being brushed into a heap, Talleyrand kneading dough in the background, while on the chest of drawers to the right, are various labels, the lower one, "suns and moons," being exceptionally satirical.

"The New Dynasty; or, the Little Corsican Gardener Planting a Royal Pippin Tree," is a good satire on Napoleon's social ambitions for his family; while the cartoon, "Beelzebub Going



DEMOCRATIC GLORY. Buonaparte as Grand Consul of France, receiving the adulations of Jacobin sycophants and parasites.

Gillray occasionally rises to a higher art, and grows less acrid than is his wont, as, in the picture "Gulliver and the King of Brobdingnag," where Napoleon is measured for the English eyes with George III. As might be expected, Gulliver's travels afford much material for all these artists. This cartoon is the best of the lot on the subject. Again, Gillray does much ghastly work, foreshadowing the later grotesqueness and power of his successor, Gustave Doré, as in the cartoon, "Napoleon Forty-eight Hours after Landing!" This cartoon is a reference to the constant fear of Napoleon's invasion of England. This fear continued to haunt the English, until May 5, 1821,

Gillray's hands, for the artist lost no opportunity to describe Pitt as on friendly terms with Napoleon, and a traitor to his own country. The humorous side of Napoleon's rise was occasionally touched by Gillray, as in the cartoon, "The Comforts of an Imperial Déjeuner at St. Cloud," where Napoleon is represented as hurling a vase, in the shape of the earth, at his ministers, while the family stand around affrighted.

Again, in the cartoon, "Tiddy-Doll, the Great French Gingerbread-Baker, Drawing Out a New Batch of Kings," Napoleon is represented in the rôle of a seller of gingerbread, who was famous in England at the time. The details in this cartoon are very



DEMOCRATIC HONOR. Buonaparte overturning the French Republic which had employed him and entrusted him with the chief command.

of the painting which it suggests, "Napoleon in Hell," by the weird painter, Wierz, of Brussels. It is simply a lampoon. Napoleon's coronation was a subject which Gillray has cleverly taken off, the figures bearing much study. By many it is considered the best cartoon he ever produced. Marbœuf, at the head of the procession, is a reference to Napoleon's paternity which has since been proved a slander, while the remainder of the procession is self-explanatory. It is the



DEMOCRATIC CONSOLATION. Buonaparte on his couch, surrounded by the ghosts of the murdered, the dangers which threaten his usurpation, and all the horrors of final retribution.



THE CORONATION

Garde d' Honneur,
including "Mon-
sieur de Paris."

Fouché.

Berthier,
Bernadotte,
Augereau and com-
rades in handcuffs.

A Spanish Don,
An Austrian Hussar,
A Dutchman,
as trainbearers.

when Napoleon died on the distant rock in the south Atlantic ocean.

Ansell, another active cartoonist of Napoleon, has produced a grotesque conception on this same subject of Napoleon's invasion of England. It is called "The Coffin Expedition." In it the French soldiers, clad in shrouds, are foundering in coffin-shaped boats, while in the distance loom up three British men-of-war. Ansell's work was much cruder and more old-fashioned than was that of his principal competitors, but this rare old cut has a homely attractiveness about it, despite its roughness and absurdity.

The two Cruikshanks, Isaac and George, father and son, built up much of their reputation on their work on Napoleon, as George Cruikshank confessed after Napoleon's death: "I followed him through snow and through fire, by flood and by field, insulting, degrading, and deriding him every-

where, and putting him to several humiliating deaths. All that time, however, he went on, 'overing' the Pyramids and the Alps, as boys 'over' posts, and playing at leap-frog with the sovereigns of Europe, so as to kick a crown off at every spring he made—together with many crowns and sovereigns, into my own coffers. Deep, most deep, in a personal view of matters, are my obligations to the agitator."

Isaac Cruikshank did not do as good work as his son, although frequently the



THE KING OF BROBDINGNAG AND GULLIVER.



OF NAPOLEON.

His Imperial Majesty and Josephine.

Pope Pius VII. with the Devil disguised as an acolyte. Cardinal Fesch.

Talleyrand bearing Napoleon's genealogy.

Madame Talleyrand with the heir apparent.

The Three Graces: Princess Borghese, Princess Elisa, Princess Caroline.

Prince Louis Bonaparte Marboeuf.

superior pencil of the younger was seen in the elder's work. It was George Cruikshank who gained immortality for himself by his cartoons. His work is very similar to Gillray's; in fact, by many ignorant collectors, Gillray's caricatures are generally mistaken for Cruikshank's; for Cruikshank's work is no better than that of his less well-known competitor. Cruikshank's "Comic History of Napoleon" is a rarity that always brings high prices at auction sales; in any light, it is a good investment. Cruikshank's cartoon "Napoleon Addressing his Troops at Smolensko," "takes off" the great general's grandiloquent words well in the bulletin on that occasion. Napoleon's position on the rock is an illusion to his well-known diminutive size, which point was always seized by the English artists.

Cruikshank's cartoons tell us that even as early as 1816, Napoleon relics were great curiosities; in a cartoon of this date called "A Swarm of English Bees* Hiving in the Imperial Carriage; or, Who would have Thought It?" he showed the famous carriage of Napoleon as being already in the London museum on Piccadilly. To this day, in the famous Madame Tousaud's wax works, on Baker street, London, is found this carriage, together with countless other curiosities of the great

Napoleon. It would seem to an outside observer, that Madame Toussaud, the first great collector of Napoleonic relics, who was herself a French woman, compelled to flee the guillotine, had taken a wicked delight in collecting these relics of the great enemy of the English, and that her collection is a constant reminder to the British world of the greatness of



THE EXILE.

A sketch from life at Longwood, April, 1830.

* Bees were Napoleon's emblem.



The CORIOLAN EXPEDITION or BONEY'S Invincible Armada Half Seas Over

their enemy and the widespread interest which still surrounds his name and deeds.

The cartoonist Charles, among the lesser lights of this series of cartoonists, did some good work; his cartoon, "The Congress at Vienna in Great Consternation," is somewhat unique as being favorable to Napoleon, a rare thing indeed among English-speaking people of that day. It is not inserted in this article, however, as it is otherwise uninteresting.

A pretty conceit that sprang up after

Napoleon's exile to Elba, caused the violet to be chosen as Napoleon's emblem, for the violet is the flower of spring, and there was a rapidly-growing hope that Napoleon would return in the spring from Elba and reestablish himself on the throne of France, for Louis XVIII., they found, was far worse than ever had been the little corporal in his most despotic day. Napoleon was spoken of, in consequence, as "Caporal Violette;" or, "Papa Violette," and the people quieted their complaints

with the cold comfort that "En printemps il revien-dra." In consequence of this belief, several colored engravings of violets were issued, bearing concealed in their petals the familiar outlines of the portraits of Napoleon, Maria Louisa, and the King of Rome. Cruikshank caught this idea very quickly and has reproduced it, although his con-



REVIEW OF THE FRENCH TROOPS ON THEIR RETURNING MARCH THROUGH SMOL-LENSKO. "Altho' their dress is not gaudy, it is warm, and that is the principal thing."

ception and execution in this line is far inferior to the same style of work with which we have grown familiar to-day. As was often his custom, Cruikshank has grossly caricatured the idea in a way which renders it unfit for publication. This roughness in a large portion of the work of all these artists is very apparent; in fact, the grossness of many of these cartoons is so evident that they cannot be copied for illustration at all, for they would be suppressed at once; and yet our grandfathers and, apparently, our grandmothers, too, were not shocked by them, but, on the contrary, preserved the rougher ones as carefully as those more chaste in idea and expression.

The cartoon, "The Exile," was probably not intended as a caricature by the artist, although it is generally so classed. It



BEELZEBUB GOING TO SUPPER.

is probably simply a drawing by an amateur. It shows Napoleon at St. Helena, dressed as a gardener, being clad in loose-fitting clothes and broad hat to shield him from the sub-tropical sun.

An echo of these caricatures was caught in a publication of ten years ago, "English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon,"



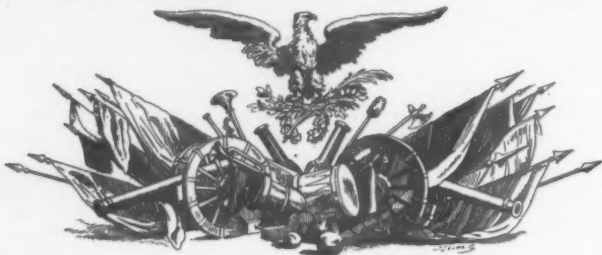
WIERZ'S PICTURE OF NAPOLEON IN HELL.

by John Ashton, the leading authority on the subject. This work is largely made up of a detailed account of Gillray's work, but, unfortunately for the reader, it loses almost all of the essence of the caricatures, for in translating the cartoons that are used in the volumes, the writer has redrawn them, and in the process, they have lost nearly all of their old-timeness and vigor. The original cartoons are the only things that should satisfy the true collector. The cartoons illustrated in this article are facsimiles, taken from the original sheets; they are worthy of careful study, for they contain much cleverly done sarcasm which must be looked for.

The insane artist, Wierz, in later years established in his curious museum at Brussels his unique conception of "Napoleon in Hell."

It is a work of great power and fearful intensity. It shows Napoleon enveloped in flames and surrounded by his maddened victims, who are compelling him to eat human flesh, while he, with gloomy brow and unmoved composure, stands gazing at them in characteristic attitude.

It is a good commentary on these satires of Napoleon that, as soon as he was seized and transported to St. Helena, the artists were smitten with compassion or remorse, and the series of these caricatures stops as suddenly and significantly as did the series of medals across the English channel. The cartoonists fought Napoleon with every weapon while he lived; but when he was down, with proper English spirit, they ceased to hit him.



"TELL ME, SLEEPY COLUMBINE."

BY HARRY PRESCOTT BEACH.

TELL me, sleepy columbine,
Nodding little flower of flame,
Forest ember; ever gleaming,
Are you dreaming, always dreaming?
Oh, for shame!
Listen, woodland love of mine,
Waken only once to tell,
Whisper, while you bend so near me,
That you hear me, always hear me,
Silent bell.

Tell me, sleepy columbine,
Trembling little form of fire,
Has your heart no warmer feeling,
No response to my revealing
My desire?
How I hate you braggart vine,
Hanging near you, just above!
Closer still it presses, presses—
It will kill with false caresses
All my love.

Tell me, sleepy columbine,
Slender, little, blushing one,
Do you never, in your dozing,
Long to see me, when the closing
Day is done?
When the dusk is on the pine
And the shadows beckon, too,
Then the stars of evening, blinking,
Find me thinking, heartless, think-
Still of you. [ing

Tell me, sleepy columbine,
Little wanton, scarlet-clad,
What the draught that dims emotion?
I will drain a mystic potion,
Deep and glad;
Drink with you the witching wine,
Feel with you its lulling art,
Sink to slumber, still beholding
You, my wayward, you enfolding
To my heart.

A MODERN MAGIAN.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

I.

THE MOREAUS.

IT was a decorous row of almost more than respectable houses, and they fronted upon the thin winter vista of the square. Even before Allison had reached No. 27 he had selected in his own mind for the house in which the Moreaus lived, the one that gave a general impression of dull, olive green.

Allison had just come down from the country with the intention of entering the office of Moreau, Wittridge & Co., and of learning to be a banker and broker. The Allison family were a very great family up in the state at Sequannick—a fine old American family living in one of those fine old American houses that are painted yellow, and have big, high, white pillars in front, and a flight of stone steps leading down to the drive-way. The family had, in its way, been somewhat distinguished in American history. They had now and again held public offices, and Allison's own father had been a general under Grant at the time of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond. The Mr. Moreau that Allison was about visiting, who, at the time of the Rebellion, had just come over, a young man of twenty, from France, had served as an aid in General Allison's military family. Mr. Moreau—Charles Louis du Moreau he was then. He had since dropped the "du" and the "Louis"—was now a shrewd, money-making broker. He had been a poor, rather adventurous Frenchman at the time of the Rebellion, but had since evolved into a representative of that class of third or fourth rate rich men of New York, who collect first editions of obtainable books and such



Drawn by
H. Pyle.

"HE TURNED THE SLAB-LIKE LEAVES RAPIDLY."

showy works of art as lie within their means. Since General Allison's death he had, with considerable ability, managed a part of Mrs. Allison's fortune for her, and now young Allison, who had but lately graduated from Yale, was to enter his office to learn to be a banker and broker.

Allison was altogether new to New York life, and he was not a little impressed with the fellow who came to the door in answer to his ring—a man-servant who wore a red waistcoat and had metal buttons to his coat. Allison stood in the hall looking about him as he took off his overcoat and gloves. He was also very much impressed with his surroundings: the number of Eastern rugs upon the floor; the antique, inlaid cabinet with drawers; the pictures on the wall of a dashy, sketchy sort displaying a great deal of sky-rockety technique without much finish. The obtrusiveness and warm glitter seemed to close him in all around. It was very different from the rather plain, rather barn-like early-American interior of the Allison house at Sequannick, and it made the young man feel himself to be raw and provincial. He followed the footman upstairs with some trepidation. He had seen Mr. Moreau only three or four times and he had never met Mrs. Moreau. Mr. Moreau met him at the head of the stairs, where the library opened out upon the upper hall. As Allison shook hands with him he was still impressed with being surrounded everywhere with the same obtrusive warmth and show that had thrust itself upon him down-stairs.

Mr. Moreau was somewhat short, somewhat stout. His thick, swarthy complex-

ion looked all the more dull and heavy in contrast with his white hair and mustache and the broad expanse of shirt front. His face was lumpy and his features fat. His little shining black eyes were set deeply in the folds of fat eyelids. "My dear," said he, still holding Allison by the hand as he led him into the library, "this is Charlie Allison."

A delicate, colorless little lady arose to welcome him.

There was no one at dinner but the three; but it was very good, and the claret was delicious. Mr. Moreau gobbled as he ate. "Help yourself to wine, my boy," said he, "and then pass it."

"It is very delicious wine," Allison observed.

"Yes," said Mr. Moreau; "I bought it at the Carlton-Adams sale. I would have bought some other vintages, too, but they went too high. That's the disadvantage of not being a rich man."

Allison did not say anything for a moment or two. "We should call you a rich man in Sequannick," he observed, presently.

"That's because Sequannick is not New York," said Mr. Moreau, briefly. And again Allison felt how provincial he was.

They went up to the library after dinner to smoke. Mr. Moreau stood with his back to the open grate watching Allison keenly with his black, beady eyes. The young fellow leaned back in his chair looking about him and trying to separate his surroundings. "That's a rather good Stewart over yonder," said the host, directing the other's attention to the picture with a wave of the hand that held his cigar. Allison got up and went over and looked at it.

"We have several pictures by Stewart, at Sequannick," he observed. "There's one of my great grandfather,—Senator Allison, you know,—and another of his wife."

Mr. Moreau regarded the young man keenly and in silence for a moment or two, holding the cigar poised between his fingers. "Oh, speaking of that," said he, as though rousing himself, and taking a picture down from the mantle as he spoke, "here is a miniature of my grandfather, Marshal du Moreau. He was one of Napoleon's marshals, you know." Allison took the little picture in his hand and

held it to the light, looking at the lean face, the black eyes, and the empire uniform. "My dear," said Mr. Moreau to his wife, who sat motionless by the fire, shading her eyes from the blaze with a folded newspaper, "Where's the album?"

"It's over on the table," said she, without moving.

Mr. Moreau fetched it to Allison, who still stood holding the miniature. "This is a picture of my father," said he, showing the photograph of a stout, handsome old man wearing a fez and a military overcoat, and his breast covered with decorations. "He was over seventy when that picture was taken. After the Franco-Austrian war he went into the service of the Shah of Persia." He turned the slab-like leaves rapidly. "That's a picture of my half-sister," said he. "Her mother was an Albanian. A beautiful girl she was. She died in Paris about five years ago." The picture was, indeed, the picture of a beautiful woman. "I never saw her," Mr. Moreau added, as he gave another rapid turn of the leaves. "This is my uncle Henri," said he. "He was the founder of the house in Paris, you know. Of course, you have heard of the great banking house of Du Moreau et Cie. My cousin Henri is the head of the house now. He's rich enough to buy me out forty times over, if he chose."

Allison looked at the different pictures. There was something exquisitely ill-bred in the eagerness with which Mr. Moreau capped his modest observation about the Stewarts with this family of cosmopolites, each member of which was, so to speak, an individual adjective. His own quiet American kin paled to colorless commonplace in contrast.

"This is my daughter," said Mr. Moreau, flipping over another slab-like leaf of the album. "She's at school at a convent just outside of Baltimore."

Allison looked at the photograph long and steadily. "She is very beautiful," he said, at last.

"She's a pretty girl enough," said Mr. Moreau, briefly, as he closed the album, "and she promises better."

At eight o'clock, Mr. Moreau excused himself with the plea of an engagement. He disappeared for a while, and then appeared again. He had put on a handsome fur-lined overcoat. The tips of his white

mustache were waxed to sharp points. Altogether he had a distinguished, foreign looking air. "Good-by," said he, shaking Allison by the hand, "I'll see you at the office to-morrow at half past nine," and then he was gone, leaving the young man to carry on a dropping, intermittent conversation with Mrs. Moreau, who still sat shading her eyes from the fire with the folded newspaper.

II.

CORINNE MOREAU.

Allison did not meet Miss Corinne Moreau until the summer following. Mr. Moreau had leased the Norman-Marque house at Pequannit-on-the-Sound for the season, and was living there with all the air of real proprietorship. Miss Corinne did not come home from the convent school until the family had moved out of town, and so Allison did not meet her in New York.

The first time Allison went out to Pequannit was to stay over Sunday. He and Mr. Moreau drove over from the red-brick railroad station in what the broker called his "trap," a rather brilliant, showy affair, with yellow wheels, and shining varnished panels, belonging to the Norman-Marque establishment.

A girl dressed in white stood on the pronouncedly picturesque shingled piazza waiting for them. It was Corinne Moreau, and as Allison bowed to her he saw that she was indeed very pretty.

The young man was out at Pequannit a number of times during the season, and before the summer was over he had fallen ardently in love with Miss Corinne. Often there was company staying at the house, but sometimes there was no one, and then the two spent the time together. Sometimes she was gay, bright, exasperatingly elusive. At other times she was shy, quiet, almost tender. These last were the times that remained with Allison as thrilling memories.

It was in after years, with such keen pangs of retrospection, that he remembered the last evening spent at Pequannit. The night was very warm; the moon was full, laying a broad path of

shining light across the stretch of water, and bathing everything with a pallid brightness. Miss Corinne lay in the hammock, a cloud of white in the gaudy meshes. She just tilted herself to a swing now and then with a touch of her slippered foot to the moonlit floor. The young fellow lounged in a rattan chair, smoking a cigarette, the thin thread of smoke rising faint and blue in the moonlight. Her eyes sparkled in the sheeny light, her face shone pallidly, and was very beautiful. He watched her in silence, and she in silence looked back at him. They had been talking for some time about nothing, and the talk had dropped intermittently away into silence. His heart thrilled with an almost agonizing keenness. He thought to himself, "What if I should tell her now that I love her," and then a thrill shot through his bosom more keenly and poignantly than ever. As he remembered this time afterwards, it somehow seemed to him that there was about her an air of tense expectancy, and that if he had spoken the thought that was in his mind, she might have met it with acquiescence. But he was very young and did not dare, and so he sat there thrilling and saying nothing. Then Mrs. Moreau came out upon the porch, and with a sharp shock he fell back into the reality of himself. Perhaps the girl also felt some similar



Drawn by
H. Pyle.

"THE YOUNG FELLOW LOUNGED
IN A RATTAN CHAIR."

shock, for she suddenly sat up in the hammock and brushed back the hair at her temples with a turn of the wrist and a flash of rings in the moonlight.

That fall Corinne went to Europe.

She did not return for over three years. She went directly to her father's cousin in Paris, where she lived nearly all the time she was abroad. After a while her name began appearing every now and then in the foreign social items written from the different capitals, not as one of the various American settlements, but as identified more directly with the European circles. An account was published in nearly all the papers of the Moreau-Ville-Royal marriage—Susenne du Moreau and the Marquis de Ville-Royal. Miss Corinne, who had then grown to be a famous beauty, was the first bridesmaid. It was nearly a year after the marriage that the rather notorious duel was fought at Monaco, between Prince Plavitsky and Mr. Blount, a younger son of Lord Ripplingham. Miss Corinne's name appeared in connection with this, also; and the comments Allison heard in New York were not very kindly. One day he dined, as one of the family, with the Moreaus. Mr. Moreau spoke about this affair in his usual brusque, abrupt fashion. Allison somehow thought he was secretly pleased at Corinne's notoriety. "Blount," said he, speaking with an air almost of intimate acquaintanceship. "Blount is a damned fool, and has got more rank than brains, but, after all," here he flicked the ashes of his cigar, "he's only a younger son, and I'm sure Corinne gave him no encouragement. He got no more than he deserved," he added, as he popped his cigar into his mouth again.

In the fall of the fourth year, Miss Corinne Moreau returned to New York again. Allison called twice, but neither time found her at home. Their first meeting was at a dinner at Dr. Wittridge's. She flashed upon him almost as with a shock, the moment he entered the room, and in that instant he saw that she was very much changed. She was, indeed, very beautiful. She wore a necklace of small diamonds, and they shone and sparkled with the slow rising and falling of her bosom. She was talking to Dr. Wittridge. A little group of gentlemen stood near, with an air of half-waiting expect-

tancy. At the moment that Allison saw her, she was laughing, with a flash of white teeth between the coral of her perfect lips.

He sat beside her at dinner. He felt very flat and insipid, and though he tried to catch the grip upon himself, he somehow could not seize his thoughts with any firmness. He tried to talk to the young lady whom he had brought in to dinner, but he tried even more to hear what Miss Corinne Moreau was saying. Suddenly, in a pause of the conversation, she turned to him, with a brilliant flash of her beauty.

"I have been waiting for you to speak to me," she said, "but you do not do it. Come, tell me something interesting."

He noticed that she spoke with a half-lisping suggestion of something foreign in her accent. "And what interests you?" said he.

"Tell me something about yourself." She took her fan from her lap as she spoke, and gave it a calm, slow wave or two that just stirred the hair at her temples.

"Surely, that could hardly interest you," said he, and then he instantly felt how inaptly he had spoken.

"Do you think so?" said she. "That is a pity, for you misjudge me. There are many things you might tell me about yourself that I would be very glad to hear. I do not forget my friends very easily or very quickly, and you and I were once very good friends. Do you know," she said abruptly, "in these past three years I have often thought of that last evening we spent at Pequannit. How young we both were, Mr. Allison! But it was all very beautiful; was it not? It was quite—what shall I call it?—quite idyllic; was it not?"

She spoke with such a perfectly frank and placid acceptance of the episode, that Allison felt himself flush and grow hot about the ears.

"Do you know," she resumed, "I sometimes feel that I am separated from that time as though my life were cut directly through—one part there, another part here. The Corinne of that time was such a droll, innocent little school-girl. She was not this Corinne Moreau," and she touched her fingers ever so lightly to the roses at her corsage.

Allison could not but think how very different, indeed, she was now from what she had been then.

"I don't think I appreciate your feeling," said he. "I feel that I am the same Charlie Allison now that I was at that time."

"Indeed!" said she, raising her eyebrows ever so slightly. "Dear me, how very constant!"

"What a fool she must think me to be," thought Allison, as he walked home after the dinner.

* * *

When, in the spring following, he found himself engaged to Miss Corinne Moreau, no one was more surprised than himself. And yet everybody expressed a tone of surprise. "My dear fellow," a club friend, for instance, would say, as he shook him by the hand, "I congratulate you,—by Jove, I do, indeed! I couldn't believe it was so, at first,—upon my soul, I couldn't." Allison was a very pleasant, gentlemanly fellow. He was extremely popular, and everybody liked him. There would have been nothing unusual or unexpected, if he had won the prettiest and richest girl in New York, of the ordinary sort. But, somehow, no one thought of his winning such a woman as Corinne Moreau.

Upon Allison himself his good fortune fell almost like a thunder-clap. He told her, one evening, with a sort of blind desperation, that he loved her, and then, still as in a blinding dream, he found that she was his. He walked away from the house as though he were stunned.

III.

HECTOR DU MOREAU.

One evening, when Allison arose to go, Corinne followed him down-stairs, into the hall.

"Come in here," said she, leading the way into a little reception-room that opened upon the hall; "I want to speak to you a moment." She was evidently disturbed with what was upon her mind to say. She did not seem to know how to begin. After a moment or two of pause, she said, at last: "My cousin Hector is in New York. Did you know it?"

"Why, yes," said Allison, "I heard them talking about him at the club, last night."

"Have you met him yet?"

"No."

"Charlie," said she, and she came up and laid her hand upon his shoulder as she spoke, "I want you to promise me never to have anything to say or to do with Hector du Moreau."

Allison looked at her in genuine surprise. "I don't understand you," said he. "What do you mean?"

She had taken her hand from his shoulder again. She did not reply for a moment or two, but stood looking down and turning a ring around and around upon her finger. "I know I haven't told you as much about myself as I should," she began suddenly; "I have been afraid to tell you everything." Her voice was husky—she was plainly very nervous. Then she began directly upon what was in her mind. "I saw a great deal of my cousin Hector when I was in France. He was a man to interest almost any girl, and I was very much interested in him—at first. He led such a strange life. He had travelled everywhere, and he was acquainted with everybody, but he did not seem to have any intimate friends. He always lived alone—he did not ever seem to like to be with his family. He had apartments of his own and he lived there all by himself. Sometimes months would pass without his family seeing anything of him; maybe during that time he would be all the time in Paris, but as likely as not he would be in Asia, or Africa, or America, for he has travelled all over the world. I remember that not long after I came to Paris he suddenly came home; the family had not heard from him for nearly seven months. They did not know until then that he had been in Egypt. He—" she hesitated, and then said in a low, almost whispering voice—"He was very fond of me." All this while she had been looking down, turning the ring upon her finger. Now she looked up quickly, and, seeing that Allison was gazing at her steadily, she dropped her eyes again almost as quickly.

Poor Allison was tasting a very bitter pang under the tongue of her love. "And did you love him?" he could not help asking.

Her face, which had been somewhat paler than usual, flushed at the question. "No," said she, "I liked him at first, but—but—oh, he is a dreadful man! There is something about him, I cannot tell you what it is,—a power that I never knew any one else to have. He has a way of looking at you that seems to take all the strength away from you. I was afraid of him at first; then I hated him, and he knew that I hated him. Nevertheless, he followed me to the different places we went to—to Vienna, to St. Petersburg, and to Florence. I was travelling then with my cousin and her husband. He used to watch me all the time, and it made me afraid. When we were at Monaco,—I was there with my cousin and her husband,—Mr. Blount, a young Englishman, was there—perhaps you heard about that?" She broke off, looking up at him quickly. Allison nodded his head; he could not trust himself to speak. "I liked Mr. Blount very much," she said. "He was very kind to me. There was another gentleman, Prince Plavitsky, who used to be with us a great deal, too. Well, my cousin Hector, by some means or other, was able to make Prince Plavitsky do whatever he wished. He would say, 'do this,' or 'do that,' and the prince would do it like a machine. I saw it all, but no one else seemed to see it. I knew very well that it was Hector that made Prince Plavitsky quarrel with Mr. Blount. He—Prince Plavitsky—shot Mr. Blount in the duel. Mr. Blount did not die, but they all thought he would, and Prince Plavitsky went away. Hector was with us when the news of the duel was brought to us, and of Mr. Blount being shot. We were standing by the window at the time

—Hector and I. He looked up at me and laughed—oh, such a laugh!—I can see now how his teeth shone when he laughed. 'You see?' said he. That was all, but I knew very well that it was he who made Prince Plavitsky quarrel with Mr. Blount.

"Just before I left Paris, Hector called at my cousin's hotel, where I was staying. She was not at home at the time, and I was the only one who saw him. He came to where I was and fixed his eyes on me, and he looked and looked at me until it seemed to me that I could not move. 'Do you still hate me?' he said. I knew he wanted me to say 'no,' but I said 'yes.' 'Very well,' said he, 'you may hate me, but you shall not love any one else. You may go back to New York, but I shall follow you there, and if you should love any one else—remember what happened to that Englishman.' Then he stood looking at me for a long time. 'I wish I could hate you, too,' he said, and I thought he was going to strike me. Then he said, 'Very well, you may hate me, but you shall kiss me good-by.'"

She ceased speaking, and Allison stood looking at her. The silence was perfect and unbroken. Mr. Moreau was talking up-stairs in the library; his voice sounded loud and distinct through the stillness.

"And did you do it?" whispered Allison, hoarsely.

She looked up at him again. "I—I could not help it," she whispered in answer.

"And what then?" asked Allison.

"Then he went away. But, oh, promise me," said she, clasping her hands, "that you will have nothing to say or to do with Hector du Moreau if you should meet him."



Drawn by H. Pyle.

"THEIR FIRST MEETING HAPPENED AT THE CLUB."

"If you mean that I am to be afraid of him," said Allison, "I can't promise that. But, naturally, I don't want to have any more to do than I can help with such a blackguard." She looked up at him appealingly, but he did not look at her in return, devoting all his attention to putting on his gloves. As he walked homeward through the long, dark street, under the occasional glare of a lamp, Allison almost breathed the bitter thought to himself that maybe it would have been better for him if his fate had not mingled his life with the life of a family that had such adventures happening in it.

IV.

THE MEETING.

It was over a week before the stream of life drifted Allison and Hector du Moreau together. Their first meeting happened at the club. Allison and a friend had been to the theater together, and were eating a late supper with a great deal of gusto and enjoyment.

"Yonder's Hector du Moreau," said Allison's friend suddenly, and Allison looked up to see two gentlemen standing at the door looking in. One was Harry Van Tyne, and the other a stranger, a rather small man, almost handsome. He would have been quite handsome if he had been of a larger and more generous build. He wore his beard trimmed to a point and his hair brushed in a bang upon his rather low forehead. He had thick, black eyebrows, which gave his face a darker look than was, perhaps, warranted by his complexion. He was well dressed, but there was something unmistakably French about him; a touch here and there in the set of his clothes that was distinctly un-American and un-English.

Suddenly Van Tyne and the other came straight across to where Allison and his friend sat, and Van Tyne introduced him. Allison, as he gazed into du Moreau's face, had to acknowledge that there was something very distinguished in the appearance of Corinne's cousin. He could not help but revert to the episode which she had told him, and so reverting to it again he felt an echo of the distressful pang that he had felt before. It was a positive pain to look at the Frenchman and to

think that he had held Corinne in his arms and had kissed her lips.

Upon the invitation of Allison's friend, fresh plates were brought, and the newcomers joined them at supper. Allison was very silent and observant, and he recognized, with another pang, that Hector du Moreau was a most polished and brilliant man of the world. He spoke excellent English, as indeed he spoke most excellently nearly every language; the only fault of his phraseology was that it was too precise and correct—it lacked the looseness of perfect acquaintanceship. As Allison listened to him, he could not but acknowledge the charm of his manner. Du Moreau seemed to have been everywhere and seemed to know everybody, and he talked of what he had seen with a delightful frankness and naïveté that was charming. At the same time, what he said was perfectly unobtrusive; it seemed merely to fill and round out the talk of the others. He appeared only to catch the ball of conversation to toss it to another to play with. It almost seemed to the others that they did the brilliant talking and not he. He was considerably older than the three, but his talk was that of an equal, and there was something very subtly flattering in the way he seemed to enjoy all that they said.

It was after midnight when the party broke up, and all four gentlemen went down-stairs together. As the attendant helped them on with their overcoats, du Moreau asked Allison if he was going to walk down the street. "I go down to the hotel myself," said he, "and I will walk with you, if you have no objection."

Allison lit a fresh cigar and the other a cigarette, and then they started off together. They walked for some distance without either of them speaking a word. Suddenly du Moreau spoke. "Of course," said he, abruptly, "you must know what is passing in my mind; it is, that I find myself walking with the accepted lover of the woman I love."

The startling frankness of this speech struck Allison almost like a blow. He muttered an inarticulate word or two, but the Frenchman continued. "I make no concealment that I did love my cousin, and do love her still." Again he walked on for a little distance in silence. "I don't know," he resumed, presently, "why

Corinne should have disliked me, but she did dislike me excessively. I am a man of ardent temperament, Mr. Allison, and I confess that I may have been too violent in my passion. Well, that is all passed. I love her, and I wish her well in every way. You may not have noticed, but I have been observing you to-night. I do not mean to flatter you, but I believe you can make her happy." He waited for a moment or two, in silence, but Allison still ventured upon no remark. By and by du Moreau resumed: "I do not know why my cousin should dislike me so," he said again, "but she is very, very bitterly prejudiced against me. I dare say she has spoken of me to you, and I dare also say that what she has told you has not been all to my credit."

Perhaps du Moreau misjudged Allison's silence. Perhaps he fancied that the other lacked courage, or perhaps he overestimated the phlegm of his character, and thought him dull. Anyhow, the directness of this last attack forced Allison to speak, and when he spoke he said perhaps more than he had at first intended. Allison was not at all devoid of courage to speak his mind. "She has talked to me of you, sir," said he, "and she told me things of you which, if they are so, I think no man calling himself a gentleman could be excusable in doing."

The other did not reply for a moment or two. "Mr. Allison," said he, "you choose your words rather as you would choose a bludgeon, than as you would choose a rapier. But, never mind, I will let that pass, though I would not accept from every man what I now accept from you."

Allison felt a tingle, almost as of shame, at the reproof. The Frenchman continued:

"The fact is, Mr. Allison, that dispositions are so very different. I can imagine, for instance, that you, who are rather—what is it you call it in English? dull? no, not dull, but obtuse in your emotions,—I can imagine that you would never be misled by your passions. Corinne, also, is somewhat cold—what you call phlegmatic in her nature. She is very beautiful, but she lacks the fire of passion. I—my life has been one long fight of reason against passion, and only too often my passion gets the better of my reason. But here, we are at the hotel."

He stopped in front of the broad, swing-

ing doors, and Allison, feeling perhaps that he had been too brusque with the other, also stopped.

"Mr. Allison," said the Frenchman, suddenly, reaching out his hand as he spoke, "let me be frank with you. I want your respect—I want your friendship, if I can obtain it. You have a frankness and a truthfulness that makes me wish that we might be friends, and that you would not hold prejudice against me until you have proved there are grounds for it. Will you not let me have your acquaintance, at least until I do something to prove I am not worthy of it?"

Allison did not know what to say in reply. He felt very constrained and awkward. "My dear sir," said he, "I—of course, I shall be most happy to know you." Then he reached du Moreau a rather reluctant hand.

"Then we shall be friends," said Hector du Moreau, pressing the hand he held before he let it go.

V.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

After that, Allison often met Hector du Moreau. One day, he mentioned to Corinne that they had met.

"After all that I told you?" said she.

"Why, yes," said Allison; "if he chooses to seek me, I can't push him away with my elbow."

Corinne regarded him steadily for a while in silence. "You don't know him," said she; "I know what he is. Oh, if you would only believe me—if you would only shun him! He is the most dangerous man in the world!"

Allison smiled. "Don't you think you are a little prejudiced, Corinne?" said he.

She clasped her hands. "No! oh, no!" said she; "I know him, and I know only too well what he is capable of."

"That's all right," said Allison; "I'm not afraid of your cousin, Corinne, and I can take care of myself."

She looked appealingly at him, and there was something in her anxiety that was displeasing to Allison. It seemed, somehow, as though she doubted the strength of his manhood, as though she overrated her cousin, and so underrated him.

At that time, Allison was really seeing a great deal of du Moreau. He did not tell Corinne, for, knowing how du Moreau had really insulted her, he was ashamed to own to the growing acquaintanceship. Allison did not really like the man; but there was something very flattering in the way in which the other sought him, and he did not know how to avoid him without positive rudeness.

* * *

"You must come to my room,"—du Moreau had many times given the invitation,—"I have established myself on Fifty-eighth street, and have my—what do you call them? traps, eh?—all about me. I want you to taste some golden wine I found in Cyprus. It has a history."

The invitation was repeated and repeated, and at last it was urged in a way that Allison could no longer refuse. "Why do you decline so persistently?" said du Moreau. "Has Corinne, then, made you afraid of me?" and he smiled with a sudden flash. After that, Allison could not but accept the invitation.

Du Moreau had established himself in a hotel-like apartment-house. He had a room on the second floor, overlooking the gray, stone-paved street beneath. It was dark when they entered. The Frenchman pushed the electric button, and the light flashed out in its globe of glass. Allison stood looking about him, while the other went over and pulled down the shade. He had never seen such a conglomerate collection as that which furnished du Moreau's room. Everything was old—very old. There were bits of odds and ends from everywhere—from Egypt, from Rome, from India, from Japan, from Greece, from Persia. The odd medley gave the room a jumbled, bric-à-bracish air, but it was very interesting. There was a curious musty smell in the air. Allison spoke of it and du Moreau went to open the window in the other room.

While he was gone Allison began looking over the odds and ends on the mantle-shelf. It seemed to be chiefly a collection of ancient bottle-like tear-jars of cracked, dully-iridescent glass. Presently du Moreau came to where he stood, and began pointing out the many things about the room, not as a showman might have

done, nor as Corinne's father would have done, but in perfect taste, speaking of just that which at the moment attracted Allison's attention, and dropping it the instant the other's curiosity was in the act of being satisfied. A curious object had caught Allison's eye. "You are looking at that, eh? It is, indeed, very interesting. It is a mummied embryo. I put it for safety in that little glass case as you see it. I bought it down in Egypt from a Bedouin—one of three brothers who had evidently made a valuable find. I spent two months in trying to find the hiding place from which they brought this, and other things—for instance, that little image of Isis, over yonder,—but I was never able to find their treasure-store." He had handed the little glass box with the mummy in it to Allison, who had been gazing with a singular feeling of interest and disgust at the little pinched, brown, ape-like figure. Now he took it away again and put it back in the cabinet. "But come," said he, "I tire you with my musty old relics. They have a great fascination for me, but, of course, you cannot be expected to care for them, and it is such bad form to thrust them upon you." Allison protested, and the other laughed. "You are very kind and very polite," said he, "but I know very well you will enjoy my golden Cyprus wine better than my mummied embryo. Excuse me for just one moment,—I have no servant, for I always live entirely alone."

He went into the next room, and presently returned with a round-bellied, curiously-shaped square bottle and two tall antique glasses in one hand, and a box of cigars under the other arm.

* * *

Either there was something about the cigar, or else it was the keen, intense, serpent-like gaze that du Moreau fixed upon him, for Allison suddenly felt himself growing dizzy; a curious oppression seemed to rise within him like a tide to overwhelm him. It had not come suddenly upon him, but he had suddenly recognized that it was there. He suddenly realized that something strange had happened to him. Du Moreau was sitting with his hands clasped, leaning part way across the table. He talked steadily, but

he never for a moment shifted his keen, adder-like look. Allison suddenly felt that he was sitting dumb and dazed, listening to the other as he talked. The voice seemed to come to him through a long tube somewhere at a great distance. The Frenchman had been showing him an Indo-Persian manuscript. He had translated a part of it aloud; now he was talking about it, or about something of the kind. What was it? Allison tried to steady his brain to listen. There was something about an "Angel of the Rose" and a "Garden of Delight." The words were iterated and reiterated in what du Moreau was saying. The Frenchman held his cigar between his fingers. Allison gazed immovably at him. The bright, black eyes looking into his fascinated him, he felt that he could not remove his gaze. He knew that du Moreau's lips were moving, and that he was speaking, and—yes; there it was again—"The Angel of the Rose," "The Garden of Delight."

"And what would you say if I should tell you that I could show you such a garden of delight as that?" asked du Moreau.

"What did you say?" said Allison, dully.

Du Moreau laughed with a flash of his white teeth. "I asked you if you would like to see such a garden of delight as I have been telling you of?"

"How would I like it? Yes; I would like it."

The Frenchman laughed again. "Come, do not smoke any more of that cigar," said he. "Throw it away." Then, as Allison still sat stupidly, the other took the cigar from between his listless fingers and threw it into the grate. "Sit where you are a moment," said he. He arose from where he sat and went to a closet at the end of the room. Allison felt that he could not disobey him. He looked after him dully, inertly. He knew that he ought to go, but a power beyond himself seemed to hold him where he was. The other went to the closet and fumbled, rattling among the contents. Presently he came out again and shut the door. He carried in his hand a rather curious piece of mechanism—an upright metal stand, to the upper part of which was attached a double pair of fine steel cross-pieces, like

the arms of a miniature windmill. At the tip of each arm was a circular mirror. Du Moreau set this upon the table in front of Allison, who thrilled with a strange, unreasoning terror as he looked at it. What was it? What was du Moreau going to do to him? He felt that he was helpless and powerless to move or to resist. The Frenchman wound up the instrument with a key. "Now, then," said he, briskly, to Allison, "I bid you sit a little more this way. There, do not stir, I will move the chair." He pushed around the chair as he spoke, so as to bring the bracket light behind Allison's back. Again Allison felt that he was altogether helpless, altogether powerless in the will of the other—that he could not move. Du Moreau stooped with his face close to Allison's. "That is right," said he. As Allison now sat, the electric light shone brightly in the mirrors of the armatures. "Now, then," said du Moreau, "keep your eyes fixed directly upon these little mirrors as they revolve."

He touched a spring as he spoke, and instantly the armatures began to revolve in opposite directions. Allison sat motionless, gazing at the whirling, sparkling circles they described, and du Moreau stood beside the table watching his victim narrowly and closely. Allison felt he had no power to remove his eyes from those gyrating circles of light. Around and around they whirled, and he sat looking steadily at them. Through the dead and perfect stillness he could hear the sharp ticking of the clock and the rattle of the coals as they settled in the grate. Presently, as he sat there watching those silent circles of light, he felt that the cloud that had overhung him was beginning to dissipate, and that he was once more becoming more clearly conscious of the things about him. Suddenly du Moreau's voice cut through the tense and breathless silence. "You shall see," said he, the face of the 'Angel of the Rose' in that circle of light. Tell me if you see it."

At first Allison saw nothing. Then suddenly the space within the circle described by the whirling wheel began to dissolve itself. As he looked he saw faintly a calm, steadfast, beautiful face, looking with unwinking eyes directly into his. Beyond the oval of the face, the hair, just stirred by the revolving, whirl-

ing armatures, melted into nothingness. And there the whirling mirrors spun their bright circles of light.

"Do you see it?" said du Moreau.

"Yes."

The next instant there was a click and the face had vanished, the whirling armatures were still. The Frenchman had touched a spring, and with his touch the spell was broken.

"I am going now," said he, "to take you to just such a garden of delight as was described in that manuscript yonder. Everything that you there will see shall be beautiful beyond what you ever imagined. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Do you comprehend?"

"Yes."

"I will show you the way to it to-night, and every night you shall go there and find it for yourself. When you visit Corinne you shall go there after you leave her. When you do not visit her you shall go there at nine o'clock. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Do you comprehend?"

"Yes."

"Every two days you shall come here to me at seven o'clock in the evening, and I will show you the face of the Angel of the Rose. That is my order and you shall obey."

VI.

THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT.

One part of Allison's consciousness seemed to be very wide awake—very clear and translucent; the other part seemed to be clouded, dull, and turbid. The lucid, higher part knew that the nether part should arouse itself, but it realized that that nether part did not have the will to do so. He felt that something was wrong, but he did not have the power to correct it.

"Come," said du Moreau.

The lucid part of Allison's mind rebelled inertly; the other part, the nether part, obeyed the will of the Frenchman, and Allison followed him.

They got into a cab in front of the apartment-house, and it rumbled away

down-town. The clearer part of Allison's consciousness still looked out alert and wide awake, but it was the other part of his consciousness that saw, and what it saw was a strangely distorted image of life. The lucid part of his intelligence could sense only what the other part saw.

The cab rumbled on and on. Part of what Allison saw he recognized. Here and there was some place that had a certain familiarity to his consciousness, but it was all strange and different from



Drawn by
H. Pyle.

"DU MOREAU WAS LEANING PART WAY ACROSS THE TABLE."

what he had ever seen and known before.

They rode on and on far down into the dark, lower part of the town. Suddenly the cab stopped, and they got out. Allison recognized a distorted image of lower Broadway, dark and silent in the night. He stood impassively while du Moreau paid the cabman. Then the Frenchman took his arm and led him away, still impassively. They turned down into a narrow, crooked street. There was something terrible to Allison in the darkness and silence. They walked on for some distance, then the street turned and opened upon another in which there was more light and life. After a while that again opened upon still another, and here Allison found himself in the midst of a glare of varied lights. In his lucid consciousness he knew perfectly well where he was, but the other part distorted what he saw,

and he could not recognize it. Everywhere, it seemed to him, as though there were flames of fire; everywhere there was a ceaseless turmoil and a crowd that jostled, and pushed, and hurried past. Suddenly there was a rumble as of thunder overhead; it increased to a deafening climax, and then roared away into the black and hollow distance, with a trail of meteor-like fire. The clearer part of his consciousness recognized something familiar in everything it saw. He tried to steady himself. He felt that if that other consciousness that was blurred and distorted could only see clearly, he could understand it all. As it was, his life came to him as through some bent and crooked medium that distorted everything into something different from what it was. If he could only arouse that nether consciousness to a clearer perception, but he could not.

Again came the thunder overhead, roaring to its climax, and then rumbling to silence again. He had heard and seen it before. What was it? Why should it terrify him so? His companion stopped at a door. "This is the Garden of Delight," said he. "Listen, I have a friend here who will show you such pleasures as you never dreamed of before. He is waiting for us. He shall be your friend, and you shall love him. Every night you shall seek him, and he shall show you new delights. Do you hear?"

"Yes."

Du Moreau pushed open the door as he spoke, and entered, the other following him.

Allison stood looking about himself in ecstasy. The clearer part of his consciousness told him that what he saw was not real, but the other part of his consciousness saw it, and what it saw filled the higher part with ecstasy and delight. Du Moreau led him to a table where sat a man waiting for them.

* * *

The next morning when Allison awoke he did not recollect at first. Then suddenly he did, and he could hardly believe that what he had passed through the day before had been real. Could it have been real? What had been the matter with him? Had he been drugged, or what was

it? His brain was clear enough now. His head ached a little, perhaps; but that was all. Yes; it was Hector du Moreau; he had done it all. Yes; du Moreau must have drugged him, and tampered with him. Well, he would never have anything more to do with the Frenchman. It was all over now, and he had learned his lesson. Corinne had been right; du Moreau was a dangerous man. He knew it now, and he would never speak to him or have any more to do with him again. He wished now, with all his soul, that he had listened to what Corinne had advised. He wished he had never seen the Frenchman, or had never spoken to him. Well, he had learned what he was now, at any rate, and he was glad that his learning had not come too late. He would never again submit to what he had submitted last night. He got up, and then for the first time felt how weak and uncertain he was upon his legs. What had the Frenchman given to him? Had it been morphia? It must have been something of the kind to produce the dizzy nausea that beset him.

He went down to his work. He did not feel at all well, but he said nothing and fulfilled his duties steadily, if heavily. Every now and then he remembered the night before, the terrors he had felt, and the strange delight that he and the companion du Moreau had given him, had seen together. With every recurrent recollection, his heart thrilled keenly, and then, with a recurrent second thought, he hated it all with more and more of loathing. Well, he would never go into such a hell of unclean pleasure again.

That evening he went to see Corinne. As the evening approached, it seemed to him, every now and then, that his consciousness was beginning to divide, as it had been divided last night; part of it remaining keen and lucid, the other part separating from it like a substratum, dull, and heavy, and turbid. He first began experiencing this peculiar feeling about three o'clock in the afternoon. It came upon him almost before he knew. Instantly he steadied himself, and his mind became normal again. An hour passed, and then again he felt that strange division. Again and again it came, again and again he steadied himself, holding himself firmly. But each time he did so, it was with a greater and greater effort.

In the evening, he went to see Corinne. Then, suddenly, he was as he had been the night before. It came upon him in an instant, while he was talking to her. He continued talking; he knew that he was speaking rationally, but he dreaded least he should, by and by, be no longer able to do so. He looked at the clock. It was a quarter to nine. He must go; something compelled him, which he had no power to resist.

He stood upon the pavement, looking up at the starry night above his head. He felt that the delight that thrilled him was something dreadful, but he also longed with a straining desire for what he had enjoyed the night before. He stood for a long time struggling with himself. "I shall not go," said he to himself, "I shall not go." But he knew he would go; his desire grew more and more tense. Then he turned and walked away. "Well, I will go just this once," said he to himself, "but I will never go again."

Again he went down into the lower, silent part of the town. Again he passed down that dark, silent street into that other street lit with its glow of lights. Again the crowd streamed by him, jostling and pushing. Again he overheard the recurrent thunder that rumbled away into the darkness and distance with its trail of meteoric fires. By and by he came to a door. He knew it opened into the place he had seen the night before. He thrust it open and then went in, and once more he felt all the keen and gratified delight that he had felt the night before. The man to whom Hector du Moreau had introduced him was waiting for him.

VII.

THE FALLEN SOUL AND ITS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Very curious rumors concerning Allison began to be circulated around the clubs and elsewhere. It was said that he had fallen into bad habits, and then those who knew of the Allison family remembered that there had been an uncle, or a grand-uncle, who had not been very reputable in his manner of living. There was no doubt about it to those who knew him that Allison's nature had begun to alter very strangely. He was not seen by his friends as often as he had used to be, and when seen he was singularly irritable, even morose. He withdrew himself more and more from his old associations, until gradually he was almost lost to them. For a time no one knew what had become of him. One night a party of young fellows went slumming it in the lower part of the city. Suddenly they came almost face to face with Allison. He was hurrying along the street with a most disreputable-looking companion. They called to him. He stopped and stared at them, then turned and hurried away, his companion hurrying after him. There was something very singular in his manner and in his appearance. There was a great deal of quiet talk at the club and elsewhere about this chance meeting.

After that Allison came only once more to the club. He showed that he felt that the men there looked askance at him. He was very plainly ill at ease, almost sullen, and he soon went away.



Drawn by
H. Pyle.

"HE GLARED AT THE GIRL IN THE DIM LIGHT."

It was soon after this that a piece of news began to be circulated that was not unexpected to the world. It was that the engagement between Corinne Moreau and Allison had been broken off; and with it his connection with Moreau, Wittridge & Co. He was plainly going to the bad, if he had not already reached there, and the news was not at all unexpected.

Old Mr. Wittridge would say nothing at all to any one concerning Allison, or his connection or disconnection with the affairs of the firm. Somebody spoke to Mr. Moreau about it one day at lunch, as he sat surrounded by the ceaseless noise of talking and the hurrying of the white-aproned waiters. He was more communicative. "I have nothing to say about it," said he, as he puffed out a cloud of smoke, knocking off the ash of his cigar as he did so, "except that I was never more disappointed in a man in my life."

The facts were these: Miss Corinne Moreau had been noticing for some weeks the very singular change that had come over Allison. There were times when a man would have said that the young fellow had been drinking more than was good for him. But women are not keen to observe such a condition, and Corinne only saw that he was sometimes very strange in his manner.

One evening she followed him into the hall. She stood watching him as he silently put on his overcoat and gloves. Then she suddenly said: "Do you know you have acted very strangely to-night?" Then after a moment's hesitation: "Tell me, do you see my cousin Hector?"

The question was innocent enough, but it seemed to awaken a strangely incoherent rage in Allison. He glared at the girl in the dim light of the hanging-lamp until his eyes fairly shone green.

"What does it matter to you?" he said at last, in a terribly constrained voice. "What does it matter to you who I have seen?" In the suddenness of his words and look she shrank back from him involuntarily. He still glared at her. Then he laughed. "Bah!" said he, "I hate you—you weary me, and I grow tired of you!"

She recognized it all in a flash, for there was something in the precise English of the last words he spoke, that was grotesquely like Hector du Moreau's idiom.

It seemed to strike through her like a knife. She stood for one moment as though turned to stone, then, before she could speak again, he was gone. Still, for a while, she stood there dumb as though turned to stone. "My God!" she whispered to herself, "can it be?"

She did not go back to where her father and mother were, but went directly upstairs to her own room, where she flung herself upon the bed, burying her face in her handkerchief.

It was the next day that Allison left the office of Moreau, Wittridge & Co.

After that he disappeared entirely from the knowledge of those who had been acquainted with him, and presently he even ceased to be talked about, excepting by those with whom he had been most intimate. The great world of New York is too huge and ponderous to be stopped by such a little thing. The momentum of its life carries it on almost without its own volition, and those who drop away are either crushed beneath it or else left behind and forgotten. So, by the time a couple of months had passed, Allison was only a reminiscence.

One day Van Tyne, the young fellow who had introduced Allison and du Moreau to one another, happened to be walking along in front of the apartment-house in which du Moreau lived. As he passed, he heard the sound of loud and angry voices from within. Suddenly the swinging doors were flung violently open, and the porter and the elevator man appeared, thrusting another man out into the street. The man whom they were trying to eject was struggling frantically with them. He was frowzy, unshaved, and unkempt. He appeared to be under the influence of liquor. There was a policeman coming down the street, and Van Tyne stopped to see the upshot of the affair. Suddenly, as he stood looking, he recognized who it was that the porter and the elevator man were ejecting,—recognized him with a flash,—it was Allison. Before Van Tyne could recover from the shock, another actor appeared upon the scene. It was Hector du Moreau. He was there without his hat. He was furiously angry. "Here, what are you doing?" he cried harshly to the porter and the elevator man, and there was an instant cessation of the struggle. "I know this man. What do

you mean by turning him out into the street when he comes to see me?" He glared first at one of the men and then at the other. "I know this man," he repeated. "It was I who told him to come here, and I want always to see him when he comes. If I cannot see him here, I will go to some other place where I can see him." As he stood glaring, he did not see Van Tyne. He took Allison by the arm. "Come," said he, and he led the young fellow away.

Poor Allison walked with a heavy step and a hanging head. As the two went away the policeman came up, and he and the porter and the elevator man stood talking together. Van Tyne turned and walked away. He was a good, kind-hearted fellow, and he was inexpressibly shocked at what he had seen. Neither he nor the world doubted that Allison was lost, and that Hector du Moreau was looking after the wreck of his cousin's fiancée.

There was a great deal of talk about it, and one evening Mr. Moreau told his daughter what he had heard.

* * *

Doctor Wittridge had just finished his breakfast, and was sitting in his library smoking, and skimming the newspaper as he did so. He always yielded himself to this half hour or so of rest with luxurious content. He heard the distant tinkling of the office bell, but he studiously paid no attention to it, until presently the door opened, and the servant stood over him with a card upon the tray. Doctor Wittridge took it up and looked at it. It was Miss Moreau.

"Where is she?" said Doctor Wittridge.

"She's in the reception-room, sir," said the man.

"Tell her I'll be there in a moment," said the doctor.

Corinne Moreau was not seated when he came into the room. She was standing at the window, looking out impassively, motionlessly waiting.

"My dear young lady," said the doctor, "I am very glad to see you," and he came up to her and took her hand in his, holding it closely, with all the frankness of an old and intimate friend. The hand was cold and heavy. She must have put a terrible restraint upon herself to have

preserved her calmness. Under the doctor's touch and words her steadiness suddenly crumbled to pieces. She tried to speak, but could not; she tried again, but failed. She felt blindly for her handkerchief. She found it. She flung herself upon the chair, hid her face upon the arm of it, and suddenly burst out crying.

Doctor Wittridge was terribly shocked. He stood for a moment looking down at her. He knew she had not been well for two months past. He put out his hand and laid it upon her head. "What is it, my dear; what is the trouble?"

"It is about Charlie Allison," she gasped.

The words were not unexpected. Doctor Wittridge stood looking down at her for a little time. "Come," said he, "you must not remain here. Come into the study."

VIII.

DRAWING THE SERPENT'S TOOTH.

It was about eleven o'clock. Hector du Moreau had just come in from the club. He sat smoking at the open window before he went to bed. He had not lit the light. Presently, the hum of the ascending elevator sounded through the house. It ceased; there was the rattle and click of the sliding door, and then presently the sound of footsteps along the carpeted entry. There was a pause. Then, through the silence of the night there came a rap upon the door of the room. Du Moreau sat still for a moment or two, and then the rap came again.

"Come in," called the Frenchman, and as he spoke he arose, lighting the electric light with a touch of the button. He looked under the light toward the door, the sharp brightness cutting across his face. If he felt any astonishment at the sight of his visitors he made no sign. The first was Doctor Wittridge. The man who followed him was a stranger, a short, stockily built man, neat, and well groomed, with closely trimmed side whiskers. He looked not unlike an English coachman. He carried a derby hat in his hand, and followed close at the doctor's heels.

Du Moreau, as though suddenly recovering himself, came forward and held out his hand. "I am glad to see you, sir, but

I must say it is rather an unexpected visit. I hope that nothing is the matter—nothing wrong at my uncle's, is there?"

The doctor paid no attention to the outstretched hand, and made no reply. He came directly across the room to the table and laid his hat upon it with a certain business-like air. "I came," said he, striking directly to the point,— "I came to see you about poor Charlie Allison."

There was just a moment's pause, then du Moreau raised his eyebrows. "Ah, Allison," said he, "that poor Allison."

Doctor Wittridge turned to the stranger who had accompanied him. "This," said he, "is Mr. Winter, of the Smith Detective Agency. He has been watching you for more than a week past, and we have now all that we want to know. We have proof that you have, for over two months past, kept young Mr. Allison continually in a hypnotic condition; that you have practised upon him every two or three days with an instrument, and have kept him in a state in which he is not accountable for his actions. We have other details completed, too, as to what you have made him do, and how you have made him act; but that's not to the point just now."

Du Moreau stood by the table; he made no reply to what the other said, and no defense. He was holding his cigar between his fingers, and a fine thread of smoke arose from the tip, under the steady brightness of the electric light.

Doctor Wittridge, as he finished speaking, thrust his hand into his breast-pocket, and brought out a large, flat pocket-book. He opened it, and selecting one from among the papers it contained, tossed it upon the table. It was a printed envelope bearing the title of one of the trans-Atlantic steamship lines. Du Moreau did not need to be told that it contained a passage ticket.

"The Ville de Marseilles sails to-morrow afternoon," said Doctor Wittridge, "at half past two. I have secured a passage ticket for you. This gentleman will stay with you all the time between now and then. He will see you aboard the vessel. If you do not leave the country in her, or if you try to escape, he will arrest you upon a warrant he carries with him. That is all I have to say, sir; good-night."

The doctor had shut his pocket-book, and had thrust it back into his pocket.

He took up his hat and gloves. All this time du Moreau had not spoken a word. Now he broke the silence. "Stop a moment, Doctor Wittridge," said he. "I want to say a word or two. I own—how is it you phrase it?—the

game is up. Well, Doctor Wittridge, I have played such games as this before, and I have always won. You shall not beat me this time, either. I have yet a trump card, Doctor Wittridge, and I am not going back to Paris at your dictation."

"If you think I am trying to bluff you," said Doctor Wittridge, turning sharply round upon him, "you are mistaken. I have no wish to bring disgrace upon your uncle's family, but as sure as the sun shines, if you are not aboard of the Ville de Marseilles before two o'clock to-morrow afternoon, I shall have you arrested."

"Well, Doctor Wittridge," said du Moreau, "I shall not go."

"What do you mean?"

"I will show you."

Du Moreau turned and stepped quickly across the room. He opened the door of a writing-table and thrust in his hand and drew out something that rattled. There was a sudden gleam and twinkle of polished silver in the lamplight. There



Drawn by H. Pyle.

"THEN THERE WAS THE CRASH AND CLATTER OF AN OVERTURNED CHAIR."

was a click—a single instant of pause, and then a sudden, stunning, deafening report. Through the smoke, for one moment, the doctor saw looming, a terrible figure. Then there was the crash and clatter of an overturned chair, as the figure fell forward. Hector du Moreau had shot himself.

* * *

Allison did not know all of the trouble that was going on about him—that terrible game that was being played between his angel and his devil. He was sitting in his infernal garden of delight thinking of nothing, oblivious of everything. He was to meet the companion whom du Moreau had appointed for him. The man did not come.

Suddenly he looked about him dazed and bewildered. There had been no cataclysmic crash; there had been no disruption or break in his life. But in an instant, with the quickness of a breath, without any change or break in what he was seeing, he found himself in a beer-garden. He was sitting at a beer-garden table, and he felt that he had been drinking a great deal of beer. The floor was sanded, and there was an artificial group of palm-ferns, some rocks, and a little squirting fountain of water in the center of the room. A band was playing a waltz, and a crowd of men and women were dancing upon a raised floor of a room beyond. The place was full of noise and talk; it was hot and smelt sour of lager beer. The table at

which he sat was slopped with the beer he had spilled. He got up heavily and stood almost staggering for a moment or two; then he went out. Just then an elevated train whirled overhead with the rumble as of thunder and a flash of meteoric lights, and in it he recognized the thunder that had so terrified him when he had first passed beneath it. As he came out of the garden, hot and reeking with the furnace of flaming lights, into the cooler air of the street, a rather well-dressed man came and took him by the arm. "Here's a friend waiting for you," said he.

He led Allison to a coupé that stood at the curb; he opened the door, and Allison, still dazed and bewildered, stepped in, hardly knowing what he was doing. The door was instantly closed with a crash, and then he saw that he was with Corinne Moreau. Allison looked at her almost stupidly for a moment, then with a flash he knew everything—his debasement, his ruin.

He was very weak from the physical and mental strain under which he had been living for three months. He trembled under the sudden disintegration of the life in which he had been living, and suddenly began crying. Corinne Moreau did not seem to see the grotesqueness of his emotion. She put her arm around him and held him. The cab whirled under the white dazzle of an electric light, and as the light traversed her face, it stood out against the darkness white and still, the tears upon it sparkling like stars.





THE TRAVELS OF A RELIC.

BY LECOCQ DE LAUTREFFE.

THAT an object, unique as the most perfect specimen of a past art, and equally interesting on account of its historical associations, could so lose its identity as to go a-begging for a purchaser, at an almost nominal price, seems incredible in this epoch of ours, so interested in every scrap that belongs to the past. It looks too like the realization of every collector's dream to be true; for who is he, in the world of curiosity searchers, be his

purse long or short, who has not fancied that some day he would be selected by fate to find the anonymous treasure that is to be bought for a song? However, during the autumn of 1883 such an opportunity was offered to a score of the keenest of Parisian connoisseurs.

The exceptional object was a gold cup, with a lid, eleven inches in height, from base to summit. It was profusely decorated with admirable compositions in

enamel. On the lid and bowl these devices represented scenes from the life of St. Agnes, on the foot the emblems of the four evangelists; even the interior of the lid and bowl were ornamented with medallion motives,—on the whole, a gorgeous piece of orfèvrerie, reflective of the æsthetic sentiment and style of the fourteenth century. But, apparently, a mood of distrust was then prevalent among our connoisseurs. "La mariée est trop belle," say the French, when the fault of something is to be too handsome. So it was with the enamelled chalice. The enamels were pronounced too perfect, the quality of the workmanship too fine, to be connected with the antiquity the aspect of the object implied.

Besides, there were other causes for suspicion. The interior of the chalice was decorated, and it is well known that the chalice serving to celebrate the mystery of the mass is not to be ornamented inside. Then there was, just below the bowl, a Latin inscription in characters of the seventeenth century; how could these letters agree with the Gothic Latin of the mottoes inscribed in the scrolls accompanying the scenes from the life of St. Agnes? This was a gross anachronism that betrayed the counterfeiter. So judged our connoisseurs. They who are generally so jealous about showing private initiative in matters of that kind, seemed to have agreed with one another not to yield to temptation. The man who offered it for sale

—a Spaniard who spoke French very imperfectly—had nothing to say tending to establish the authenticity of this rather strange objet de vertu. He simply presented it on its own merits; the

only information he could advance was that he had brought it from his country, and he did not conceal the fact that he was very desirous of selling it. So he went hawking it about, from such authorities as M. Fr. Spitzer, M. du Sommerard, etc., to the tribe of brokers in curios who people the neighborhood of the rue Lafitte, —only to meet with refusal everywhere.

Finally, he was sent to Baron Jérôme Pichon, who owns one of the most remarkable collections of antique jewelry that exists. The moment Baron Pichon held the cup in his hands, he saw in it what others had failed to see. This is not to

say that the doubts evoked by the refusal of so many competent judges were entirely banished by a mere glance at the object; on the contrary, he also refused to purchase it. But scarcely had the Spaniard turned his back, when a servant was sent after him. The first impression had been the strongest; Baron Pichon asked to keep the cup until next day, and when the man came back for his answer, after some bargaining, the baron remained proprietor of it, for the sum of nine

thousand francs. This new acquisition to a collection reputed most exclusive was greeted with a pretty concert of astonishment, each note pitched according to the individual's idea of the baron's folly. To the rather ironical congratulations he had but one answer: "Que voulez-vous? The cup pleases me sufficiently for the money I paid for it."

Indeed, what he had done was not so extravagant, after all. The cup weighed 2105 grammes of gold; that is, represented a rough value of 6700 francs. Therefore, in case he really had been taken in, a margin of not quite five



DESIGN ON THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP.



DESIGN ON THE INSIDE OF THE LID.



SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. AGNES DECORATING THE LID OF THE CUP.

hundred dollars was not an excessive sum to pay for the handiwork of a modern artist of such talent as the imagery in enamel indicated. On the other hand, if the object proved of real antiquity, then it was the most curious remnant of *orfèvrerie* decorated with translucent enamels that had reached our time.*

Baron Pichon had already a specimen of that art in his collection, a diminutive reliquary, said to contain a particle of the holy cross, and to have belonged to St. Louis, King of France; he was familiar with the few translucent enamels left by Saurageot, with his collections, to the Louvre; so comparisons were easy. From the first, one point particularly impressed him: translucent enamels had been usually worked on very limited surfaces, owing, no doubt, to the difficulties of baking, upon which the ultimate result depended. When an important object had to be decorated, rather than submit to the furnace the ensemble, the ornamentation was baked piecemeal, and these detached pieces, or small plaques, were soldered to the object they were to decorate. The San Donato cross, the Orvieto reliquary, and the triptych of the Richte Chapel,† are examples of the process. The decoration is not adherent on any of these pieces, while the cup of Baron Pichon was enam-

elled en plein,—in other words, the enamels were not applied, but worked on the cup itself. This detail had great importance; artists would know how to appreciate it.

However, the care of studying the quality of the enamels was secondary, in Baron Pichon's estimation, to the fascinating problem that lurked in the inscription, which had frightened off the amateurs to whom the cup had been previously offered. It was much abbreviated, and, when completed, read thus:

"Gazæ sacrae ex Anglia reliquias pacis inter reges factæ monumentum cratera auro solidum Johannes Velasquius Comes-



tabularius inde Regi Britanniae gratus rediens Christo pacificatori dedicat."

In English: "John Velasco, constable, grateful to the King of Great Britain, consecrates, on his return from that country, to Christ, the pacifier, this cup of massive gold, remnant of the royal treasury of England, and monument of the peace concluded between the kings."

The more the new owner of the cup studied the wording of this dedication, the more convinced he felt that no counterfeiter could have been so learned as to be familiar with the abbreviations proper to the time, or to have known the minor points of history to which the inscription referred. It was evident that this inscription was commemorative of an event, and

* Benvenuto Cellini has written at length on translucent enamels, and explained how they succeeded the Byzantine *cloisonné*. With this process, the subject to be enamelled was no longer divided in sections, as in *cloisonné*, but entirely chiselled in bas-relief. This technique required great perfection of sculpture, as the slightest fault of the engraver would be apparent when covered with translucent enamel. Blue, red, green, and violet enamels were used. The heads and hands of the personages could not be worked in flesh-tints, because white being on a basis of pink produces opaque enamel. But certain intermediate preparations were employed to work on the metal back-ground, and these were so deftly controlled that, if the interpretation of flesh-tones thus secured was conventional, at least it was not obtrusive.

This mode of ornamentation—blending of painting and sculpture—answering the requirements of the æsthetic development that marked the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was only applied on gold and silver. It was held in such esteem that precious stones were generally used to heighten its richness.

† The San Donato cross, formerly in the Demidof collection, is now at the Musée de Cluny, Paris.

The reliquary of the holy corporal at Orvieto, Italy, is signed Ugolino, and dated 1338. The triptych, decorated with translucent enamels, preserved at the Richte Chapel in Munich, is said to have belonged to Mary Stuart. It was given, in 1661, to the Elector Maximilian I., by the Rev. Father Claudio Acquaviva.

that it had been added at a more recent epoch. Then, was it not possible that such an event as a peace concluded between the kings of England and Spain might be recorded somewhere, either in history or chronicles? If so, and the record could be found, it was probable that mention would be made also of the memento of that peace; surely, the gift was noble enough to have been registered! Such, at any rate, was the reasoning of a bibliophile like Baron Pichon, who believed that everything could be found in books, and with this belief he set to work to solve the problem.

The character of the letters forming the inscription above cited, indicating the first half of the seventeenth century, led the searcher to look to that period. The treaty of 1604, which put a stop, for a while, to the long wars that lasted throughout the reigns of Elizabeth and Philip II., at once occurred to his mind. Various histories of England were consulted, but no reference to a mission of Velasco to England could be found. Might not the Universal History, by President de Thou, so fecund in details, throw some light on the subject? Sure enough, Volume XIV contains a very full account of the embassy of Velasco to Lon-

An account of this event, either written by Velasco, or dictated by him, was printed shortly after at Antwerp."

This passage from de Thou's Universal History gave fresh impetus to Baron Pichon's zeal, as can easily be imagined. But the title of the document printed at Antwerp by order of Velasco? Here was a difficulty. Yet de Thou must have had this document under his eyes when he wrote the Universal History; perhaps, as he was a bibliophile himself, he preserved it in his library. As a catalogue of this library was made in 1644, when President de Menars purchased it, after the death of de Thou's second son,* it was only necessary to search carefully among the thousands of volumes for the pamphlet without a name. In the classification pertaining to the history of Castile was found a volume whose florid Spanish title runs thus, in English: "Account of the journey of the most excellent Constable, to negotiate between Spain and England the peace that was concluded in London, in the month of August, in the year 1604."

This was the book, and on page 45 could be read: "Tuesday, August 31, 1604. Toward the close of the day, the presents of the king were brought to the constable. They consisted of a large quantity of plate, precious on account of its weight, and because it had served on the sideboard of the king's predecessors. There was, especially, a gold ewer and basin, and three large gold cups, one of which was decorated with images of saints in enamel, of very ancient workmanship." These details were conclusive as regards the cup. The designation "very ancient" (in the Spanish text, "antiquissima") fully showed that it was already considered ancient in the seventeenth century, and the mention



don. Many details were obtained from the French historian, who states that the magnificent presents of James I. flattered less the Spanish ambassador than did the cordial reception of Henry IV. De Thou, who was a Protestant, complained greatly of the Catholic Spaniard who treated disrespectfully the memory of Queen Elizabeth. Let us quote what he says:

"After the peace had been sworn, there was a great banquet, where merriment equalled magnificence. Many jokes were made on the memory of Queen Elizabeth, and repeated until they became sickening.



* The eldest son of President de Thou was the unfortunate Cinq-Mars, whose tragic end is well known:

that it had served on the sideboard of the kings of England indicated as clearly that it had belonged to other English kings before James I.

England was, then, the starting point of further researches. The archives of the British Museum proved helpful in the matter, and M. de Gazango, who catalogued the Spanish manuscripts of the library, found in an inventory of the treasury of Queen Elizabeth the follow-



SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. AGNES DECORATING THE BOWL OF THE CUP.

ing entry: "Item one cup of gold with imagery, that is ornamented with figures of saints, the knob a crown imperial, and above the border of the cover and the foot a crown garnished with sixty-one garnishing pearls; poise, seventy-nine ounces." This document is of the year 1594,—that is, the thirty-eighth year of Elizabeth's reign. Later, Mr. Bishop, an English bibliophile, found a previous reference to the cup in a document called *Kalenders and Inventories*, dated November 27, 1450—twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VI. The translation from the Latin text says that "John Merston, keeper of the crown jewels, reports one cup of solid gold, enamelled with several figures and garnished with two rubies, four sapphires and seventy-six pearls—the whole weighing seventy-three and three-fourths ounces." Further than this no traces were found in England.

The reader who has carefully observed these two extracts, from inventories of the English royal treasury, may have noticed that the same object is recorded with variations. The imperial crown mentioned in the Elizabethan inventory does not exist in the inventory of Henry VI.'s time. Likewise, the two rubies and four sapphires, mentioned by John Merston, are not to be found in the inventory of 1594. M. de Gazango, who has made a particular study of ancient English jewelry, is of the

opinion that the two rubies and four sapphires existed originally on an ornamental knob surmounting the lid of the cup, and that they were removed when the imperial crown was added to serve as a knob. This could only have been added under the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., or Edward VI.—Henry VII. being the first English king who wore above his arms the closed or imperial crown, as it was then called. These modifications sufficiently explain the variations in the weight of the cup. Strange to say, this imperial crown, that is missing now, as is seen by the sketch that accompanies these notes, was still on the cup when it reached Paris in 1883. Several of those to whom it was offered for sale remember it; but the Spaniard—to coin a little ready money, no doubt—filed it off, and sold it for its weight. It was in vain that Baron Pichon searched for it through Paris,—the crucible had already swallowed it.



To learn where the cup had been during the interval that elapsed since it was given by Don Velasco to the Church, up to its appearance in Paris in 1883, Baron Pichon wrote to the Duke de Frias, a descendant of the constable, who, very graciously, had the family archives examined. Interesting details resulted from these investigations. It seems that, according to the custom of past times, the lords of Velasco were the patrons of several churches and religious communities. Foremost in the favor of Don Juan Fernandez Velasco was the wealthy monastery of Santa Clara, a convent situated in the small township of Medina del Pomar, province of Burgos. The strict rule of poverty on which the order was originally founded had been greatly infringed upon, for in the seventeenth century the convent had no scruples in accepting the objets d'art, reliquaries, and other valuables, which the constable, in a generous mood,

dedicated to the church. Among these gifts was the famous cup with the commemorative inscription. But whether Don Velasco distrusted the mercenary dispositions of the officers of the church, or whether he wished to perpetuate the memory of his religious zeal, severe conditions accompanied these donations.

A deed was drawn by a celebrated notary of Burgos, interdicting the order, even with the pope's permission, or that of his representative, to part with any of the objects, or even to loan them, and, should these conditions be disregarded, the chaplain of the Velasco chapel, in the cathedral of Burgos, was authorized to confiscate the gifts. Furthermore, he charged the future lords of the house of Velasco to keep strict watch over the observance of this decree, calling upon the Lord Archbishop of Burgos, or his successors, to take the matter in hand, if neglected. In the years 1611, 1615, 1647, the stewards of the house of Velasco visited the convent of Santa Clara, and took a full inventory of what was found there. The gold cup enamelled with the martyrdom of St. Agnes, was found duly recorded in these documents.

But time, the great destroyer of the best resolutions, as well as of the most formidable contracts, brought to naught the wishes of the constable. Two hundred and fifty years later, the nuns of Santa Clara, so wealthy and so powerful in the seventeenth century, found themselves in the greatest of penury. The Spanish government confiscated all their possessions in 1837, and in exchange pensioned each nun, during her life-time, with the liberal sum of twenty-five cents a day. Very few of the nuns in whose favor this bountiful edict was issued were alive in 1883, and the question of subsistence proved a complicated problem for the new ones. To part with such valuables the sale of which



would drive the wolf from the door, was not a difficult resolution under such circumstances. The famous gold cup, which the eldest of the sisters of the order spoke of as the drinking-cup of the

Turkish king, was taken from its place of keeping, and intrusted to an agent, with instructions to convert it into money. He brought it to Paris, the city that Balzac called the tomb of curiosities; with what results we know.

It is easy to understand that, when these researches were noised abroad, and the true history of the cup was brought to light, great excitement prevailed. Its value grew to the most exaggerated figures. M. Spitzer himself, offered Baron Pichon a hundred thousand francs for it, while the others were content now to boast of the luck they had when they refused to purchase the mysterious object. When all these rumors reached the ears of the present descendant of the constable, it occurred to him that, perhaps, the conditions of the donation of his ancestor had not been as strictly observed as they ought to have been. So, while his first letter to Baron Pichon had been one of congratulations on his purchase, his next communication, a few months later, was a polite invitation to return the cup to the chapter of the Velasco chapel in Burgos. Baron Pichon saw no reason why he should comply with this request. A lawsuit ensued, in which the ablest counsel of the Paris courts were employed on both sides.

In this extraordinary suit, at the close of the nineteenth century, was heard a lawyer representing at the bar the claims of the patron of a religious order, and going back more than two centuries and a half for the facts to establish them.

The defense was a modern syllogism. Since 1836, Spanish grandees are no longer patrons of religious institutions; objects once sacred are sold daily in the curiosity shops; the



mother superior of Santa Clara had authorized, in good faith, the sale of the cup; Baron Pichon purchased it at his own risk and peril.

The court at length terminated this remarkable case by deciding that the sale was valid.

For nearly ten years Baron Pichon remained the proud possessor of the cup,—the cup of the constable, as it grew to be called. Finally, in 1892, after much negotiation, he ceded it to the British Museum, for the sum of £8000.

It stands to-day in the jewel-room of the great museum, facing the Portland vase, with the following legend upon a label:

"Enamelled gold cup of the kings of France and England, with subjects from the life of St. Agnes, given to Charles VI. of France, in 1391, by his uncle, Jean, Duc de Berry, afterwards in the possession of the kings of England, from Henry VI. to James I., who gave it, in 1604, to Don Juan Velasco, constable of Castile.

"Purchased by subscription, with the aid of the treasury, 1892."

It is Mr. Augustus Frank, one of the eminent directors of the British Museum, who has furnished the last word in the

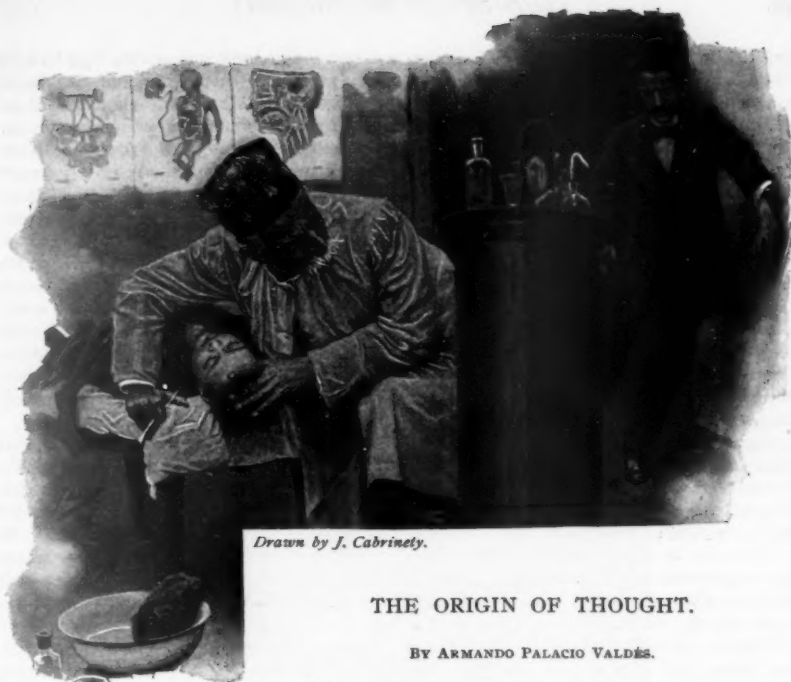
career of this fascinating object. (The reader will remember that from the character of the earlier workmanship its existence had to be located somewhere in the fourteenth century.) Mr. Frank settled the point by pointing out in an inventory of Charles VI.'s treasury, an item which—barring certain discrepancies in weight and some minor details—seems very certainly to refer to the cup of the constable.

It is undoubtedly due to French workmanship, and is a good example of the objects of art executed under the inspiration of the munificent Duc de Berry.

The only regret that the true lover of such antiquities may have, is not to see the escutcheon of France on it. The four roses, red and white,—meant to symbolize the fusion of the houses of Lancaster and York,—affixed around the stem of the cup, were substituted for this escutcheon. This act of Philistinism is attributed to Henry VIII., for, often, in his desire to rival his sumptuous neighbor, Francis I., he had new devices, or the arms of England, added on plate and jewelry, to make room for which portions of the original designs were effaced.



ANCIENT CASKET IN WHICH THE CUP WAS KEPT
BY BARON PICHON



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

THE ORIGIN OF THOUGHT.

BY ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

XVIII.

DON Pantaleón was in that state of fever which usually precedes great discoveries. He did not eat, he did not sleep, he took no rest. He passed but few hours in his laboratory. His preparations and his microscope had already told him all they had to say. His mind roamed freely in search of the mysterious origin, hoping for a fortunate accident like those which have often revealed the secrets of Nature to men of science. He wandered for hours and hours through the streets, or in the environs, abstracted, hollow-eyed, uneasy, tortured by hidden longings for investigation, incomprehensible to the beings who passed him.

Nevertheless, the long, wide-skirted gabardine which the great anthropologist had worn ever since his conversion to the positive sciences, attracted the attention of the passers-by. It attracted attention especially when the wind got under its folds and blew it about. Then the illustrious physiologist assumed the appearance of a black brigantine unfurling its sails for some distant and unknown region. The

passers-by, when they made this observation, were very far from suspecting that this fugacious appearance was symbolical. For Sánchez, in the lofty spheres of scientific investigation, marched boldly toward regions never before explored.

One thing preoccupied him deeply in those days. He had read in a recently published book, that thought must be produced in the brain by means of constant explosions, transmitted from the cells by the nervous fibers. He did not believe it; furthermore, he rejected the idea indignantly. We are already aware that his theory was that of distillation. But he required to demonstrate it by irrefragable proofs, he needed to convince the world of the ineptitude of the physiologists who had preceded him. This result could be obtained only by catching the brain at work, and the result would fill men with felicity and crown him with glory.

How was he to effect this, and surprise the brain in its function? This was the petty obstacle over which the great man was stumbling. The first idea which occurred to him was very noteworthy, as were all those which sprang from this

privileged brain : to avail himself of criminals condemned to death, for an adequate experiment. With this in view, he wrote a luminous article which he sent to the *Annals of the Natural Sciences*, as his reviews, *The Organic World*, and the *Inorganic World* had not been published for some time, owing to lack of money. Unfortunately, it was not possible to insert it, either there or in the foreign review to which he sent it. The jealousy of his rivals pursued him, as has always happened in such cases. The ingenious Sánchez had known for a long time past that there existed a conspiracy of Spanish anthropologists, with ramifications at various points abroad, to destroy or evade the propagation of his investigations. Thus this new obstacle did not surprise him. In spite of his unworthy persecutors, he felt sure of attaining the goal which he had proposed to himself.

Then he thought that he might meet some generous man disposed to sacrifice his life on the altars of science. He sought him eagerly, but it was not possible to find him. Moreno, to whom he proposed indirectly and with much prudence, that he should make a hole seven millimeters in diameter in his skull, on the frontal bone, repulsed the proposition in the most indignant manner, and showed himself so rarely thereafter that he hardly ever got a sight of him.

Then the ingenious Sánchez, devoured by this scientific passion, eagerly longing to examine into this great mystery, and fearing, with good reason, that if any other learned man, at home or abroad, got wind of his discovery, he would steal a march on him, in an ecstasy of admirable heroism, determined to execute the experiment on himself. He did not conceal from himself the fact that he ran a serious risk of dying ; but, in case this happened, humanity would lose none of the data which he had acquired by his great discovery. He wrote beforehand a long memoir, in which he noted them down with all clearness. At last the moment arrived. He shut himself up in his laboratory, and placed himself in front of a mirror, with the necessary instruments within reach. And, taking the fatal auger, he began to pierce his forehead. The great quantity of blood which spurted out blinded him. In vain did he wipe

it away once, and again : he had to keep his eyes shut, which rendered the operation useless. Moreover, when the auger touched the bone, the pain became unbearable. He was on the point of losing his senses. He suspended the experiment and decided that it would be better to have some one else perform it. But in that case it would not be he who would discover the mysterious origin of thought, but the operator. Nothing could be revealed on his account. Moreover, the operation would have to be performed under the influence of chloroform : he was sure of that. Once chloroformed, his mental faculties would be suspended. Of what use, then, would the hole be ?

He put a piece of sticking-plaster on the wound, bound up his brow with a handkerchief, and dropped into an easy chair. Sadness and discouragement took possession of this illustrious man. He must renounce the glory of that grand discovery which was to have resolved, once for all, all doubts, which would forever confound the senseless aspirations of the idealists and metaphysicians. Perhaps, oh woe ! not much time would elapse before some other learned man would have the good fortune to find some one who could be induced voluntarily to exhibit his brain ; and then the name of that learned man would shine eternally athwart the ages, while his would remain forever buried in oblivion.

The voice of his grandson, Mario, sweet as a bird's, roused him from the painful lethargy in which he lay. Little Mario was accustomed to mount to the garret and interrupt him in his long and profound labors. The arrival of the child rested the physiologist. He would kiss him, entertain him for a few moments by chatting with him, and when it seemed to him that he had stolen too much time from study of the gray substance, he would push him towards the door, and say :

"Run away, little one ; go down stairs to your grandmamma, for I must not waste a minute."

He allowed him to come to his knees, and caressed him abstractedly, passing his hand over his hair. But when his fingers touched the child's smooth brow, he suddenly stopped as if paralyzed. His large, opaque eyes flashed with strange

lightning. He sat up straight, with a brisk movement, and raised both hands to his temples, as though he feared that something grave and terrible, which ought to be kept imprisoned, were about to spring thence. He leaped from his seat and began to walk up and down the room with agitated strides. From time to time, he halted in front of the child, and fixed upon him an anxious, profound gaze.

"Grandpapa, why do you look at me so? Have I been bad, or naughty?"

"No, no, my beauty!" replied the anthropologist, changing countenance and resuming his habitual kindly smile.

He began to pace to and fro again, and then halted again in front of his grandson, and took his head between his feverish, trembling hands.

"Why are you feeling me like that, grandpapa? I have nothing on my head! I have not fallen down."

"Oh, yes! Here it is! Here it is!" exclaimed the ingenious Sánchez, with a concentrated expression of rage and pain.

"No, no! There is nothing! There really is nothing, grandpapa."

"Yes, yes! Here is the great mystery! One has only to open it and look. . . . But I cannot look; I, who have made science take such gigantic strides, find myself forced to pause before this little barrier. . . . I must fold my arms and wait with patience until another man comes along and garners the glory of the discovery. . . . And to what end have I passed the days and nights watching with my microscope the brains of so many

organisms? Is it for this that I have bought, at its weight in gold, from the hospital porters, the brain of more than one corpse?"

His excitement, as he uttered these words, was immense. His face grew red, his eyes became bloodshot, while he continued to feel the child's head with quivering hands. The child began to cry in alarm.

Don Pantaleón instantly recovered his calm, and embracing and kissing him, sent him down at once to his house.

But from that time forth he rested not. A fatal thought pursued him, tormented him without ceasing. By day it riveted itself in his brain, preventing the entrance of any other idea; by night it awakened him with a start, and caused him to pass long hours without repose, turning and twisting in his bed, feeling his



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

"YES, YES! HERE IS THE GREAT MYSTERY!"

blood boil and murmur in his veins and his brow bathed with great drops of cold sweat. What a frightful torment! On one side science, the interests of humanity, the unfading glory of the greatest conquest ever achieved by the human understanding; on the other, the instinctive affection of every animal for his progeny, traditional observances, social conventions. Oh, if he could but once tear himself away from all ridiculous preoccupations, and serenely contemplating the considerations in favor of and against each subject, decide upon the most advisable!

In a few days this ingenious man had declined visibly. His large, melancholy eyes were sunken, his nose grew sharp,

his cheeks were wrinkled, and the whole of his intelligent anthropological countenance acquired a somber hue of sorrow and decay which alarmed his family. But he would not listen to the suggestion that he was ill. He was perfectly well. His dejection arose from excess of study.

At last, as was to be expected, the interests of science prevailed over the traditional leprosy of sentimentalism. One morning, after having passed a terrible sleepless night, a night of fever and of terror, in which from all the corners of the room great, somber figures came floating to incite him to persevere in his work of regeneration, in which he heard prophetic voices which announced to him glory immortal, he flung himself violently out of bed, ready for anything. For anything!

He observed, watched, spied upon the steps of his family with surprising astuteness. Several days passed before he could put his resolve into execution, in a form which would not betray him. At last, on a certain Sunday, as he was posted at one of the portals of Mayor street, he saw his daughter's servants come out with little Mario. He followed them at a distance, to the Retiro. There, hiding himself behind the trunks of the trees, he remained in ambush for a long time. The boy passed close to him, at the end of one of his little sallies. He caught him up, kissed him, and rapidly dragged him away with him to buy him sugar plums. When he was at a good distance from the servants, he began to follow the most remote paths of the park, and through them he emerged at Atocha. Thence, taking a wide circuit to avoid the central streets, he reached his house. The little boy complained of fatigue and cried. Don Pantaleón carried him in his arms at intervals.

Before reaching his door, the physiologist left the child alone on the sidewalk, after making sure that no one was observing them, and advancing with caution, he ordered the portress to go and buy him some cigars, while he watched in her place. The woman went off to the cigar shop, which stood to the right of the house. In the meantime, he caught up the child, who was at the left, and mounted to the garret more swiftly than a deer. Charging the boy not to open his lips, he immediately descended

to the door, and there received the cigars which the portress brought him. Then, with the greatest tranquillity, he ascended again to his laboratory.

Moments of bitter felicity for the learned man! He had in his power the instrument which he so greatly craved. He was going, at last, to discover the great secret of Nature. But this grandiose discovery would cost the life, perhaps, of a being of his own blood. An irresistible agitation took possession of his brain. All the lobes must have been in excessive motion. Seized with horrible vacillation, with fear, anxiety, and compassion, he seated himself at a table, and clasped his head in his hands, while the child, completely at liberty, wandered curiously about the room, playing with the objects which were in his reach.

The ingenious Don Pantaleón emerged from his brown study to consult his watch. It was already after six o'clock. He would soon be called to dinner. There was nothing for it but to postpone the experiment, for this reason, and also because it must be made by daylight. He picked up his grandchild, and, without saying a word, carried him to a room situated under the eaves, which served as a lumber-room. When the door opened, and the child beheld that dark cavern, he drew back in affright.

"No, I won't go in there, grandpa!"

"Silence!" exclaimed the anthropologist, with a terrible look, and, at the same time, drawing from the pocket of his great coat an enormous, gleaming knife, he added: "If you say a single word, I'll cut your throat this moment!"

The child was paralyzed with terror. He made a grimace, and would speedily have burst into a scream, if the physiologist had not, with a dexterous movement, closed his mouth. At the same time, he grasped him by the body and hurled him at one dash into the lumber-room. He took from the floor a gag and cord, which he had ready prepared there; he applied the former; with the latter he tied his legs and arms, and laid him down, mouth upwards, on a bast mat, saying:

"Don't move. If you make the slightest movement there are rats here who will come and gnaw your nose."

He shut the door, extinguished the light, and went down stairs to his apart-

ments, soon afterwards seating himself at the table with his customary tranquillity. But they had barely taken their seats, when Carlota's servants arrived with the news of the child's disappearance. The household was acutely alarmed. Doña Carolina ran breathlessly to her daughter's house. Don Pantaleón found himself obliged to accompany her.

It was not possible for him to return until very late at night. He left his wife in company with Carlota, and went home, feigning indisposition. He took from the dining-room some food,—bread, milk, pastry,—and mounted cautiously to his laboratory. He went to the door of the lumber-room, unbound the child, and menacing him again with the knife, if he uttered a sound, he removed the gag. He ordered him to eat. The unhappy little creature, chilled, with swollen limbs, overwhelmed with fear, could not do it. Don Pantaleón forced some biscuits into his mouth, and made him drink several swallows of milk.

"Why did you tie me, grandpa?" said the child, at last. "I have not done anything. Take me to mamma."

Don Pantaleón stared fixedly at him. A flash of reason passed through his eyes. He drew him towards him, embraced him tenderly, and kissed him repeatedly and demonstratively. The child, encouraged, repeated:

"Take me to mamma. You have hurt me very much with the cord, grandpapa. Papa never ties me or shuts me up."

The gleam of intelligence vanished from the old man's eyes. Nothing remained but a sad expression of aberration and ferocity.

"Your papa is a frivolous being, an unbalanced man, who prefers feeling to knowing; a man who has remained behind in evolution. I cannot permit a de-

generate creature in my family, and I must kill him sooner or later with this knife."

"No! Don't kill papa!" exclaimed the child in terror, seeing his grandfather brandish the weapon with sanguinary mien.

"Silence!" cried the latter, in a hoarse voice. "The law of selection must be fulfilled. You will die also, perhaps, poor child, but your name will live eternally

united to mine in the annals of science and the gratitude of mankind."

Having said this with abruptness, he replaced the gag, dragged him to the lumber-room, tied him again, and left him as he was before, stretched out on the bast mat.

On the following day it was impossible to carry out the experiment. He was charged with so many commissions to aid in the discovery of the little boy, that he had only time to go upstairs two or three times and unbind him, to give him a little food. Moreover,

he was afraid of arousing suspicion if he retired to his laboratory for too long a time. The serenity, energy, and astuteness which he displayed in these critical circumstances were marvellous.

He accomplished nothing all day Monday or that night. The hopes of the family gradually failed. All yielded in despair to their grief, and sobbed in all the corners of the house, with the exception of the valiant Carlota, whose activity increased as hope failed. Accompanied by the commissioner and several guards, she incessantly scoured the most distant localities, in the track of some vague hint, haunting the streets, like a sorrowing mother in search of her son.

In the meantime, Doña Carolina and Presentación suffered from nervous attacks. Mario himself was obliged to have



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

"ORDERED THE PORTRESS TO GO AND BUY HIM SOME CIGARS."

recourse to antispasmodics to prevent being seized by them.

At last, Tuesday dawned. The ingenious Sánchez, feeling that he was forgotten, realized that the moment had arrived for executing his famous experiment, the more so as the condition of the child was already alarming. On one occasion, when he went to untie him, he found him unconscious. He was obliged to apply several essences to his nose, and to rub him briskly over the heart, to restore him to life.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, the anthropologist went upstairs to his laboratory, carefully shot the bolt of the door, and directed his steps to the dark loft where his grandson lay. The supreme moment had arrived. He unbound him, removed the gag, and after cheering him with words and caresses, he took him to the lighter room in the garret, and seated him on a table which he had prepared for the purpose. The state of the poor child would have aroused compassion in a wild beast. His face was haggard and as pallid as wax, his eyes wild with terror, his lips livid, his hands tremulous, the whole of his tiny body agitated by an intense trembling, and it really seemed as though he were about to draw his last breath.

He no longer spoke, no longer implored, as before. The physiologist gazed at him with an expression of surprise, as though he saw him for the first time at that moment. The light of reason began to shine again in his dull eyes. His face became very red, his lips trembled, he hid his face in his hands, and cried with a sob:

"Who was it, who? Who has put my grandson in such a state? Some of those infamous people who are persecuting me. . . . My head is on fire! Take him away, take him away from here! Don't let me see him! No! No! No, it was not I! It was a wicked physiologist who wished to experiment on him. Kill him! Kill the assassin! He has stolen my grandson! He has robbed me of my discovery. Kill him! Kill him!"

After this outburst of excitement he became calm. He gazed wildly around the room, then turned his eyes on his grandson, and his thoughtful face became serene, little by little.

"It must be! It must be!" he repeated, in a dull voice. And approaching his

grandson, he exclaimed in prophetic accents: "Rejoice, my son! The pain which you have suffered, and that which you are about to suffer, will be more fruitful than any which any man has ever experienced. With them you will purchase immortality. Your name, united to mine, will be repeated from generation to generation, through the ages to come. Neither Columbus, nor Galileo, nor Archimedes have rendered to mankind the service which you and I are about to render it."

"Give me water," said the child in a weak voice, and his little head dropped back.

Don Pantaleón raised it, but as he could not sit up, he stretched him out on the table, and went in search of water.

The fire of inspiration burned anew in the eyes of the learned man. A violent agitation shook his body. In an instant he had collected the implements which he required; he brought sponges, water, towels. After casting a profoundly scrutinizing glance at the microscope, and making sure that it was clean and ready, he bound the child to the table with a thick rope. He paused a few moments. Then, with a rapid gesture, he picked up the gag and was about to apply it.

At that moment, a very violent blow burst the bolt from the door. The door banged noisily against the wall. A strange, heartrending cry was heard; and quivering hands clutched the throat of the physiologist like a vise.

The physiologist and his son-in-law fell to the floor. There was a terrible, a furious struggle. The chairs were upset; the basin, the retorts, and the flasks fell and were shattered to atoms. The shrieks and imprecations of both men augmented the uproar of the combat. It seemed as though there were twenty men fighting in that restricted space.

Mario was not strong, but the defense of his son quintupled the vigor of his muscles. Don Pantaleón was an old man, but his state of nervous exaltation lent him portentous strength. For a few moments the struggle was indecisive. Several times one fell under the other, and as often they rose again. The shouts grew fainter. The combat became silent, ferocious, desperate. The suffering voice of the child, fastened to the table, repeated incessantly:



Drawn by
J. Cabrinety.

"THE WORKING-GIRL WAS DRESSED LIKE A LADY, IN CLOAK AND BONNET."

"Grandpapa, leave papa alone! Let papa go!"

At last, the madman began to gain the advantage. Mario's strength was dwindling. His fingers yielded; the weight and size of Don Pantaleón were stifling him. The latter finally succeeded in getting on top of him and pinioning him. "Now you are mine! You are mine!" he shouted, with bursts of ferocious laughter. "Now, I'm going to see your brain. Wait a little!"

And he pressed his knees upon the other's breast, so that the unhappy sculptor would have perished had not Miguel Rivera entered at that moment. With the latter's aid he rose, and with that of the neighbors, who ran in at the noise, he succeeded in making fast the madman, and binding him with the very rope which imprisoned the poor little child.

XIX.

Some medicaments prescribed by the doctor calmed Sánchez's terrible fit in a few hours. The straight-jacket was taken off of him. A state of serious prostration ensued; they feared for his life. But a few days later he began to improve; be-

fore long he was well, but he talked more and more foolishly. His madness assumed a peaceable aspect. He talked about everything lucidly enough, except when he touched on the subject of anthropology. The doctor, fearing, and even predicting a fresh fit of madness, advised the family to sequester him in some asylum as soon as possible. Mario, full of pity, resisted.

"Poor old man!" he said. "We shall kill him by shutting him up as a lunatic. Let the poor man alone! Who knows whether he will not continue to improve, little by little, until he is entirely well? Everything will be right if we have a couple of servants to watch him day and night."

But Carlota would not hear of this arrangement. Her healthy, well-balanced temperament repelled with profound aversion all unhealthfulness of mind. While Mario pardoned, and even forgot the martyrdom of his son, she kept it engraved in fire on her heart; she could not expel from her soul a certain rancor against her father, although he was not responsible for his deeds. Neither had Presentación pardoned him for the burns on her face. They were obliged to consider to what es-

tablishment they would send him. After many discussions it was agreed that he should be taken to a lunatic asylum at Carabanchel. In order to effect their purpose, they concocted a comedy, as is usually done in such cases. Miguel Rivera invented it. A letter was written from Carabanchel to the madman, "the most distinguished anthropologist now known to civilized Europe," informing him of the existence of a certain individual whose vital functions presented some contradictory anomalies, with strange zoölogical characteristics which no physiologist had been able, up to that time, to decipher. There was a description, and a decidedly comical one, of these anomalies, and he, the great anatomist, great paleontologist, great embryologist, was invited to come and examine the man and give his opinion.

No sooner had the ingenious Sánchez read the letter than he communicated to his family his intention to go to Carabanchel that very evening. His decision was applauded; the means were provided for him. Timoteo went out to hire a carriage for him. He and Mario cheerfully offered to accompany him, and their wives did the same. Miguel Rivera, who chanced to be there, wished to be of the party also.

At three o'clock in the afternoon all set out, in a family coach, from Ramales street, already celebrated all over the globe, in the direction of the Toledo gate. The day was clear and calm. The carriage rattled merrily over the pavement of the streets. The great physiologist was in an excellent humor, and talked of his famous discovery to Rivera, who assented to his disquisitions with lively movements of the head.

Just after they had emerged from the city and begun to roll along the highway, they had a pleasant encounter. Don Laureano Romadonga was walking in the same direction in company with his lady-love; a nurse walked in front of them, carrying a child. The working-girl was dressed like a lady, in cloak and bonnet: they became her very well. At Rivera's suggestion, they all put their heads out of the windows as they passed beside him, and shouted:

"Farewell, Don Laureano! Farewell!"

The old Lovelace saluted them with visible annoyance; the girl riveted on them an inquisitorial aggressive gaze, and made

not the slightest inclination of the head.

"But is that man married?" asked Presentación.

"I don't know," replied Miguel, laughing. "They say so. At last he has met what he craves: an energetic woman. I believe that she gives him a sound thrashing, which makes him young again."

"How horrible!" exclaimed the young woman, in amazement.

"It seems false!"

"False? Take a good look at her."

The girl never took her eyes from the carriage, and her expression was so savage and scornful that they fascinated like the eyes of a panther.

"In truth, she must be very domineering," remarked Carlota.

"She's got the whip hand of him," replied Rivera. "Just what that cynic, who has passed his life in mocking at all laws, human and divine, needed."

At last they reached the insane asylum. Carlota and Presentación remained at the door, making desperate efforts to conceal their emotion. The three men went upstairs with the physiologist, under the pretext of assisting at the examination of the curious case of atavism. The director received them very courteously. Don Pantaleón allowed him to conduct him to another room to hold a private conference about the organic anomalies of the being whom he was about to show him. Half an hour elapsed. At the end of it the chief reappeared.

"The matter is arranged now. You can go whenever you like."

"Did he offer any resistance?" asked Rivera.

"Absolutely none. He is quietly expecting that the individual in question will be shown to him to-morrow. . . . It cannot be done to-day," he added smiling,—"the man is asleep."

All three were silent and sad. At last Mario inquired timidly:

"Would it be possible for us to see him without his seeing us, before we go?"

"There is no objection. He is in the garden just at present. Come this way."

He conducted them through various rooms and corridors to a small door. He opened a pane in it, and asked them to look out. Timoteo looked first, then Rivera; Mario came last. The ingenious Don Pantaleón was seated on one of the

stone benches in the garden, surrounded by six or eight individuals. He was talking, accompanying his remarks with grave and persuasive gestures. Although they could not hear what he was saying, they rightly assumed that he was discoursing upon some interesting anthropological problem.

At last they withdrew in silence. All were serious. Mario's face in particular expressed profound sadness, an emotion which he sought in vain to conceal. After walking several paces in the corridor, he turned back to take another look through the pane. It was with difficulty that he tore himself from that spot where compassion had riveted him.

When they came out, they did not find Carlota and Presentación at the door. The coachman told them that the two ladies had gone weeping away along the road to the left. They were not far off. In fact, they had gone only a few steps when they perceived them in the distance, in the middle of a field. Their elegant figures stood out against the light background of the sky with lines much foreshortened. Both raised their handkerchiefs frequently to their eyes.

The men joined them, and without uttering a word they all returned to the carriage. They walked in silence and with drooping heads. Carlota, approaching Rivera, asked him, at last, in a low and trembling voice:

"Did he resist?"

"Not at all. He is well contented. Be at ease. The director assured us that it would not be long before he returned home cured."

Mario had lingered behind, and was gazing abstractedly at the sunset. The sky was blue. Its depths spread, cloudless, overhead. But the north wind had piled up far away on the horizon floating mountains of fiery clouds, forming fantastic cities, whose spires and domes gleamed tremulously through an azure gauze. The earth extended bare and arid around them.

The celestial vault gleamed like an immense lighthouse of golden lights, sublime, infinite, encircling the worlds which people its abysses and profound solitudes. A few bluish stars were lighting their fires timidly in the edges of the east. The blood-hued eye of the sun gazed severely on them from the west.

The sun was setting in a sea of purple,



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

"THEY PERCEIVED THEM IN THE DISTANCE, IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD."

over a floating and blazing vapor, exhaling the flames of love and of repose. It balanced majestically over the resplendent clouds, with infinite melancholy, listening to the grave and sublime harmonies which never reach the ear of any mortal. The crimson mantle of evening, studded with stars, fell from the depths of the firmament.

In the presence of the glorious splendor of this event, Mario remained motionless with surprise and admiration. There was nothing but light in the landscape, but the light sufficed to fill the sky and the plain with colors and forms. Far away in the distance, the towers of Madrid quivered in an azure vapor beneath the fantastic floating city of the clouds.

Night came on. Oh, that one could rove through the air among the breezes and the rays of light! The young artist felt an intense emotion, which enraptured his soul, and held him suspended in a paradise of immortal brightness and joy. "Oh, if I could only be one of those clouds of gold!" he said to himself, "to cleave with my wings the azure abyss, to float in the bright rose hue of evening, and scatter fresh dew over the sleeping flowers! Oh, that I might fly on the waves of air to the throne of the sun, and inhabit the palace of the night, that knows no clouds! The thorns of life wound my flesh; the cold of life freezes my heart. Glorious sun, take me with thee, take me above the mountains and

the waves, over the verdant plains and the foam of ocean; take me far from the sad dream of existence to repose beneath thy canopy woven of stars! I have seen my innocent son suffer horrible tortures. I have seen the unfortunate man who remains behind here, inflict martyrdom on himself through a fatal impulse. My spirit bleeds and comprehends nothing. Glorious sun, bear me away with thee; conduct me to the temple of infinite Truth and Goodness; to the dwelling of that Power in whose divine bosom all contradictions are reconciled, all sorrows quenched! I wish to see those pure stars which thou hidest with thy presence from this miserable earth, chained to its ferocious egotism, to its sadness and darkness. . . ."

A shiver of longing shook the body of the sculptor. His face appeared illuminated by an immortal light; his nerves dilated with emotion; in his ecstatic eyes, fixed on the heavens, a tear trembled.

"What are you doing there, Mario?" asked Carlota, looking back.

Rivera turned also, and on seeing the artist's contemplative attitude, and the strange, mystical expression of his eyes, he understood what was passing in his soul.

"Leave him alone," he said gravely. "Perhaps your husband knows at this moment where the origin of thought is to be found."

"No, God forbid!" exclaimed the faithful wife, running to him in alarm.

[THE END.]

GREATER THAN ART.

BY MAUDIE ANDREWS.

What? I the greater of we twain, dear heart?
The higher in soul-sense, the finer clay,
Because, forsooth, I have been shown the way
To voice my thoughts through an immortal art,
While thou hast sought the simpler, sterner part
Of life? Ah! No, beloved, a thousand ways
Thou dost out-measure me in breadth and height;
The perfect music of thy pure-souled days
Soars high above the sonnets that I write.
You live the thoughts I feel; my dreams divine
Are quiet human purposes of thine.

LETTERS OF AN ALTRURIAN TRAVELLER.

BY W. D. HOWELLS

AN ALTRUISTIC PLUTOCRAT.

X.

New York, December 16, 1893.

My dear Cyril :

The talk at Mrs. Strange's table took a far wider range than my meager notes would intimate, and we sat so long that it was almost eleven before the men joined the ladies in the drawing-room. You will hardly conceive of remaining two, three, or four hours at dinner, as one often does here, in society. Out of society, the meals are dispatched with a rapidity unknown to the Altrurians. Our habit of listening to the lecturers, especially at the evening repast, and then of reasoning upon what we have heard, prolongs our stay at the board ; but the fondest listener, the greatest talker among us, would be impatient of the delay eked out here by the great number, and the slow procession of the courses served. Yet the poorest American would find his ideal realized rather in the long-drawn-out gluttony of the society dinner here, than in our temperate simplicity.

At such a dinner it is very hard to avoid a surfeit, and I have to guard myself very carefully, lest, in the excitement of the talk, I gorge myself with everything, in its turn. Even at the best, my overloaded stomach often joins with my conscience in reproaching me for what you would think a shameful excess at table. Yet, wicked as my riot is, my waste is worse, and I have to think with contrition, not only of what I have eaten, but of what I have left uneaten, in a city where so many wake and sleep in hunger.

The ladies made a show of lingering, after we joined them in the drawing-room ; but there were furtive glances at the clock, and presently her guests began to bid Mrs. Strange good-night. When I came up, and offered her my hand, she would not take it, but murmured, with a kind of passion : " Don't go ! I mean it ! Stay, and tell us about Altruria, — my mother and me ! "

I was by no means loth, for I must confess that all I had seen and heard of this lady interested me in her more and more. I felt at home with her, too, as with no other society woman I have met ; she seemed to me not only good, but very sincere, and very good-hearted, in spite of the world she lived in. Yet I have met so many disappointments here, of the kind that our civilization wholly fails to prepare us for, that I should not have been surprised to find that Mrs. Strange had wished me to stay, not that she might hear me talk about Altruria, but that I might hear her talk about herself. You must understand that the essential vice of a system which concentrates a human being's thoughts upon his own interests, from the first moment of responsibility, colors and qualifies every motive with egotism. All egotists are unconscious, for otherwise they would be intolerable to themselves ; but some are subtler than others ; and as most women have finer natures than most men, everywhere, and in America most women have finer minds than most men, their egotism usually takes the form of pose. This is often obvious, but in some cases it is so delicately managed that you do not suspect it, unless some other woman gives you a hint of it, and even then you cannot be sure of it, seeing the self-sacrifice, almost to martyrdom, which the poseuse makes for it. If Mrs. Makely had not suggested that some people attributed a pose to Mrs. Strange, I should certainly never have dreamed of looking for it, and I should have been only intensely interested, when she began, as soon as I was left alone with her and her mother :

" You may not know how unusual I am in asking this favor of you, Mr. Homos ; but you might as well learn from me as from others, that I am rather unusual in everything. In fact, you can report in Altruria, when you get home, that you found at least one woman in America, whom fortune had smiled upon in every

way, and who hated her smiling fortune almost as much as she hated herself. I'm quite satisfied," she went on, with a sad mockery, "that fortune is a man, and an American; when he has given you all the materials for having a good time, he believes that you must be happy, because there is nothing to hinder. It isn't that I want to be happy in the greedy way that men think we do, for then I could easily be happy. If you have a soul which is not above buttons, buttons are enough. But if you expect to be of real use, to help on, and to help out, you will be disappointed. I have not the faith that they say upholds you Altrurians in trying to help out, if I didn't see my way out. It seems to me that my reason has some right to satisfaction, and that, if I am a woman grown, I can't be satisfied with the assurances they would give to little girls, that everything is going on well. Any one can see that things are not going on well. There is more and more wretchedness of every kind, not hunger of body alone, but hunger of soul. If you escape one, you suffer the other, because, if you *have* a soul, you must long to help, not for a time, but for all time. I suppose," she asked, abruptly, "that Mrs. Makely has told you something about me?"

"Something," I admitted.

"I ask," she went on, "because I don't want to bore you with a statement of my case, if you know it already. Ever since I heard you were in New York, I have wished to see you, and to talk with you about Altruria; I did not suppose that there would be any chance at Mrs. Makely's, and there wasn't; and I did not suppose there would be any chance here, unless I could take courage to do what I have done, now. You must excuse it, if it seems as extraordinary a proceeding to you as it really is; I wouldn't at all have you think it is usual for a lady to ask one of her guests to stay after the rest, in order, if you please, to confess herself to him. It's a crime without a name."

She laughed, not gaily, but humorously, and then went on, speaking always with a feverish eagerness, which I find it hard to give you a sense of, for the women here have an intensity quite beyond our experience of the sex at home:

"But you are a foreigner, and you come

from an order of things so utterly unlike ours, that perhaps you will be able to condone my offense. At any rate, I have risked it." She laughed again, more gaily, and recovered herself in a cheerfulness and easier mood. "Well, the long and the short of it is, that I have come to the end of my tether. I have tried, as truly as I believe any woman ever did, to do my share, with money and with work, to help make life better for those whose life is bad, and though one mustn't boast of good works, I may say that I have been pretty thorough, and if I've given up, it's because I see, in our state of things, *no* hope of curing the evil. It's like trying to soak up the drops of a rainstorm. You do dry a drop here and there; but the clouds are full of them, and the first thing you know, you stand, with your blotting-paper in your hand, in a puddle over your shoe-top. There is nothing but charity, and charity is a failure, except for the moment. If you think of the misery around you, and that must remain around you, forever and ever, as long as you live, you have your choice—to go mad, and be put into an asylum, or go mad, and devote yourself to society."

While Mrs. Strange talked on, her mother listened quietly, with a dim, submissive smile, and her hands placidly crossed in her lap. She now said:

"It seems to be very different now from what it was in my time. There are certainly a great many beggars, and we used never to have one. Children grew up, and people lived and died, in large towns, without ever seeing one. I remember, when my husband first took me abroad, how astonished we were at the beggars. Now, I meet as many in New York, as I met in London, or in Rome. But if you don't do charity, what can you do? Christ enjoined it, and Paul said—"

"Oh, people *never* do the charity that Christ meant," said Mrs. Strange; "and, as things are now, how *could* they? Who would dream of dividing half her frocks and wraps with poor women, or selling *all*, and giving to the poor? That is what makes it so hopeless. We *know* that Christ was perfectly right, and that he was perfectly sincere in what he said to the good young millionaire; but we all go away exceeding sorrowful, just as the good young millionaire did. We have to,

if we don't want to come on charity ourselves. How do *you* manage about that?" she asked me; and then she added, "But, of course, I forgot that you have no need of charity."

"Oh, yes, we have," I returned; and I tried, once more, as I have tried so often with Americans, to explain how the heavenly need of giving the self continues with us, but on terms that do not harrow the conscience of the giver, as self-sacrifice always must here, at its purest and noblest. I sought to make her conceive of our nation as a family, where every one was secured against want by the common provision, and against the degrading and depraving inequality which comes from want. The "dead-level of equality" is what the Americans call the condition in which all would be as the angels of God, and they blasphemously deny that He ever meant His creatures to be alike happy, because some, through a long succession of unfair advantages, have inherited more brain, or brawn, or beauty, than others. I found that this gross and impious notion of God darkened even the clear intelligence of a woman like Mrs. Strange; and, indeed, it prevails here so commonly, that it is one of the first things advanced as an argument against the Altrurianization of America.

I believe I did, at last, succeed in showing her how charity still continues among us, but in forms that bring neither a sense of inferiority to him who takes, nor anxiety to him who gives. I said that benevolence here often seemed to involve, essentially, some such risk as a man should run if he parted with a portion of the vital air which belonged to himself and his family, in succoring a fellow-being from suffocation; but that with us, where it was no more possible for one to deprive himself of his share of the common food, shelter, and clothing, than of the air he breathed, one could devote one's self utterly to others, without that foul alloy of fear, which I thought must basely qualify every good deed in plutocratic conditions.

She said that she knew what I meant, and that I was quite right in my conjecture, as regarded men, at least; a man who did not stop to think what the effect, upon himself and his own, his giving must have, would be a fool or a mad-

man; but women could often give as recklessly as they spent, without any thought of consequences, for they did not know how money came.

"Women," I said, "are exterior to your conditions, and they can sacrifice themselves without wronging any one."

"Or, rather," she continued, "without the sense of wronging any one. Our men like to keep us in that innocence, or ignorance; they think it is pretty, or they think it is funny; and as long as a girl is in her father's house, or a wife is in her husband's, she knows no more of money-earning, or money-making, than a child. Most grown women, among us, if they had a sum of money in the bank, would not know how to get it out. They would not know how to endorse a check, much less draw one. But there are plenty of women who are inside the conditions, as much as men are: poor women who have to earn their bread, and rich women who have to manage their property. I can't speak for the poor women; but I can speak for the rich, and I can confess for them that what you imagine is true. The taint of unfaith and distrust is on every dollar that you dole out, so that, as far as the charity of the rich is concerned, I would read Shakespeare:

"It curseth him that gives, and him that takes."

"Perhaps that is why the rich give comparatively so little! The poor can never understand how much the rich value their money, how much the owner of a great fortune dreads to see it less! If it were not so, they would surely give more than they do; for a man who has ten millions could give eight of them, without feeling the loss; the man with a hundred could give ninety, and be no nearer want. Ah, it's a strange mystery! My poor husband and I used to talk of it a great deal, in the long year that he lay dying; and I think I hate my superfluity the more because I know he hated it so much."

A little trouble had stolen into her impassioned tones, and there was a gleam, as of tears, in the eyes she dropped for a moment. They were shining still, when she lifted them again to mine.

"I suppose," she said, "that Mrs. Makely told you something of my marriage?"

"Eveleth!" her mother protested, with a gentle murmur.

"Oh, I think I can be frank with Mr. Homos! He is not an American, and he will understand, or, at least, he will not misunderstand. Besides, I dare say I shall not say anything worse than Mrs. Makely has said already! My husband was much older than I, and I ought not to have married him; a young girl ought never to marry an old man, or even a man who is only a good many years her senior. But we both faithfully tried to make the best of our mistake, not the worst, and I think this effort helped us to respect each other, when there couldn't be any question of more. He was a rich man, and he had made his money out of nothing, or, at least, from a beginning of utter poverty. But in his last years he came to a sense of its worthlessness, such as few men who have made their money ever have. He was a common man, in a great many ways; he was imperfectly educated, and he was ungrammatical, and he never was at home in society; but he had a tender heart, and an honest nature, and I revere his memory, as no one would believe I could without knowing him as I did. His money became a burden and a terror to him; he did not know what to do with it, and he was always morbidly afraid of doing harm with it; he got to thinking that money was an evil in itself."

"That is what we think," I ventured.

"Yes, I know. But he had thought this out for himself, and yet he had times when his thinking about it seemed to him a kind of craze, and, at any rate, he distrusted himself so much that he died leaving it all to me. I suppose he thought that, perhaps, I could learn how to give it without hurting; and then he knew that, in our state of things, I must have some money to keep the wolf from the door. And I am afraid to part with it, too. I have given, and given; but there seems some evil spell on the principal, that guards it from encroachment, so that it remains the same, and, if I do not watch, the interest grows in the bank, with that frightful life dead money seems endowed with, as the hair of dead people grows in the grave."

"Eveleth!" her mother murmured again.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I dare say my words are wild. I dare say they only mean that I loathe my luxury from the bottom of my soul, and long to be rid of it, if I only could, without harm to others, and with safety to myself."

It seemed to me that I became suddenly sensible to this luxury for the first time. I had certainly been aware that I was in a large and stately house, and that I had been served and banquetted with a princely pride and profusion. But there had, somehow, been through all a sort of simplicity, a sort of retrusive quiet, so that I had not thought of the establishment, and its operation, even so much as I had thought of Mrs. Makely's far inferior scale of living; or, else, what with my going about so much in society, I was ceasing to be so keenly observant of the material facts as I had been at first. But I was better qualified to judge of what I saw, and I had now a vivid sense of the costliness of Mrs. Strange's environment. There were thousands of dollars in the carpets underfoot; there were tens of thousands in the pictures on the walls. In a bronze group that withdrew itself into a certain niche, with a faint reluctance, there was the value of a skilled artisan's wage for five years of hard work; in the bindings of the books that showed from the library shelves, there was almost as much money as most of the authors had got for writing them. Every fixture, every movable, was an artistic masterpiece; a fortune, as fortunes used to be counted even in this land of affluence, had been lavished in the mere furnishing of a house which the palaces of nobles and princes of other times had contributed to embellish.

"My husband," Mrs. Strange went on, "bought this house for me, and let me furnish it after my own fancy. After it was all done, we neither of us liked it, and when he died, I felt as if he had left me in a tomb here."

"Eveleth," said her mother, "you ought not to speak so before Mr. Homos. He will not know what to think of you, and he will go back to Altruria with a very wrong idea of American women."

At this protest, Mrs. Strange seemed to recover herself a little. "Yes," she said, "you must excuse me. I have no right to speak so. But one is often much franker with foreigners than with one's

own kind, and, besides, there is something—I don't know what!—that will not let me keep the truth from you."

She gazed at me entreatingly, and then, as if some strong emotion swept her from her own hold, she broke out:

"He thought he would make some sort of atonement to me, as if I owed none to him! His money was all he had to do it with, and he spent that upon me in every way he could think of, though he knew that money could not buy anything that was really good, and that, if it bought anything beautiful, it uglified it with the sense of cost, to every one who could value it in dollars and cents. He was a good man, far better than people ever imagined, and very simple-hearted and honest, like a child, in his contrition for his wealth, which he did not dare to get rid of; and though I know that, if he were to come back, it would be just as it was, his memory is as dear to me as if—"

She stopped, and pressed in her lip with her teeth, to stay its tremor. I was painfully affected. I knew that she had never meant to be so open with me, and was shocked and frightened at herself. I was sorry for her, and yet I was glad, for it seemed to me that she had given me a glimpse, not only of the truth in her own heart, but of the truth in the hearts of a whole order of prosperous people in these lamentable conditions, whom I shall hereafter be able to judge more leniently, more justly.

I began to speak of Altruria, as if that were what our talk had been leading up to, and she showed herself more intelligently interested concerning us, than any one I have yet seen in this country. We appeared, I found, neither incredible nor preposterous to her; our life, in her eyes, had that beauty of right living which the Americans so feebly imagine, or imagine not at all. She asked what route I had come by to America, and she seemed disappointed and aggrieved that we placed the restrictions we have felt necessary upon visitors from the plutocratic world. Were we afraid, she asked, that they would corrupt our citizens, or mar our content with

our institutions? She seemed scarcely satisfied when I explained, as I have explained so often here, that the measures we had taken were taken rather in the interest of the plutocratic world, than of the Altrurians; and alleged the fact that no visitor from the outside had ever been willing to go home again, as sufficient proof that we had nothing to fear from the spread of plutocratic ideals among us. I assured her, and this she easily imagined, that the better known these became, the worse they appeared to us; and that the only concern our Priors felt, in regard to them, was that our youth could not conceive of them in all their enormity, but, in meeting plutocratic people, and seeing how estimable they often were, they would attribute to their conditions the inherent good of human nature. I said that our own life was so logical, so directly reasoned from its economic and political premises, that they could hardly believe the plutocratic life was often an absolute *non sequitur* of the plutocratic premises. I confessed that this error was at the bottom of my own wish to visit America, and study those premises for myself.

"And what has your conclusion been?" she said, leaning eagerly toward me, across the table between us, laden with the maps and charts we had been examining for the verification of the position of Altruria, and my own course here, by way of England.

I heard a slight sigh escape Mrs. Gray, which I interpreted as an expression of the fatigue she might well feel, for it was already past twelve o'clock; and I made it the pretext for an instant escape.

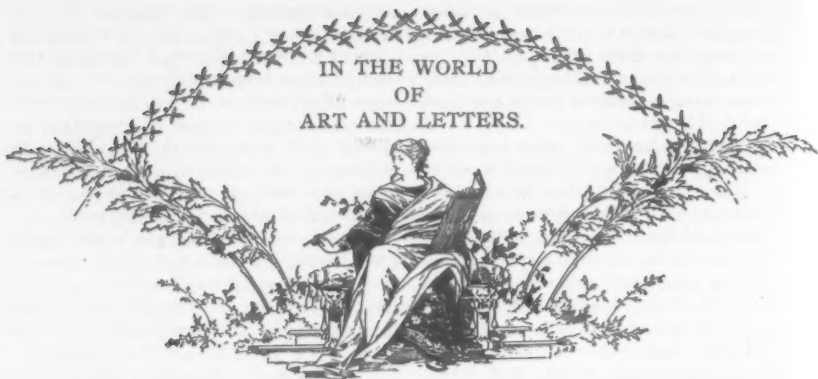
"You have seen the meaning and purport of Altruria so clearly," I said, "that I think I can safely leave you to guess the answer to that question."

She laughed, and did not try to detain me, now, when I offered my hand for good-night. I fancied her mother took leave of me coldly, and with a certain effect of inculcation.

A. HOMOS.

[To be concluded in the September issue.]





IBSEN'S "A Doll's House" has just been played at the Vaudeville. Mlle. Réjane had Nora's part. In Paris she is very popular; we consider her one of our best actresses. Really, she is altogether superior only in Meilhac's comedies; but as she is a charming woman, as she displays, even in the parts that are not her best, a very real talent, as she is just now the fashion, and as one likes to praise her, were it only to plague the Comédie Française, that has not admitted her to its ranks, every part that she interprets at once excites the curiosity of the Parisians, and is sure of a run. Consequently, for her sake, and because of the wonderful way she dances the Neapolitan tarantella, "A Doll's House" is having a great success. Let me add that, of all the works of the Scandinavian dramatist that have been presented here, "A Doll's House" is, setting the dénouement aside, the easiest to understand, the one that comes nearest to our own drama.

This representation has carried to its height the favor enjoyed among us by Ibsen's works. In Paris, as you know, things go by vogue. To-day it is not admissible not to admire Ibsen. One is bound to go into ecstasies over the least of his productions. In certain circles you are considered a perfect imbecile unless you are an extreme, uncompromising, furious Ibsenite. I know several worthy people who, frightened by all this uproar, declare themselves to be ardent Ibsenites, though they have not read a line of Ibsen's. Don't blame them! They wish to be "in the swim," or, according to Daudet's expression, "in circulation;" they are determined not to be left. Of course, in this conduct of theirs there is some snobishness,—I am disposed to think there is a good deal of it.

Observe, please, that these are precisely the fiercest; they are the ones to throw in your face, if you make a show of not agreeing with them, the epithets of "belated," "tardigrade," and if you happen, like myself, not to be exactly slender in the waist, they add, with special gusto, that of "pachyderm." Of course, after "pachyderm" nothing more can be said.

I blush at confessing it—"pachyderm" is the name by which I am known among those gentlemen. I cannot help it. I am too old now not to maintain my opinion, when I happen to have one, most resolutely. And I happen to have one concerning Ibsen, or, at any rate, the dramas of his that have been given here. For, in matters theatrical, what I have merely read does not count. I hold to the view of our fathers, who said of a play that, before passing any judgment upon it, you must see it "by the footlights."

My objection to Ibsen's dramas is very simple. It is impossible for me to admire what I do not thoroughly understand, and I do not understand him. I have to grope my way through dramas which are, so it seems, quite luminous to other minds. It really is not my fault; I assure you that I bring to the task all desirable good will. I do not consider myself possessed of superior penetration; but, after all, I have my whole life long busied myself with theatrical matters; I have seen nearly all that has

been done, not only in France, but in other lands also; in my own country I have the reputation of having a pretty sound critical sense, of being endowed with clear mental vision. How, then, is it that I cannot reach to the complete understanding of that which to so many other critics seems wonderfully easy? It really humiliates me.

For you can have no idea how ready are those others to interpret Ibsen. There is no lack of explanations! Each one has his own. I have counted five, all different, but all equally excellent, of the dénouement of "A Doll's House." Five torches for one bit of a play—and I understand no better than before. Is it not vexing?

I am reminded of a conversation between the famous Berlin impresario Blumenthal, and Tolstoï. The manager was saying to the novelist that he had produced most of Ibsen's works, without understanding them. "Well," answered Tolstoï, "do you think that Ibsen understands them any better? He writes them first, and depends upon the commentaries of interpreters to explain to himself what he was aiming at."

Of course, this is only a joke. Still, it may contain some truth. Ibsen's is an effervescent mind; he does not always apprehend what ideas are seething in his brain; they flow headlong, and at haphazard, on his paper. He needs to have them made clear to himself.

As to this, I may refer to the study that one of the foremost Norwegian critics has published on Ibsen's dramas. According to M. Hansen, people in Denmark and Norway are amazed at the infatuation felt for him among us. In Scandinavia they simply laugh at his productions. But, then, no prophet is in honor in his own country.

"One might think," writes our critic, with a vein of raillery, "that Ibsen's dramas were written for Germans, who, it is well known, are studious people, and not afraid of difficulties. For ten years, Ibsen has not published a single social drama in which they have not discovered incomparable vigor and poetry."

Scarcely respectful, this, to his illustrious countryman! But it reconciles me to myself. If the Danes find Ibsen obscure, and laugh at his pretended profundity, I, poor Latin, without a spark of Scandinavianism, and a lover of clear sunlight, may claim the right not to delight in the fogs of his imagination, and to think of them as do his own countrymen.

Has Ibsen been brought over to you? Be sure he will come, and you will have some fun!

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

* * *

ON vient de nous jouer au Vaudeville "La Maison de Poupée" d'Henrick Ibsen, le poëte Scandinave. C'est Mlle. Réjane qui était chargée du rôle de Nora. Nous aimons beaucoup à Paris Mlle. Réjane, qui est une de nos meilleures comédiennes. Elle n'est vraiment supérieure que dans les comédies d'Henri Meilhac; mais comme c'est une femme charmante, comme elle déploie même dans les pièces où elle n'est pas de premier ordre un talent réel; comme elle est à la mode et qu'on est ravi de la louer, ne fût-ce que pour faire niche à la Comédie Française, qui ne lui a pas ouvert ses portes, il n'y a point d'ouvrage qui, interprété par elle, ne pique aussitôt la curiosité des Parisiens et n'excite une sorte d'engouement. Aussi a-t-on fait, surtout à cause d'elle et de la façon dont elle y danse une tarantelle Napolitaine, un grand succès à "La Maison de Poupée." Il faut dire aussi que de toutes les œuvres du maître scandinave qu'on nous a représentées ici, "La Maison de Poupée" est encore, dénouement à part, la plus facile à comprendre, celle qui se rapproche le plus de notre théâtre.

Cette représentation a donc porté à son comble la vogue dont jouit en ce moment chez nous le théâtre d'Ibsen. Vous savez qu'à Paris tout est affaire de mode. Il n'est plus permis de ne pas admirer Ibsen, de ne pas s'extasier sur la moindre de ses productions. Dans certains milieux on passe à cette heure pour le dernier des crétins et des ramollis, si l'on n'est pas Ibsénien exalté, intransigeant, farouche; si l'on n'aborde pas sur son chapeau, en guise de cocarde, cette prestigieuse épithète d'Ibsénien. Je connais nombre de braves gens qui, intimidés par tout ce bruit, se déclarent Ibséniens sans avoir jamais lu une ligne d'Ibsen. Que voulez-vous? Ils tiennent à être dans le train, comme on dit, ou si vous préférez le mot lancé par Alphonse Daudet, dans la circulation, ils tiennent à être dans le dernier bateau. Il y a un peu de snobisme dans leur affaire. Il y en a même beaucoup. Notez, s'il vous plaît, que ce sont précisément les plus enragés; ceux qui vous jettent de meilleur cœur à la tête, si vous faites seulement mine de n'être de leur avis, les épithètes de gâteux, d'arriérés, de tardigrades, et quand ils s'adressent à de pauvres diables qui, comme moi, n'ont pas l'avantage d'être sveltes, ils y ajoutent celle de Pachyderme. Oh! dame! après Pachyderme, il faut tirer l'échelle.

Je rougis de le dire: Pachyderme est mon nom dans le camp des Ibséniens. Je n'y puis qu'y faire. Je suis trop vieux aujourd'hui pour n'être pas résolument de mon avis, quand par hasard j'en ai un. Et il se trouve que j'en ai un sur Henrick Ibsen, ou tout au moins sur les pièces qu'on nous a jouées de lui. Car en fait de théâtre, ce que je n'ai fait que lire en volume ne compte pas pour moi. Je tiens pour l'opinion de nos pères qui disaient d'une pièce de théâtre qu'avant d'en porter un jugement quelconque, il fallait la voir aux chandelles.

Mon objection aux œuvres dramatiques d'Ibsen est fort simple. Il m'est impossible d'admirer ce que je ne comprends pas très-bien, et je n'y comprends pas grand chose. Je marche à tâtons dans ces pièces qui sont, à ce qu'il paraît, si lumineuses pour d'autres intelligences. Ce n'est pas ma faute: je vous jure que j'y apporte toute la bonne foi désirable. Je ne me crois pas doué d'une pénétration supérieure; mais enfin je me suis toute ma vie occupé de théâtre, j'ai vu ou lu presque tout ce qui s'est produit dans ce genre, non seule-

ment en France, mais même à l'étranger ; je passe en mon pays pour avoir un sens critique assez juste, pour avoir surtout un esprit clair. Comment ne puis-je arriver à la pleine intelligence d'un texte où tant d'autres se jouent avec une aisance et une facilité merveilleuses. Il y a de quoi être humilié.

Car eux, les autres, non, mais vous ne vous doutez pas comme ils sont prompts à expliquer Ibsen. Des explications ! Ils n'en chôment pas. Chacun a la sienne. J'en ai compté cinq, qui sont fort différentes l'une de l'autre, mais qui n'en sont pas moins toutes bonnes, du dévouement de "La Maison de Poupée." Cinq flambeaux pour un coin de la pièce, et je n'y voyais pas plus clair. Avouez que c'était du guignon.

Et je me rappelais une conversation que l'on me contaît du célèbre impresario Blumenthal avec Tolstoï. Le directeur avait au romancier qu'il avait monté la plupart des ouvrages d'Henrick Ibsen, sans les bien comprendre.

— Eh ! lui répondit Tolstoï, croyez-vous qu'Ibsen les comprenne d'avantage ? Il commence par les écrire ; et il compte sur les commentaires des exégètes pour lui expliquer à lui-même ce qu'il a voulu dire.

Ce n'est qu'une boutade plaisante. Il pourrait se faire qu'il s'y trouvât du vrai. Henrick Ibsen est un esprit fumeux qui ne se rend pas compte des idées qui bouillonnent dans son cerveau ; elles se pressent en tumulte et au hasard sur son papier. Il a besoin qu'on les lui éclaircisse.

Au reste, si je m'en rapporte à l'étude qu'un des premiers critiques de la Norvège, M. Hansen, a fait du théâtre d'Ibsen, on s'étonnerait fort en Danemark et en Norvège de l'engouement que nous témoignons pour lui. Les Scandinaves s'esclaffent de rire à ses pièces ; nul n'est prophète en son pays, dit le proverbe.

— "On dirait," écrit Hansen sur un mode railleur, "que les drames d'Ibsen ont été faits pour les Allemands, qui sont, comme on sait, un peuple studieux et n'appréhendant pas les difficultés. Depuis dix ans, Ibsen n'a pas publié de drame social, où ils n'aient trouvé de la vie et de la poésie, comme il n'y en a nulle part ailleurs. . . ."

Eh ! eh ! un peu irrévérencieux pour son illustre compatriote, M. Hansen ! Cette appréciation me réconcilie avec moi-même. Si les Danois trouvent leur Ibsen obscur et le raillent sur sa prétendue profondeur, j'ai peut-être le droit, moi, pauvre latin, dénué de scandinavie dans l'âme et ami du clair soleil, de ne pas me plaire aux brumes de son imagination et de penser sur lui comme ses compatriotes.

Vous a-t-on déjà apporté Ibsen en Amérique ? Méfiez-vous, méfiez-vous, ça viendra et je vous promets bien du plaisir.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

POEMS BY LANGDON ELWYN MITCHELL.

A WELL-KNOWN American critic, eminent for his literary patriotism, remarked some years ago with surprise, neatly shading into complacency, that our young poets no longer sang like Tennyson, "nor like Keats, nor Shelley, nor Wordsworth." This, it seemed, was no matter for regret, but for congratulation. We had outgrown such insular limits, and our modern American verse "reverberated a synthesis of all the poetic minds of the century."

With this ominous sentence ringing in one's ears, it is a difficult matter to approach a young poet at all, or to listen to the word he brings. The boldest reader grows timorous before the reverberation of a synthesis, and asks himself disheartening questions as to whether he can hope to understand a message so conveyed. Therefore is the reaction swifter, and the enjoyment keener, when the poet is good enough to lay aside such painful possibilities, and to sing in simple words, out of a full heart, strains whose very freshness endears itself by a sweet and haunting familiarity. People who know that all good things are as old as life, and linked with as many memories, will welcome Mr. Mitchell's little volume, and take pleasure in its delicate self-restraint.

The shortest poems are the best. In them we catch a personal note, suggested rather than defined, and are startled now and then by vital touches which reveal the infinite pity and patience of one in love with earth. "The Hidden River," "The Old Town by the Sea," and those brief, broken verses called "The Journey," are all charming in their sober fidelity to nature. So too is the story of the little Eastern Princess who bathes by moonlight in the river ; and, learning in that hour of forbidden freedom the secret of her own loveliness, loses the innocence of childhood, and creeps back to her palace walls a woman,

"Rich in deceit, and full of stolen pleasure."

There is a cadence half joyful, half melancholy, in these poems, as if the writer were so full of sympathy with life that its illusions and its sorrows were equally dear to him. Dear to him also are the city streets with their monotonous burden of toil, and the bare green lanes which the Spring has not yet warmed to beauty, and the silent heart of the woods, and the great gray waters of the sea. The emotions which he strives to express are of the simplest order, and his words have a corresponding clearness and fidelity of purpose. Alert and adventurous readers who like their verse to be as enigmatic as possible, that they may trace its meaning by many a devious path, will find little to stimulate their fancy in Mr. Mitchell's work. Readers enamored of literary affectations will be disappointed in a book which does not contain a single "Symphony," or "Nocturne," or "Pastel," or "Etching," or "Madri-

gal," or "Canzonet;" not even a few archaic expressions to save it from the disgrace of being written in modern English, as uncompromisingly familiar as is our daily speech. Yet, for all this fine simplicity, one discerns a pleasant flavor of Elizabethan sentiment in the following graceful lines:

"And is she fair, thy love?
As skies a-clearing.
And stately is she?
As the stars appearing.
And is she true, thy love?
There is none truer.
And is she good, thy love?
Go thou and view her.
And did she tell her love?
She did dissemble.
How knew you that she loved?
I saw her tremble."

AGNES REPPLIER.



OF new books here, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book" is perhaps the most interesting, certainly the most original. One likes to hear dull owls hoot that Mr. Kipling will "write himself out." Nobody is less likely to exhaust his stores of reflection, humor, and observation. The life and talk of the beasts in the jungle have not been written of, since Æsop, with this felicity of invention and appropriateness of dialogue. St. Francis, with his kindness for "his brother, the wolf," would have enjoyed the jungle book, where wolves are sympathetically treated, and "taken in a good sense," as Walton says angling is taken in the Bible. Wolves have a high repute as foster parents of heroes, from Romulus to Umslapagaas. In Mr. Kipling's tale they bring up a man-cub to great vigor, address, and skill in woodcraft. He and they are delightful to read about, for "grown-ups," and the pretty volume is a paradise for children. The Mongoose is my own favorite; in the Bander-log do we dimly discern a national satire? The elephants are as good as gold; so is the black panther, and the bear, and the sinful tiger. All are our friends, and Mr. Kipling deserves the reward of that slave who gave the Athenians one happy day. Can all the politicians in the world do as much? Oh, blessed province of fancy, and dear jungle of the imagination, whither we can flee, and be at peace, if he who guides us, like Mr. Kipling, has the secret of the branch of gold.

Miss Simcox's "Primitive Civilization" is a tremendous work. Vain were it to review these portly volumes, these serried pages on the History of Property, and the pleasures and possibilities of its permanent enjoyment. Egypt, Assyria, China, Miss Simcox is learned on all of them, and sagacious, but exhaustive. It is more than ten reviewers could work through from morn till night. The author "has sown with the sack, not with the hand," as the experienced Greek lady of letters said to Pindar, the poet. I mean to read the book; but it is a labor of time, and, at present, I can only say that it looks worth reading, but that Miss Simcox and I are at war about "primitive man."

I have not read Mr. Lewis Morris's "Songs without Notes," not without bank-notes, one hopes, considering the popularity of the poet. Perhaps no recent volume of verse has been criticised with such "bludgeonly" ferocity and studied insult. Why is this fury unchained? "How blessed are we that are not simple men;" but there is no reason why Mr. Morris should be treated as a Cagot of Parnassus, because simple men and women like to read his works.

Mr. Swinburne's "Astrophel" is more remarkable for sound than for sense; now, of old, in "Atalanta," he gave us plenty of matter. It is very sad, when one cannot

keep up one's early enthusiasm ; and the fault may be mine, not the poet's. Yet I must sorrowfully admit that, to my poor taste, Mr. Swinburne's old poems are infinitely more delightful than his sonorous "Astrophel." Give us double rhymes and new measures, by all means ; but give us also more than a poor hap'worth of sense and meaning. The book is like a glass of champagne, which looks full, but the contents of which are nearly all froth. These invidious remarks do not apply to the poem on Lord Tennyson.

Mr. Huxley's new volume of essays, "Science and Christian Tradition," contains the controversies of an amateur with amateurs. Mr. Huxley is not a theologian ; Mr. Gladstone is neither a theologian nor a man of science ; the Duke of Argyll is not a professional "scientist," and Mr. Frederick Harrison is a man of letters, who has mistaken his proper field. Mr. Huxley assails all of them, and over Mr. Gladstone he has greatly the victory—Mr. Gladstone being, as it were, incapable of discourse, of reason, in some subjects. If any one thinks me impertinent, let him read all Mr. Gladstone's works on Homer. Mr. Huxley, himself, writes in a manner rather awkward and clumsy ; he jokes a great deal, but "wi' deeficulty," and, much as he writes about demonology, I see in him no signs of a technical acquaintance with the subject, or of wide reading in a theme which, as Littré says, has been most sketchily treated. Into his theory of the life and death of our Lord, it is impossible to enter here ; but his conception, to myself, appears one of singular inadequacy. Mr. Huxley complains of "theological amenities ;" but, if I understand him, he doubts the honesty of Cardinal Newman, and as good as accuses the Duke of Argyll of "mid-summer madness." Enfin, there are wigs on the green.

ANDREW LANG.



YOU know that since 1890 we have two annual Salons, instead of one ; in that year there was a split in the society of French artists, and the portion refractory to established usages now occupies, under the presidency of Meissonier, a building in the Champ de Mars, whilst the original society remains in the Palais de l'Industrie, Champs-Élysées.

The principal cause of the division was, unquestionably, the ever-increasing crowd of exhibitors. I leave aside all questions of interests and personalities, though these certainly have their importance. There was a superabundance of paintings and sculptures—they overflowed, and another channel had to be provided.

Consequently, at a few days' distance, we have two "varnishing days," and at the rate things are growing, and the artistic production increasing, we may well ask whether new divisions may not soon be necessary. Besides, Paris, from October to May, is perpetually busy with expositions by individuals or by groups, in which may be found many of the elements needful to examine in art, the prevalent tendency and the variations of the thought of to-day.

For the present, however, and until the first days of July, the Salons will furnish us with information, and we must try through this agglomeration of French and international works, to recognize tendencies and trace a dominant influence.

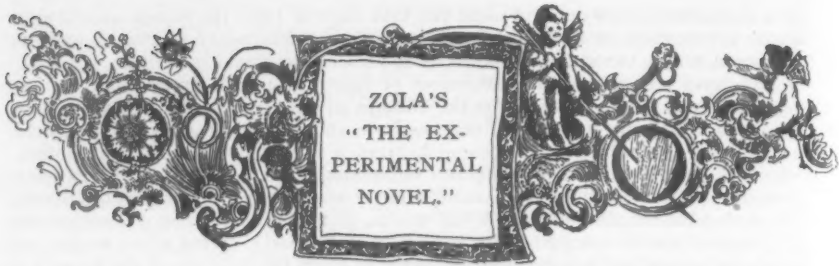
I will leave somewhat aside differences of aspect, of artistic orientation. A few words are enough to indicate that at the Champs-Élysées traditionalism and anecdotism prevail, that the teaching of the Institute and a taste for genre painting hold sway side by side, whilst at the Champ de Mars, a more modern spirit has control, and artists are more inclined to imitate impressionist methods and depict Parisian nervousity. This said, there is, it seems to me, a more interesting subject to discuss, that of durable manifestations. What works, as to decorative comprehensiveness and grandeur, can be compared with the works of the past? What other works can already be pointed out as successors, as likely to adorn the galleries of the future? I think that, without undue presumption, a satisfactory answer may be given to both these questions. At any rate, I will try, in order the more successfully to solve the problem, to abstract myself as completely as possible from my age, my country, from all influences, in short, that can in any manner affect the sentiments of a man of to-day.

It seems to me, then, if I assume this point of view, that we have among us a great artist whose work meets all monumental and decorative demands that can be made on painting. This artist is Puvis de Chavannes, who exposes in the Champ de Mars Salon the decorative work for one of the staircases of the Hôtel de Ville. The principal subject intended for the ceiling is the apotheosis of the poet who has best represented certain tendencies of the humanity of this age—Victor Hugo presenting his lyre to the city of Paris. Around are four scrolls and six panels, destined to honor the virtues which in our day should distinguish the great world cities that assume to lead in civilization. These virtues are: Patriotism, Charity, Artistic Ardor, Intellectual Eagerness, Wit, Imagination, Beauty, Fearlessness, the Worship of Memory, Urbanity. These figures are full of strength and grace, testifying to a noble human comprehension, a rich youthfulness of mind in Puvis de Chavannes. They also indicate, and this is the point I wish especially to bring to light, a perfect understanding of the law of decorative art in buildings. If one examines in the other Salon, a composition also intended for the Hôtel de Ville, a ceiling by M. Bonnat, one will at once perceive that this decoration is wrought outside of the surface it is intended to decorate, that Apollo's car, Pegasus, the figures—nay, the very clouds, fall from the ceiling as if this broke under their weight; on the contrary, the figures and landscapes conceived by Puvis de Chavannes are worked inside the wall, do not deform its surface, remain harmonious and distant, in spite of the real forms of the figures and the brightness and luminousness of the coloring.

Among the pictures that rise above the average and force themselves upon the attention, I would mention—in the Champs-Élysées—Tantin-Latour's scenery for operas and symphonies, a favorite subject with him, and one in which he shows his fine poetic intelligence; and in the Champ de Mars, a magnificent portrait of M. de Montesquiou, two portraits of women, and three marine pieces, which form the whole of Whistler's exhibit. The sea views express with marvellous power the rhythmic force of the water and the depth of the sky. The portrait of M. de Montesquiou, dressed in black and half emerging from the shadow, is one of the most realistic and yet most mysterious creations of this artist.

Many more criticisms might be made, many more questions raised about the two Salons of 1894. I should like to discuss the ever-increasing influence of Rodin in sculpture, to point out a certain movement just begun concerning objects of art, to speak of a number of interesting individualities: Constantin, Meunier, Desbois, Mlle. Claudel, Baffier, etc., in sculpture; Roll, Besnard, Jacques Blanche, Liebermann, Tissot, etc., in painting; to tell how two artists who hold a large place in French art—Raffaëlli and Carrière, have this year exposed only in the section of engravings. But I must close here this letter, in which I have aimed only at summing up briefly the significance of the two Paris Salons.

GUSTAVE GEFFROY.



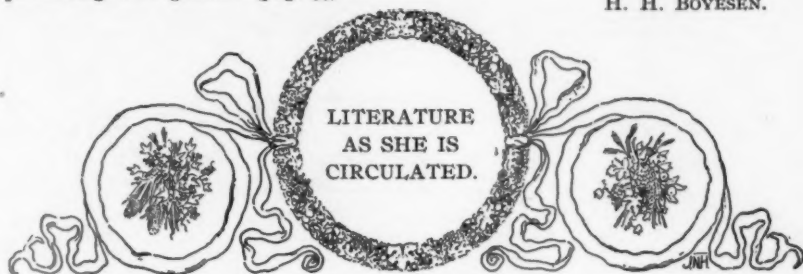
AS an authoritative manifesto of modern naturalism, Emile Zola's volume, "The Experimental Novel, and Other Essays" (translated by Belle M. Sherman) is highly significant. Whether one is inclined to agree or disagree with the author's conclusions, it is useless to deny that he writes with a force of conviction which gives point to his style and weight to his arguments. Though I am in sympathy with the general trend of his reasoning, I am yet unable to endorse his postulate that (like medicine) novel-writing must emancipate itself from the position of an art and become a science. However desirable it may be that novelists should be "experimental moralists," as physicians aim to be experimental physiologists, I confess I am unable to see where the novelist is to find the material for his experiments. Mentally to propose to himself a problem, select the characters which are to illustrate it, and, with whatever knowledge that may be at his command, work out a solution in accordance with the assumed logic of reality—is not a scientific proceeding. He must yet rely largely upon his imagination, which is the very element Zola wishes to eliminate. The scientific method would be to bring together certain people—as the vivisectionist does certain animals—in a certain definite environment, and then study, in actual (not fictitious) relations, how these people affect each other, how they affect their environment and are affected by it, how their instincts, passions, and desires manifest themselves, etc. But the writer would have to be czar of all the Russias in order to obtain the power and the right to institute such experiments. When M. Zola fancies that he can obtain scientific data by merely taking into account the results of observation and experience, and bringing all ascertainable facts to bear on the problem, he seems to be laboring under a singular misconception as to the meaning of the word "scientific." I doubt if his master, Claude Bernard, whom he quotes approvingly on every page, would have accepted this definition of a scientific method. To take M. Zola's own example—Baron Hulot in Balzac's "Cousine Bette." Balzac's problem was to illustrate the working of a certain passion in a certain given environment. Can any one pretend that he has solved this problem? How is it that Baron Hulot, in spite of all his excesses, is not physically exhausted, and does not end (like Heinrich Heine) with a collapse? A scientific observer would, I think, have made him die slowly of locomotor ataxia. Instead of that, the baron continues in full enjoyment of his passionate energy, which seems to go on increasing the older he grows. That is exactly the *a priori* treatment of a vivid imagination, to which M. Zola justly objects.

In spite of these strictures no one can read these interesting essays without being greatly impressed with the weight of the author's personality. The essay entitled "To the Young People of France," is a vigorous, truthful, and courageous piece of writing, showing how utterly sapless, unsound, and superannuated the ideals of romanticism are, and how dangerous to a nation's welfare it is to indulge in lyrical enthusiasm and discard dispassionate investigation and exact thought. "To applaud a burst of rhetoric," says Zola, apropos of the recent production of Victor Hugo's "Ruys Blas," "to become enthusiastic for the ideal, are but nervous emotions of women who weep, when they listen to beautiful music. To-day we have need of the manliness of truth to enable us to be as great in the future as we have been in the past."

This passage is, in a sense, the key-note of the whole book. Lyricism, the tendency to mistake sentiment for fact, a shrinking from the actual, and a hazy absorption in what is called the ideal (which is supposed to be exalted above the actual), are the rocks which (in Zola's opinion) will wreck the ship of state, as well as the individual man, unless he be furnished with an accurate chart, warning him of the hidden as well as the obvious dangers. And to furnish such a chart to the rising generation is the author's object in the present volume.

The translation is in the main good; but I notice that Miss Sherman uses the word "physician," when she means "physicist," and she has the originality to make the plural of goose "gooses" (page 53).

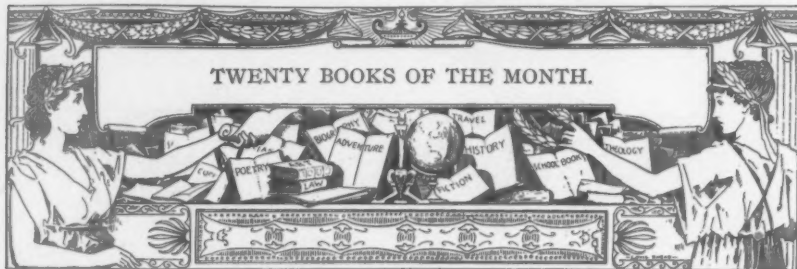
H. H. BOYSEN.



"THE filthy habit of thumbing one another's books," which Ruskin has denounced, is still the prevalent fashion in England, where less books are bought than in almost any other country whose inhabitants can read. A few religious works and a few prize-volumes with gilt edges and severe inscriptions, make up the library of the average Englishman, to whom the idea of buying a book (except to give away) does not occur. He finds his imagination sufficiently catered for by his newspaper and its advertisements, and he pays his womanfolks' subscriptions to Mudie's or Smith's in the same spirit as he pays for their bonnets. For bonnets and books he himself has no need. Thus, in so far as the demand makes the supply, which it does, except in the case of the few great writers of each generation who are faithful to the inner voice, English literature is mainly controlled by two circulating libraries, and a host of half employed or idle ladies. And what these ladies demand is almost always fiction. There are countless households where the reading of novels is the one resource against the dullness of life, false pictures of which pass in unending procession through the brains of the women. It is to this overwhelming preponderance of the sex that must be due, at least in part, the extraordinary success of the modern woman-novel, dealing with aspects of life which men have hitherto touched only under penalty of ostracism and the imputation of the lowest motives, and with which Mr. George Moore has just been forbidden to deal by a library doing an enormous "turn-over" in the novels of greatly-daring gentlewomen. Not that Mr. Moore has any reason to regret the boycott of his book, for the consequent advertisement has brought him both gold and glory; but apart from the question raised as to this unlicensed censorship of English literature and its illogical rulings, it is certainly curious to watch the charter of fiction being widened at the pens of and by the agency of the sex whose hypersensitive delicacy the bold, bad male novelist has always been exhorted, entreated, and enjoined to respect. Perhaps the revolt of the authoresses may induce males to read their books who, becoming thus inoculated with a taste for fiction, may permanently enroll themselves in the ranks of novel-readers, and thus redress the balance, by which curious roundabout process, male novelists may come by their own again. But there is another evil effect of the library system, by which the lady novelist suffers equally with the gentleman, that is to say, providing she has talent. Of the thousand novels published in England every year, nine hundred would not have the ghost of a chance if the libraries did not buy them up, and send them out, packed in boxes, to their country subscribers, to whom a dozen volumes come like a

dozen eggs. An egg is an egg, and a novel is a novel, according to this primitive formula. Obviously, taste is debauched, and time which might be spent on good fiction, is wasted on mediocre or worthless, and the competition of bad novelists spoils the market. As these bad novelists are frequently simple, worthy, struggling persons, ignorant of life, one would not grudge them this opportunity of occupation. Unfortunately, the profits go to the publishers, so that they themselves would lose little or nothing, if their trade were swept away (say, by the growth of a book-buying instinct, fostered, in the first instance, by the boycotting of great books by the libraries).

I. ZANGWILL.



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NOBLER than any epitaph carved upon the tombstone of statesman or warrior, are the words fitly spoken by a eulogist of the late Dr. Marion Sims: "That by his wonderful discoveries in the methods of surgical operations and their subsequent treatment, he has added twenty-seven days to the average life of civilized women." In the limited category of such benefactors of the human race as these, the name of Dr. Edouard Seguin should be enrolled, whose discoveries of methods for training children of arrested mental or physical development, have brought intelligence, happiness, and usefulness to thousands of blighted lives. The recent removal of the Seguin Physiological School from New York, and its establishment upon a successful and permanent basis at Orange, N. J., ought to bring vividly to the mind of every educator a sense of the value of this great man's work to humanity. Descended from a long line of eminent physicians in Burgundy, one of the most prominent of the coterie of young French philosophers in the middle of this century, —Ledru-Rollin, Pierre Leroux, Louis Blanc, and Victor Hugo,—a keen thinker, brilliant writer, and forcible speaker, he resolutely set aside the opportunities open to his grasp of placing himself in the front rank of the philosophers and men of letters of France, and devoted himself with a superhuman patience and zeal to the effort "to rend the veil which had hidden the mental perception of the idiot children in the Hospice of Bicêtre, from the eyes of the philosophers of the time." Seguin had found his mission. Patiently he trod and retrod his beaten paths, undaunted by a thousand disappointments, till, at the end of eight years of the severest labor, conducted at his own expense amid prophecies of defeat, he was able to announce to the world that idiocy could be cured; that it was not the result of a deficiency in the power of the brain or the nervous system, but simply the arresting of mental development, occurring before, at, or after birth, and produced by a variety of causes. When asked, "Why do you make the child try the same motions a hundred times a day?" his characteristic response was, "Because she does not make them right in ninety-nine times trying;" and when, finally, through days and weeks of patient devotion upon the part of the master, the idea which he was trying to inculcate, slowly, but certainly, dawned upon the poor, feeble mind, the victory was won. The next idea was conveyed in one-tenth of the time. Thus was the principle established, and the patience, tact, and brave self-denial with which Dr. Seguin toiled from morning till night, unaided, during those eight years with the children of the Bicêtre, were rewarded with the positive proof to the world that an arrested intellect might often be restored even to its normal condition; and this beautiful life of one noble man, cut off all too early, yet not until his work was done, will grow more and more memorable through the ages for the blessings of light, and intellect, and life which it has brought to thousands and thousands of darkened souls.

JOHN S. WHITE.

A NEW PHYSICAL INSTRUMENT.

THE marine globe, or "apparatus to produce currents similar to sea-currents," consists of a glass globe, under the interior wall of which are constructed the massive outlines of continents and the hollows of sea-basins. The bottom of the sea

consists of an interior sphere, concentric with the one of glass, moving on a vertical axis and worked by a gearing. The sea-basins are filled with water, containing particles of stearine in suspension, which render all its movements visible. The exterior of the apparatus does not differ much from that of a geographical globe.

When the movable globe turns upon itself, the water is seen to start. From both extra-tropical regions it advances, along the sea-bottom, toward the equator; there the two currents, from the north and from the south, meet, and together rise to the plane of the great circle; reaching the surface in a stream that occupies the equatorial belt of the oceans, the waters pour southward and northward of their line of emergence; then, almost immediately borne toward the west, they produce in their course all the secondary currents which are formed by the outlines of the shores and the shapes of the sea-bottoms.

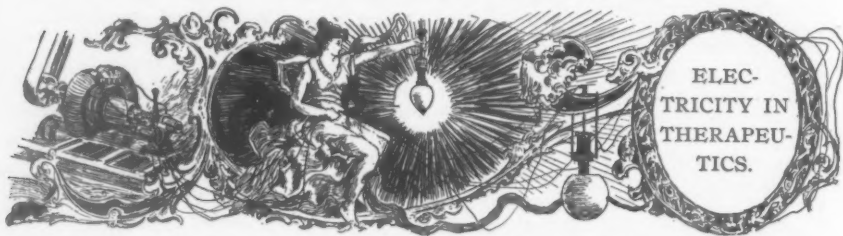
Through the transparent glass, one can follow the movements of the liquid mass and get a better idea of sea-currents than from the finest map. For the best specimens of hydrography seem only dead-letter compared with these real, moving currents, emerging, advancing on the surface, then disappearing in the depths of these miniature oceans, the capacity of which is scarcely more than a few glasses of water.

This apparatus is both a useful plaything for children and an object of serious thought for students. Every young geographer in our primary schools would delight to follow with his eyes, on this little artificial world, the marvellous evolutions of the water of the oceans; every earnest investigator into the phenomena of nature would be surprised at the facts revealed by this simple instrument, and would perhaps be disposed to question the value of certain notions on the physics of the globe which till now he has held without questioning.

The marine globe would facilitate the teaching of geography, so far as the sea-currents are concerned, and the modifications these effect in climate, regardless of latitude; it may also aid navigation, and furnish hydrography with valuable data for the co-ordinating and completing of the experimental study of marine currents, their origin, their mutual relations, their temperature, their fauna, etc. Finally, it seems to me it may promote the science of physics, because it is, as concerns the liquid element, the material demonstration of this hypothesis which led to its construction: "The liquid element enveloping the solid nucleus of the terrestrial globe, being set in motion by diurnal rotation, receives from this an impulse which, modified by the outlines of continents, produces, in nearly all their details, the currents of the sea."

The Academy of Sciences, and the Bureau of Longitudes, have very favorably received the "marine globes" presented to them by the author.

T. E. ROUGERIE, Bishop of Pamiers.



UNTIL recently, the application of electricity to therapeutics was entirely empirical, no one knew just what happened, or what to expect. There were no means for knowing, with any definiteness, how strong a current was being employed, until there was devised and adopted a system of electrical units with which comparisons could be made. Now volts, and ohms, and ampères are as well known and applicable in medicine as grains and pints.

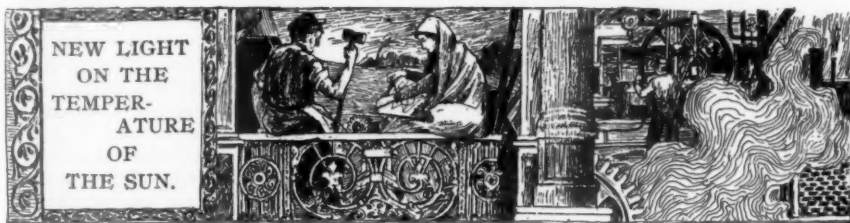
Formerly, magneto-electric machines, or so-called medical coils, giving intermittent currents, were employed for all sorts of medical purposes; but now continuous

currents have been found to be much more serviceable, and galvanic batteries of many cells, or the current from the electric light wires, are made to do service.

It is interesting to note that the physical effects of a current of electricity are substantially the same in living tissue as they are outside it in inorganic substances. There is first what is called electrolytic action, where molecules are broken up and new combinations arise. Oxygen or acids are set free at the positive electrode, where the current enters, and hydrogen and alkalis are set free at the negative electrode. Then there is next what is called cataphoric action, in which substances are borne along into the tissue in the direction the current goes; and lastly, there is catalytic action, in which chemical reactions take place, because of the mere presence of the current, but in which it apparently takes no part. The physiological effect of the electrolysis in the tissues differs at the two terminals. At the positive, where the current enters, the liberated oxygen or acid has a drying and coagulating effect, so that hemorrhages, ulcerations, and congestions on the skin or mucous surfaces, yield readily to the application. The material of the electrode is here important. Gold, platinum, and carbon do not enter into chemical combination readily, but copper, zinc, and iron form soluble metallic salts, which may be useful or harmful. As they are germicidal, they may be advantageous in parasitic diseases of the skin, glands, or hair follicles. Cataphoric action will make the metallic salts to penetrate deeper, and may thus cause discoloration.

At the negative electrode the liberated products result in softening and saponifying the tissue, and this process is adapted to the removal of warts, moles, hairs, and the destruction of such abnormal tissue as frequently forms over burns, scalds, acid erosions, inflamed surfaces, and canal strictures. Much experience and careful watching are needful for electro-medical treatment, for it is clear that electricity possesses no virtue as such for the cure of anything. It will make as bad ulcers as it will heal, and destroy life as complacently as strychnine or the guillotine.

A. E. DOLBEAR.



IT is easy to infer that the problem of the sun's temperature is a difficult one, from the fact that the estimates of various reputable authorities range all the way from the millions of degrees contended for by Secchi and Ericsson, to the three, four, or five thousand of Pouillet and Vicaire. The very high estimates, however, are obviously wrong, being based on the hypothesis that the amount of heat radiated by a body is proportional to its absolute temperature. It really increases much more rapidly, as has been known for a long time, and the low estimates referred to are founded upon a purely empirical law deduced from this knowledge,—a law of more than doubtful application to conditions differing so much from those of laboratory experiments. For the past decade the value assigned by Rosetti (about 18,000° F.) has been very generally accepted as the most probable; but within the last two years new investigations by Le Châtelier, in France, and by Wilson and Gray, in Ireland, working by different methods, both apparently improvements on Rosetti's, lead to reasonably accordant values, which are considerably lower,—14,000° and 12,000°.

Within a few months Scheiner, of Potsdam, has come upon a spectroscopic phenomenon which in a general way confirms these results, without, however, deciding between them. Among the lines in the spectrum of magnesium, there are two which

behave in a curiously contrasted way. One of them, having a wave-length of 435.2 microns, is conspicuous in the spectrum produced by the electric arc, where the temperature is not far from 6000°F. , but is wholly absent from the *spark*-spectrum at a temperature much higher,—probably not less than $20,000^{\circ}$. The other line (wave-length 448.2) is brilliant in the *spark*-spectrum, and absent in that of the arc.

Now this latter line is very conspicuous as a dark line in the spectra of the great white stars, like Sirius and Vega, and wanting in the solar spectrum, while just the reverse is true of the other. Hence, the obvious conclusion that the white stars are much hotter than the sun, and that the temperature of the sun's absorbing atmosphere is approximately that of the electric arc,—certainly not lower than that, but also certainly not so high as that of the electric spark. As for the photosphere, or shell of incandescent cloud, which constitutes the visible surface of the sun, it must be much hotter than the absorbing atmosphere. It is a pity that the observation does not fix the limit of possibility somewhat more closely, but to do so it would be necessary to determine just the temperature at which one of the magnesium lines gives place to the other, and so far as we now know, it may be anywhere between 6000° and $20,000^{\circ}$.

C. A. YOUNG.



A first aluminium was produced commercially only from artificial chloride, reduction being effected by metallic sodium; but Deville pointed out that many salts of aluminium could be reduced in the laboratory by the electric current. Later, it was discovered that cryolite, or fluoride of aluminium and sodium, could also be reduced with sodium. This ore is mined in Greenland. Within a few years it has been found that if an electric current is passed through a bath of molten cryolite, or of fluoride of aluminium and calcium, and if oxide of aluminium is added to the bath, this oxide is reduced to the metallic state. This fact gives great importance to natural oxides of aluminium, as a source of supply of the metal. Of these the most abundant and important are the bauxites, hydrated oxides, containing variable quantities of water, and various impurities. They have been discovered not only at Baux, in France, but in other parts of Europe and in North America. In the United States, the mineral has been mined in Arkansas, and in Georgia and Alabama. In 1892 nearly ten thousand tons of the ore were produced in the latter region.

The geological occurrence and origin of Bauxite have naturally attracted the attention of geologists of late, and papers have appeared simultaneously by Mr. F. Laur, on the bauxites of France, and by Mr. C. W. Hayes, on the deposits of the Appalachians. In the Coosa valley, the deposits are largely made up of pea-like grains, a structure strongly suggesting deposition from springs. The ore bodies are invariably found as oval accumulations above a thick mass of aluminous shales, and are intimately associated with a system of faults. Mr. Hayes reaches the conclusion from these and other observations, that the ores are hot spring deposits, a character which he does not suppose attributable to the French ores. Mr. Laur re-discusses the French deposits "after twenty years spent in their exploitation," and concludes that the only theory of their origin to be considered is that of deposition from hot springs. Such a coincidence among workers in different regions is very gratifying, and a careful revision of the circumstances of the occurrence of bauxite in other regions will now be expected. Mr. Laur attributes much of the impurities of bauxite to absorption of other substances analogous to that which takes place in the production of the pigments called "lakes."

GEORGE F. BECKER.



From a photo by J. Zybach, Niagara Falls.

THE LEAP OF THE WATERS.